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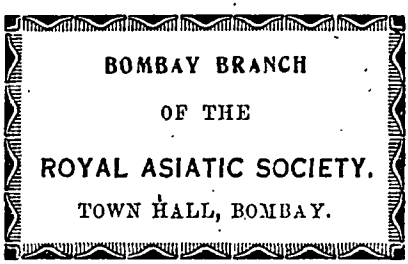

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LETTERS ON ENGLAND.

BY

LOUIS BLANC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY JAMES HUTTON AND REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

97361

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LETTERS ON ENGLAND.

LETTER LXI.

SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.

March 31st, 1862.

As Protestants, the English are bound to affirm, in the teeth of the Papists, that religion is an affair of individual judgment; that the principle of authority, in matters of faith, is at the bottom of every form of religious tyranny; and that human reason is in great danger of going to wreck whenever a small body of men is charged with the duty of manufacturing creeds. And yet, if there is a country on earth in which importance is attached to directing children's souls in a given line by a given class of teachers, that country is England. In England, education is not a question between citizen and citizen, but between priest and priest. To look at the spirit, and even at the dress of those who manage a school, at the manner in which tuition is conducted, and the care taken to sacrifice secular education to what is called religious instruction, one would really suppose that children are brought up to be members not of society, but of such or such a congregation. A school, instead of being a nursery-ground of citizens, is a nest of proselytes. You must not speak here of the separation of Church and State: not only is the Church not separated from the State, but in what concerns education it domineers over it, and absorbs or employs it. Do you ask for a proof? It is furnished in the parliamentary debates which have taken up the whole of the past week, and by the conclusion to which those debates were sadly enough brought.

It is a month ago since I wrote to you that the President and Vice-President of the Committee of the Educational

Council, Lord Granville and Mr. Lowe, had submitted to Parliament a large scheme of reform, called "The Revised Code;" and that this scheme had excited quite a storm among the clergy, but that there was reason to hope that the spirit of progress would triumph. I myself believed it would be so, in common with every liberal-minded and sensible man in the country. What a disappointment! After a very long and very vehement discussion, in which insult and invective, the favourite weapons of bigoted disputants, played a distinguished part, Government lost its self-possession in the midst of the clamour, and recoiled. It has sacrificed the cause of education, at least for the moment, by one of those compromises which are only a respectable way of being afraid.

In the letter to which I have alluded, I explained the bearings of the question which has just been so noisily agitated, and so piteously disposed of. It is briefly as follows:—

For the foundation and maintenance of schools intended for the education of the children of the poor, the State has, ever since 1839, co-operated, to a certain extent, with private benevolence, and has annually added to the total of voluntary contributions a considerable sum of money under the name of Grants. It pays to the managers of the schools for which the generosity of private individuals has provided sufficient means of existence, so much for each pupil and for each day of attendance; it pays a portion of the salaries of the masters; and it pays the entire salary of the pupil-teachers; so that, for these three grants alone, the annual expenditure of the State amounts to £500,000. In addition to this, the public purse is largely indented upon for the support of schools where the art of teaching is taught, or training-colleges,—schools which, in the first instance, the State only undertook to assist, but which are now almost entirely maintained by it.

One of Mr. Lowe's speeches supplies us with statements of figures which will give you the measure of the financial intervention of the State here in the matter of education:—

The number of children educated in the schools supported by the munificence of the Government in England is less than 1,000,000, and taking the number of the schools them-

selves to be 9000, the expense may be estimated at £825,000 sterling. Now, in France there are 50,000 schools, in which are received 3,500,000 children, and the expense of which is £1,700,000. But note this: while, in France, the sum of £1,700,000 includes the total expenditure, in England the sum of £825,000 barely includes a moiety; for we must not lose sight of the fact that the Government here confines itself to giving aid to voluntary efforts. Consequently, in proportion, the State in England gives much more towards education than the State in France.

How would it be, then, if this system of financial intervention were to receive the complete development that might be expected from a thorough application of the principle? How would it be, if the protection of the State were extended to nearly 15,000 schools which do not, at present, participate in its largesses?

With this by way of preamble, does it not seem to you quite natural that the guardians of the public purse should open their eyes before they dip their hands into it? Does it not appear to you also natural that, when the outlay is so considerable, they should have some anxiety about the results? But not in this light is the matter viewed by the managers of the aided schools, nearly all of whom are clergymen. These gentlemen find it very convenient that the State should pay; but think it abominable that it should ask if its money is employed in a manner profitable to those for whose benefit it was given.

What was Mr. Lowe's proposition? The most equitable thing in the world. He proposed to submit the pupils of the subsidised schools to periodical examinations, and to make the continuance of the subsidy dependent on the result of those examinations—the State reserving to itself the power to keep back one-third of the sum it pays for each child, in the event of that child not having learned to read; one-third, in the event of his not having learned to write; one-third in the event of his not having learned to reckon; the whole, in the event of his having learned neither to read, nor to write, nor to reckon.

Assuredly the only point in this that ought to seem singular, is that the Government should have been led to regard such a proposition as absolutely necessary.

"Read, write, and reckon! Why, good Heavens!" you will doubtless exclaim, "what else can one learn at school if one does not learn that?"

Well, ask these most learned and most acute gentlemen, they will manage to prove to you that, after all, profane knowledge is of quite secondary importance, and that the main point is to inculcate in children a love of order, to bend them to habits of discipline, in short, to give them a sound religious education. As if there were a fatal antagonism between the ability to read and a love of order! As if it were impossible to learn to write without trampling discipline underfoot! As if arithmetic and the Bible were for ever opposed to one another! But, in this lower world of ours one is liable to hear from certain folks testimony to things still more extraordinary. As the *Times* observed the other day on this very subject, have you never met with adepts in biology ready to demonstrate to you that your hat is a saucepan, your chair a horse, and the present company a herd of cows? Be not astonished, then, I pray you, about so small a matter. Besides, of what do Lord Granville and Mr. Lowe and the other revolutionists of their party complain? They make a great fuss about the profound ignorance in which, notwithstanding the money devoted to their instruction, the children of the poor continue to grovel; they have all sorts of facts ready at their fingers' ends; they have formidable columns of figures drawn up in order of battle; they say, for instance, that in the House of Correction, at Birmingham, out of 407 individuals admitted during several years past to enjoy the advantages of the system in force, 70 were found unable to read, 178 unable to write, and 252 without the slightest knowledge of the four simple rules of arithmetic. Well, be it so; but, on the other hand, what have those highly respectable gentlemen to say, who have closely studied the progress achieved by the pupils? What, for example, does Mr. Jellinger Symonds say? Has he not stated that, in the course of his inspections, he has met with numbers of children exactly acquainted with the length of Noah's Ark, with the proportions of Solomon's Temple, and, within an ounce, with the weight of the spear of Goliah? It is true that, according to the same Mr. Jellinger Symonds, these youthful *savants* knew nothing of the mystery of the Redemption, nothing of

the Sacraments, nothing of the Parables; but, surely, it is something to be able to say what was the length of Noah's Ark! This is really a matter of some moment. As for reading, writing, and reckoning—Go to!

What is certain is this—to speak seriously—that under the influence of the present system, the knowledge of the elementary principles of education among the children for whose instruction the State contributes so largely, is very far from answering either the purpose proposed by the State, or corresponding to the extent of the sacrifices made for it. And this clearly establishes the nature of the principal objection urged against Mr. Lowe's proposition by his adversaries.

The managers of the schools in which Government was desirous of substituting a vigilant and economical intervention in place of one both blind and ruinous, have not hesitated to affirm that if Government aid were henceforth to be made dependent on the condition that the pupils should be able to read, write, and reckon, there would be an end to the majority of the schools; that they would not pass through such an ordeal with impunity; and, in other words, that it would be equivalent to condemning them to death to demand of them to be what they ought to be—schools! Is not this a strange argument, a strange menace? But frankly, gentlemen, if the subjecting your pupils to the proposed examinations is imposing upon them a murderous trial, what more convincing proof can you give of the greatness of the evil, of the necessity for the remedy, and of the reasonableness of the doubts which have inspired the motion introduced by Mr. Lowe? For, however important it may be that the children of to-day, who will be the citizens of to-morrow, should know to a fraction the dimensions of Solomon's Temple and the weight of Goliath's spear, it is scarcely reasonable to expect of the State that, for the diffusion of this particular class of information, it should expend the sum of £825,000 per annum.

Be this as it may, a frightful storm, as I mentioned at the beginning of my letter, has been raised by this question. The Wesleyans who, unlike the other sects of dissenters, do not look upon the acceptance of the Government grants as touching the conscience, and who did not scruple to draw largely upon the public purse for the support of their schools,

have this time mingled their clamours with those of the Established Church. The three grants which have hitherto been paid to the managers, masters, and pupil teachers, being replaced in Mr. Lowe's Bill, "the Revised Code," by one single grant to the managers, leaving it to the latter to distribute it as they deemed just, the masters and pupil teachers have considered their position as menaced, have invoked the theory of vested rights in the case of a grant which has never been represented as of any but a provisional character, and have contributed not a little to swell the tempest. There has been a deluge of pamphlets, a deluge of petitions. Pious circulars have been launched, convoking all the feudal chivalry of the faithful, recommending an organised system of resistance, and suggesting modes of attack. The House of Commons was at certain moments in danger of finding itself opposed by an immense army of stipendiaries, to use an expression of Mr. Bernal Osborne. The interested have, as it were, taken aim at the liberal, that is, the evil disposed members. The latter have been, poor souls, almost literally summoned to make a choice between their desire to hold firm and the chance of losing their seats when next struck the hour of elections. Not satisfied with intrusting their cause to be pleaded in Parliament by the gentle, amiable, and candid Mr. Walpole, the opponents of the Revised Code have let loose upon Mr. Lowe, in the hope of tearing him to pieces, an Irish barrister, Mr. Whiteside, who has acquitted himself of his task with an eloquence of the bull-dog order. One honourable member exclaimed that the Revised Code was immoral! Immoral, fancy! In short, poor Mr. Lowe has been so threatened, stunned, and worried, that weary of the strife, he has finished by saying, in the name of the Government: "Let us embrace one another, and be done with this!"

But it will not end here, I hope. A match deferred is not a match lost. England, it must be confessed, is a country with strange prejudices on certain points; but even on these her good sense never completely deserts her.

Besides, progress has its own logic. Not only will England be compelled to enlarge the domain of secular instruction, but will, sooner or later, be brought to adopt in favour of the children of the poor the principle of primary education, *gratuitous* and *obligatory*. Why? For this simple reason,

that, on the day she reformed her Parliament, she placed herself on an inclined plane which leads to universal suffrage.

P.S.—In conclusion, permit me to inform you, if you are not already aware of it, of an incident which caused, and with good reason, an enormous sensation here. An American who has for a long time lived in England, and has built up a colossal fortune, Mr. Peabody, has just placed at the service of the poor of London the sum of £150,000 sterling!

LETTER LXII.

HOW WAR WILL PUT AN END TO WAR.

April 8th, 1862.

"SENTINELS, keep a good look-out!" is the cry of the day in England.

In describing the wonderful effect produced in this country by the contest between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, I have been anticipated by our colleagues Messrs. Legault and Hebrard. They have told your readers what I should not have failed to tell them five or six days sooner, were it not in the nature of a weekly correspondent to transmit news much in the same fashion as if a tortoise had been selected as messenger.

What is more to the point is, that Messrs. Hebrard and Legault have been guilty of no exaggeration in representing the question raised by the singular naval combat of Hampton Roads as one which at the present moment is second to no other in public estimation.

The terrible little vessel which, clad in iron like the warriors of the middle ages, has so astonished the world, is named, as you are aware, the *Monitor*. It is a name pacific enough in itself. But Mr. Ericsson, the builder, has, it seems, found it necessary to explain himself on that point, and has therefore made it known that he baptised his vessel the *Monitor*, because it was, in fact, *an admonition* which he wished to give to the British Admiralty.

The explanation is singularly charitable, or singularly haughty; but, in whatever way it be interpreted, it has cer-

tainly struck home, and England accepts the warning. The contempt for wooden vessels has all of a sudden become not so much a fashion as a mania. Nobody talks of anything now but of vessels acting after the manner of the ancient rams—of floating masses of iron—of floating iron-clad fortresses. Those formidable ships of the line, so long the pride of Great Britain and the terror of the seas, are compared disdainfully to Indian canoes, Chinese junks,—and the like. The lesson learned by England in the light of the blazing frigates which fell a prey to the *Merrimac*, is that a wooden ship engaged with a ship covered with iron is a ship annihilated in ten minutes, that one iron-clad ship is capable of dealing with an entire squadron not so protected.

The truth is, that the overwhelming superiority of iron over wood could not have been proved in a more tragical manner. If the famous archers who, on the plains of Agincourt, mowed down the chivalry of France, were to come to life again, and to find themselves opposed to a regiment of Zouaves, they would not be more surely and rapidly destroyed than were the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* by the *Merrimac*. A stately ship suddenly transformed into a slaughter-house, the guns dismounted, the bulkheads shivered into fragments, the handspikes and rammers broken; a shapeless, hideous, frightful mass of ruin, coloured with the hue of fire or of blood—such was the *Congress* after half-an-hour's contest; and to reduce the *Cumberland*, a superb frigate, manned by an intrepid crew, to a smoking wreck encumbered with corpses, took the *Merrimac* barely ten minutes.

In that, alas! there was nothing to surprise one. What was the remark made by one of the crew of the *Congress?* "As soon," he said, "as we were within gunshot of the *Merrimac*, we opened fire upon her. It was as if we were firing at an iceberg!"

Where would the *Merrimac's* exploits have terminated, had not a vessel of its own kind, still more formidable, though three times less in size, opportunely come up to make head against it? Would not Washington, as the *Times'* correspondent observes, have been exposed to be treated to a volley of cannon balls that would have put to flight President, Ministers, Deputies, and all? Who can say that the aspect

of the war would not have been completely changed? Happily for the cause of the Union, there was iron to oppose to iron.

But in this contest between iron and iron a still more convincing proof was given of the immeasurable superiority of the new constructions over the old. On Friday last, in the House of Commons, Mr. Bentinck quoted a passage from an American scientific journal to the effect that the *Merrimac* fired at the *Monitor*, without producing the slightest effect, thirty-seven times, and that at very close quarters,—indeed, at a distance of about forty feet. Now, it is worthy of note that the guns of the *Merrimac* discharged balls weighing not less than 180 lb., or three times more than the heaviest ever yet used in England in attempting to pierce thick ship-armour. This, at least, is certain, that between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* the combat continued for several hours without a fatal result for either the one or the other of the combatants; and if the *Merrimac* was at last obliged to retreat, after losing her captain and several of her crew, it was in consequence of her bursting of a shell which had found out the weak point in her armour,—the armour itself not having been injured in the slightest degree.

Besides, whether iron ships are, or are not, invulnerable in the absolute sense of that word, it is not the less certain that they constitute the most formidable engines of destruction which have ever been known to this day, and that upon their use will henceforth depend the sovereignty of the seas.

Thence the profound emotion manifested in England. In fact, that which is for all maritime nations a question of very great importance may become, in her case, a question of life or death. Mr. Urquhart's remark, which I quoted in a former letter, is one the full meaning of which is understood by every Englishman: "The sea, at the same time that it serves this isle, menaces and besieges it. England is in danger of becoming the victim of the sea on the day on which she ceases to be its queen."

Moreover, has it not been heard how the prowess of the *Monitor* excited in New York a perfect intoxication of pride; how Captain Ericsson is the hero of the moment in America; how the American Government has already pre-

sented to the Senate a Bill authorising the Secretary to the Admiralty to build, at the cost of one million of dollars, an iron-clad vessel intended to act as a ram; how a sum of thirteen millions of dollars is to be devoted to the construction, on the other side of the Atlantic, of iron-clad gunboats for the defence of the coasts from Portland to Chesapeake Bay; and how the Americans go about saying: "There is an end for the present of the naval supremacy of England?"

The consequence is, that one only cry is heard on this side of the Channel: "We must have iron ships; we must have them at any price; we must have them at once; if wooden ships are not fit to be converted into ships of iron, they are only fit to be thrown into the fire; there is not a minute to lose: iron! iron! iron!" In vain Sir G. C. Lewis replies, in the hope of calming this feverish impatience, that it would need a supplement of fifteen millions sterling. He is told that when the sceptre of the seas is at stake, it is no time for haggling about cost. In vain he draws attention to the fact that ships like the *Merrimac* or the *Monitor* are not capable of crossing the Atlantic; that they are not built for long voyages; that they are not sea-going vessels; and that consequently there is no immediate danger. The answer is, that it is quite possible to build ships capable of going to sea, and that, as it can be done, it will be done. In vain he foresees the case when science, destroying the work of science, will invent projectiles of a force to pierce the thickest iron. The reply is, that before conforming to the, as yet, obscure laws of the science of the morrow, it is of moment to conform to the laws of the science of the day. In short, public opinion, imperious but trembling, drives Government before it, excites it, presses it, gives it the spur in the flank. "Our fleet," exclaimed the *Times* the other day, in a sort of panic, "is reduced to *two ships*." And it assured its readers that of the 149 vessels representing the active force of Great Britain, 147 were of wood, so that, according to this calculation, these 147 vessels went for nothing. The exaggeration is enormous, is it not? An additional reason for my noticing it: it is so very characteristic!

This active force of Great Britain, to which the *Times* alluded, was thus set forth, only six months ago, by the Secretary to the Admiralty:—Ships of the line, 19; frigates

and corvettes, 38; sloops, 90; frigates cased with iron, 2; total, 149.

But it appears from the information supplied on Thursday last to the House of Lords by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Duke of Somerset, that at the present day the iron ships occupy a less humble place in the tabular statements of the English navy, which possesses ten vessels of this class, four of which have been already launched, namely, the *Warrior*, the *Black Prince*, the *Defence*, and the *Resistance;* without taking into account that the Admiralty is engaged in encasing with iron twenty ships of the line which, after undergoing this transformation, will be set apart for the defence of the coasts. The Duke of Somerset has, besides, given the assurance that serious consideration had been bestowed upon the idea of a "cupola ship," suggested by Captain Coles as far back as 1855, and which had remained for a long time hidden away in official pigeon-holes. Experiments have been made as to the efficiency of the cupola, a sort of shield, and its power of resistance, and have proved most satisfactory. Lord Palmerston declared, the day before yesterday, that the vessel about to be built according to Captain Coles' theory is considered as the best adapted for the purposes of the home defence.

All this, surely, is calculated to restore equanimity. And yet, such is the importance henceforth attached to floating batteries constructed upon the new system, that it is in that direction Government is urged from all sides to concentrate its resources. Last Friday Mr. Osborne formally demanded in the House of Commons, "that the construction of the forts at Spithead should be suspended until a more ample examination had been made as to the efficacy of iron-clad gun-boats to insure the security of our ports." While Mr. Bentinck, going beyond Mr. Osborne, asked that Government should be authorised to apply to the construction of iron-clad vessels, or to the transformation of wooden ships into vessels of this kind, the money voted for the construction of the forts.

It is thus not only wood which is under discussion, but stone likewise. And those who, like the Secretary to the Admiralty, Lord Clarence Paget, are still of opinion that forts may be good for something, have no chance of making themselves heard except by giving iron revetments to the

walls. "The order of the day," said the Convention, "is Victory." England now says—what unhappily comes to very nearly the same thing: "The order of the day is Iron."

The suspension of the works belonging to the erection of the forts has been promised by Lord Palmerston, far too clever a man to swim against the torrent. Such is the present position of affairs.

In the middle of this nineteenth century the civilised world is occupied, and pre-occupied before all other considerations —about what?—about giving colossal proportions to the power of destruction, to the power of subversion, to the power of slaughter. Science is placed at the service of that fancy which seizes us from time to time for cutting one another's throats, children of Cain that we are! Does science chance to discover an impenetrable shield, straightway it is requested to invent an instrument which shall reduce this shield to powder, in order that death may not be disappointed! There are people who say to you, with a smile on their lips: "Let be: man's genius has not uttered its last word; the further we advance, the more will men be endowed with the gift of slaying in a grand manner."

A charming perspective, this! But may I not, perchance, be complaining of what I ought to regard as a matter for congratulation? For, after all, what proof in favour of war can be drawn from this struggle of the *Cumberland* against the *Merrimac*, against this marine monster made, indeed, by man's hand, but to which man furnished in the combat nothing of that which constitutes the courage, the heroism, the honour of the warrior, where man, in fact, was invisible? What "glory" will there be to be gathered from war, when war becomes nothing but a shock of machines, when the engineer displaces the leader of men, when victory becomes a question of mechanics? War is more and more unpersonalised, if I may coin an expression. So much the better! When the engineer shall be everything and the soldier nothing, the time will be at hand for the recognition of the fact that the engineer may be employed to better purpose than that of exterminating human beings, and the "poetry" of battle will have disappeared. Montaigne observes: "It is the quality of a porter, not of virtue, to have muscular arms and legs: it is a quality dead and corporeal." Montaigne says

this in speaking of that kind of warfare in which the preponderance of brute force allows the victors to dispense with the necessity of heroism and with proofs of valour. To what sort of quality, I ask, was the *Merrimac* indebted for being able to annihilate in ten minutes, and without incurring the slightest danger, the heroic crew of the *Cumberland*, unless to "a quality dead and corporeal?" What has hitherto contributed to perpetuate warfare is, that its horrors have been partly masked by the display of the personal virtues requisite for victory. Let science take exclusive possession of the field of battle, and farewell to what is named, from the military point of view, the Glory of the Conqueror! What can be imagined less poetically hideous than manufacturing ingenuity applied to destruction?

But there is yet another lesson, not less consolatory, to be derived from the combat in Hampton Roads. For several hours together the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* pounded away at each other with right good will without doing the slightest harm to one another. It well nigh happened that the fight lasted, without bloodshed, until the ammunition was exhausted. Science thus availing to neutralise science, war will slay war.

LETTER LXIII.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S GUN.

April 14th, 1862.

GLORY be to the genius of progress! Man's life is no more safe to-day than it was a month ago. The science of attack, in matter of warfare, has recovered over the science of defence the legitimate superiority which is its due. I was right when I said that it would not be long before an engine of destruction would be invented capable of bringing to reason all the *Merrimacs* and *Monitors* in the world. Since my last letter, civilisation has taken a long stride. Only a few days ago people were talking with admiration of an iron ship that had ripped up a ship of wood. Well, there is now a gun that is ready to blow in pieces the iron ship that ripped up

the ship of wood. Sir William Armstrong comes and says, "Upon my word, the question is a very simple one. When you make use of powder, you cannot use too much of it. Why did the *Monitor's* guns fail to produce any effect? Because they were charged with only twelve pounds of powder. Here is a gun of my constructing which will take a charge of forty, of fifty, pounds of powder. Let us try it."

Thereupon, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Clarence Paget, Admiral Grey, Commodore Drummond, Captain Sir J. D. Hay; in short, the flower of the war department and the cream of the admiralty proceeded with pomp to Shoeburyness, the official field of philanthropic experiments. In front of the gun in question a target was erected, a faithful copy of the sides of the iron-clad ship, hitherto declared invulnerable, the *Warrior*, and the signal was given.

When the worthy Dr. Guillotin, in explaining to the Constituent Assembly the essentially humane character of the machine to which his name has remained attached, exclaimed, in a transport of enthusiasm, "With my machine I will cut off your head in the twinkling of an eye," great was the hilarity of his audience. It was so comical, before it became tragical, that idea of cutting off your head in the twinkling of an eye, by way of philanthropy! But it is not one head, but hundreds of heads, were they even protected by a wall of iron, that Sir William Armstrong's gun will topple off, and in the twinkling of an eye, too. On this point there cannot be a doubt. The experiment at Shoeburyness is decisive. At the first discharge the thick target was seen to fly into shivers, Sir William's gun treating the iron with no more ceremony than if it had had to deal with glass.

Civilisation, therefore, is once more restored to the right path; gunpowder preserves its glorious privilege; and death maintains its rights.

But all has not yet been said. The genius of attack has spoken; it remains to be seen if the genius of defence will not find a reply to make: it remains to be seen if mechanical inventions, preservative of human life, will not succeed in neutralising, in the exact sense of the word, mechanical inventions directed against the life of man. The *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* fought together furiously for hours without any definite result. Why? Because in this combat of one

machine against another, the power of defence proved mathematically equal to the power of attack. What reason is there for supposing that this most desirable equality will not in the end be the result of the developments of science, when directed in preference to the end indicated by the more and more marked ascendency of commerce, the more and more cosmopolitan influence of manufacturing industry, and the propagation of the principle of the human brotherhood? That, in the collection of general causes which are tending to snatch from the hand of war its sceptre of brass, mechanics should play only a secondary part, is what may be expected; but where is the reason for supposing that this part will have nothing in common with the tendency of minds and the logic of interests? If, as appears to be the opinion of one of our colleagues, the new inventions, by neutralising one another, are likely to end by bringing things back to the condition in which they originally were, what are we to think of the advantages of science? The movement given by it to humanity would, in that case, far too closely resemble the movement of a squirrel in its cage, and would amount to much ado about nothing!

As to the effect of mechanical contrivances in their application to warfare—so long as war shall exist—it would, doubtless, be a mistake to suppose that they will leave no room, speaking in an absolute sense, for the thought that directs and the courage that executes; but will there be no change in this respect in a case where the superiority of a given contrivance should irresistibly decide the victory; in a case where the machine should to a great extent take the place of man on the battle-field, as it so frequently does in the workshop? The part which thought and courage had to play, in consequence of the construction of the *Merrimac*, resulted, for the *Cumberland*, in a radical impotence, or, to speak more correctly, in the pure and simple impossibility even of fighting. And to what proof, I ask, was the courage of the sailors on board the *Merrimac* submitted? In this affair the only thing we have to concern ourselves about is the honour due to the constructor of the machine. But this honour belongs to the department of industry, and not to that of war:—an important alteration introduced into the aspect of things.

However that may be, and to return to the experiment at Shoeburyness,—this has so completely restored the confidence of the English, that, passing all at once from the cares of murderous strife to those of pacific rivalries, they have begun seriously to bethink them that the Exhibition is to open on the 1st of May. Let us follow their example.

LETTER LXIV.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862; PREPARATIONS.

April 15th, 1862.

THE Great Exhibition of 1851, as you will doubtless remember, remained open for five months and a half. The number of exhibitors amounted to no fewer than 13,937, of whom 7381 were English, and 6556 were foreigners. For reasons which it is no easy matter to guess, England this year will furnish only 5000 exhibitors; but, on the other hand, the foreign countries taken together will furnish 17,000.

This latter total is thus made up, according to the information which I have thus far been able to obtain. The list is not yet complete; but, such as it is, I hope you will find it sufficiently interesting: France, 4000; the Zollverein, 3000; the new kingdom of Italy, 2000; Austria, 1400; Spain, upwards of 1100; Russia, close upon 700; Sweden, 600; Holland, 400; Denmark, 300; Greece, 250; Norway, 300; Rome, 46.

France, as you will observe, occupies in this list a position worthy of her, and Italy—Rome being still the city of the Pope—makes an excellent figure in it.

Add to this, that in this grand review of the industry of the entire world, China and Japan will have 35 representatives; Guatemala and Montevideo, 34; and Costa Rica, 11.

In a word, 100,000 articles will be exhibited.

And the visitors?

In 1851, the population of London being then about 2,300,000 souls, the total number of visitors amounted to 6,039,195. In

1862, the population being 2,800,000 souls, it is expected that the total number of visitors will not fall short of eleven millions.

And this calculation is a very modest one. In fact, it must be remembered that of the six millions of individuals attracted by the Exhibition of 1851, three millions were brought to London by the railways. Now, in 1851, there were not above 6755 miles of railroad open for public traffic, while to-day there are 10,300.

The administration of railways, besides, has made a notable progress since 1851. Companies have learned what are the profits to be made by return tickets and excursion trains at reduced fares. Is that all? By no means. Since the last great London Exhibition, the Continent has been furrowed all over with new lines which did not then exist, and which have brought it closer to England. Steam brings America and Europe into contact at much less expense and in much less time. The chain of lines which now unite New York, Boston, Portland, and Quebec, is triple what it was in 1851. The distance between London and India, if measured by time, has been diminished 25 per 100, and the distance between England and Australia by 50 per 100. In other words the world has grown much less and mankind far more nimble.

There is consequently every reason to hope that the number of guests will be in proportion to the sumptuousness of the banquet. And truly this will be very fortunate for the adventurous subscribers, upon whom would fall the burden of the outlay in the event of the Exhibition happening not to cover its expenses; for, in what concerns the financial arrangements, the plan adopted is exactly the same as was followed in 1851.

A Commission has been named, composed of Earl Granville, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, and Messieurs Thomas Baring and Fairbairn. This Commission has been empowered by a Royal Act, entitled, "Charter of Corporation," to borrow from the Bank of England, to the extent of £250,000, whatever sums are necessary; and to guarantee the reimbursement a subscription was opened and immediately filled up.

One of my friends, whose fortune is by no means extraordinary, subscribed for £2000 with as much indifference as

if he had been securing a box at the Opera. The English, it must be acknowledged, do things grandly, when they set their minds to it. Not that the danger, after all, is very great, the nett profits of the Exhibition of 1851 having been £200,000.

One might take courage with less. Still, when we consider that those who consent to incur the risk of the guarantee will not touch a farthing of the profits of the enterprise, if there be any, and that they expose themselves to loss without hope or desire of gain, seeing that any surplus balance is to be appropriated to an object of public utility, we are bound to render homage to such patriotic disinterestedness.

This disinterestedness, this patriotism, so completely belong to the part they have to play, and are considered so natural, that they do not even receive, as an acknowledgment of their good will, a free pass! It is within my knowledge that some of them having asked for a ticket of admittance, were answered: "When people are generous, they must not be so by halves. To subscribe after this fashion for several thousand pounds implies the possession of a fortune, and a rich man may well pay his three or five guineas for a season ticket."

It is superfluous to state that the Commissioners, on their part, have nothing to gain in the way of money as the fruit of their labours, their functions are perfectly gratuitous. At the time of the Exhibition of 1851, Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, who was then simply Mr. Dilke, very nobly refused the sum of £5000 which was offered to him as a return for all the trouble he took and all the time he sacrificed to the accomplishment of a public duty. Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, by the way, is the proprietor of the *Athenæum*, the best accredited of all the literary journals of this country.

It is not alone for the International Exhibition of 1862 that the palace which is at this moment the glory of South Kensington has been constructed. It is to serve for all future exhibitions—international, colonial, and others. However, the question of determining if the building which has just been erected will be allowed to remain, will depend upon certain financial arrangements which may possibly not succeed. But, in truth, if this building be destined to perish, so much the better.

Gigantic it is—one cannot deny that; but, what a strange

architecture! I admit that the nave and the transepts are 100 feet high and 85 feet in width; that the nave is 800 feet long, and each of the transepts 635 feet long, including the domes; but that is not enough to make an elegant building. The dome of the Pantheon being 142 feet in diameter and 70 feet high; that of Brunelleschi at Florence being 139 feet in diameter and 133 feet in height; that of St. Peter's at Rome being 158 feet in diameter and 263 feet in height, I am perfectly willing to own that the two domes with which the Exhibition is loaded, or rather overloaded, are the two largest that architecture has ever produced, seeing that they are 160 feet in diameter, and 250 feet in height; but do these colossal proportions prevent them from sinning against every law of taste and proportion? To make the lid of a saucepan an object of art, would it be enough to give it proportions in conformity with the appetite of Gargantua? A few days ago the *Times* published a letter in which a Frenchman related, in the style employed by Frenchmen who know just enough of English to write it grotesquely, how a small shoeboy of his acquaintance had pronounced upon the Palace of the Exhibition this terrible sentence: "Dam ugly." Solomon, I am willing to believe, would have expressed himself more correctly, but he never rendered a more equitable judgment. I need hardly tell you that the pretended letter of the pretended Frenchman was written in the *Times* office by an Englishman, a perfect master of his own tongue. This little pleasantry has, as you may well imagine, excited a good deal of merriment in London, and the *mot* will undoubtedly survive. "Dam ugly" is a frontispiece, cut and dry, for the Palace of the Exhibition.

But how came Captain Francis Fowke to be entrusted with the task of designing this monument? One would be strongly tempted to say to him, after beholding this proof of his talent for architecture, "Rather be a mason, if your calling is in that line." Captain Fowke, I believe, was far advanced in the good graces of Prince Albert, and it is possible that the blindness of friendship—but let us not disturb the ashes of the dead.

However, the Palace of the Exhibition, whether handsome or the reverse, seems to be endowed with a strange power of attraction. As I write these lines, on every road leading to

it there is an interminable procession of trucks, waggons, vehicles of every kind, loaded with the tributes of every variety of industry.

Of the interior, one may say it has the appearance of a town taken by assault. As nothing is yet finished and time presses, it is an inconceivable confusion, a prodigious pêle-mêle of men and machines—the activity of a hive combined with the seeming disorder of incomplete preparations, and, provisionally, a Babel.

Much remains to be said. It will be, if you please, for another time.

LETTER LXV.

FOREIGNERS EXPECTED IN LONDON.

April 22nd, 1862.

In a few, very few days, all the nations of the world will be present, through their official and non-official representatives, at the great industrial festival which is to mark the 1st of May, 1862.

The nearer we approach that momentous date, the keener becomes the anxiety it has awakened. England is preparing to discharge the duties of hospitality in a becoming manner, and to give the foreigners who are expected from all quarters of the globe a favourable opinion of herself. That potent dame, who is already past her prime, but whose majestic and corpulent beauty it is impossible not to admire—the City of London—is doing her best to appear young again; she is quite determined that people shall think her pretty; and at this very moment she is busy putting on rouge and patches. Never, since 1851, has whitewash played such an important part. In the quarter I inhabit, which happens to be that of the Exhibition, every one is rivalling his neighbour in decorating his house. Verily, if London, at first sight, fails to please the expected visitors, the fault will be theirs.

But London is not a city given to the romantic. They who expect to enjoy its hospitality must be prepared to pay for it. Not every one who wishes to lodge cheaply will do so, I answer for it. Exactly twenty paces from where I am, there is an unpretending little house which an English dame recently took upon a lease, and which she has furnished according to the dictates of the strictest economy. One hundred and twenty pounds a year is the rent she pays, but what does she ask for an apartment? Why, £12 per week.

Speculation hopes to reap an abundant harvest in the field of sight-seers. On every side the eye is caught, enslaved, and tempted by the conventional notice, "FURNISHED HOUSE." Do you remember the fable of the *Laitière et le pot au lait*, or the history of the itinerant merchant in *The Thousand and One Nights* who, one fine day being seated before the door of a house with his portable shop before him, set himself dreaming how he would make a large fortune, build mosques, be made a king, and become an emperor, until, in an ill regulated transport of joy, he upset with a kick of his foot that which contained in fragile objects the whole of his riches? This history was, in 1851, that of a great many people. But the race of the merchants of *The Thousand and One Nights*, and of the milkmaids, is an incorrigible race.

Foreign working men will not, in any case, have to complain of English hospitality, if what I am told be true. When the Orpheonists came to London, it happened that as no preparations had been made to receive them, their lot at the commencement was most lamentable. Many of them, if I remember rightly, had to pass the night of their arrival, some in stables, others in garrets, without counting those who made the pavement their bed and took the corner-stone for their pillow. The English, though not at all answerable for the sudden and unexpected visit of the Orpheonists, were greatly ashamed of the mishap. In order that nothing of the kind should happen this time, a Committee has been formed, composed of Sir John Shelley, Mr. Layard, Mr. Cox—all three members of Parliament—Mr. Marsh Nelson, Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. J. R. L. Walmsley, and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. The last-named gentleman, editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and son of that Douglas Jerrold in whom England lost the flower of her men of wit, has been appointed to fill the post of

honorary manager. A better choice could not have been made. To take care that foreign working men who may visit the Exhibition shall be lodged at reasonable terms, and that they have to pay only cost price for their food; to organise a body of interpreters for their special use; to see that they have medical advice when necessary, and to arrange excursions which shall enable them to know and admire the beauties of the suburbs of London, such are the ends which the Committee in question has in view.

From this truly hospitable Committee to the Royal Commission the transition is decidedly abrupt. Lord Granville, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Wentworth Dilke, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, are all gentlemen whom I greatly respect; but for that very reason I regret that they should seem to see nothing in this Exhibition but a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Instead of being noblemen and gentlemen of independent means and personally disinterested in the undertaking, had they been lenders of money on pledges, or dealers in candle-ends, they could not have shown themselves more prosaically greedy of lucre. The interests of those who have subscribed to the guarantee fund certainly deserve to be looked after. Still, any anxiety on this head ought to have its limits. It is very strange, for instance, that the idea should have been entertained of shutting the door in the face of every exhibitor who, on the opening day, did not present himself, purse in hand. Who makes the Exhibition if it be not the exhibitor? Very strong, therefore, was the feeling of indignation among those whose persons it was proposed to exclude after accepting their products. The Commissioners will, probably, give way upon this point, as they have already done on some others. If not, there will be meetings at which the most violent threaten to propose revengeful resolutions. What would become of the effect anticipated for the solemnity of the opening, if the exhibitors, finding themselves excluded, were to take it into their heads to cover their stalls? Could they be prevented from doing so? Would any one have the right to prevent them from doing so?

Here is another curious illustration of the disinterested love of gain by which the Commissioners are animated. They have hinted, not venturing to express themselves on this head

in too explicit a manner, that the distinguished personages invited to the ceremony, ought to provide themselves with a season-ticket. This is the same as asking of them three or five guineas: three, as price of admission to the Palace, or five if they wish to be admitted both into the Palace and to the adjoining Horticultural Gardens. A singular mode, in truth, of inviting people! And observe that these invitations are given in the Queen's name by personages such as the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, &c. It is as if the Queen of England, through the medium of the highest dignitaries of the realm, were to invite you to dinner, on condition that you brought your own wine and dishes, or that you paid a guinea.

The proceeding is the more extraordinary, because the invited are precisely those among the spectators on whose presence depends the pomp of the spectacle. They are expected to pay for the pleasure which the cockneys will derive from staring at them. It is asking too much. The *Daily Telegraph* pleasantly recalls to mind, on this occasion, a good thing said by the father of the Duke of Cambridge. That prince was always ready to take the chair at public dinners, and was accustomed to subscribe for all kinds of charitable objects, without looking into them too closely. One day the committee of a charitable institution came to request of him the immediate payment of his subscription. "What!" he exclaimed, "you want, then, to kill your decoy-duck!"

Of those ducks which lure others, there will be a few on the opening day, but not so many as was at first expected. In the matter of mortal divinities, there will be nothing above princes; in the matter of constellations, there will be only stars of the second magnitude: there will be no petty king whatever. It is true that a throne, and one of colossal proportions, will raise its head within the building, but this throne will be unoccupied; it will be there merely to recall the loss of that Prince Albert who was the soul of the Exhibition of 1851, and to say to all, in the words of Châteaubriand, that the eyes of the potentates of the earth, like those of the most humble amongst us, are filled with tears.

One thing is clear. The Commissioners appear to fear lest the ceremony should want something of that outward

splendour which is desired in such cases; and it is to this apprehension, I imagine, that the following notice must be attributed:—

"The guarantors and other persons invited to the opening ceremony are at liberty to choose between appearing in an official uniform or Court dress, and presenting themselves in plain morning costume; but on the choice of the costume will depend their place in the reserved seats. Ladies will be in morning dress, and will not be separated from their cavaliers."

This last arrangement is a magnanimous concession, on the part of the Commissioners, to the fears of the feminine portion of public opinion. But see what importance these gentlemen attach to the official costume and Court dress! They understand the human heart too well to set out with the principle: "First come, first served." Their principle is that, the bird being judged by its plumage, the finest feathers have the right of precedence. At the Exhibition of 1851, there was a Chinese whose "get up" met with great success. Let us hope, for the honour of the Exhibition of 1862, that the Japanese ambassadors will not depart before the 1st of May. My opinion is that Blondin and Leotard, in their respective and distinctive costumes, would also add to the general effect. I commend this idea to the sagacity of the Commissioners. And why, as it has been very properly suggested, why should not the chimney-sweepers be invited to come to pay their tribute to the science of the picturesque? This is the right time to do so, since the day fixed for the opening of the Exhibition happens to be the chimney-sweepers' great holiday.

Are you acquainted with the historical or legendary link that exists between the chimney-sweepers and the 1st of May? There was once upon a time a —— lord, whose child had disappeared. The chimney-sweepers had stolen it. After a time, on the 1st of May of a particular year, the child was sent into the paternal house to sweep the chimneys. He seems to behold once more, through the cloud of memories that float around the cradle, places whose confused image had remained on his brain, or rather in his heart. He conceals himself beneath a bed, and waits there until he is discovered by the people of the house. They question him. By certain marks his mother recognises him. Rapturous joy! And our

little chimney-sweep becomes once more the heir of one of the first families of England.

I informed you in my last letter that the Exhibition of 1862 promises to be a thing of beauty, and I do not wish to recall my words. I must own, however, that the public is, in spite of itself, pursued by a sort of vague fear—the fear of being disenchanted. The Exhibition of 1851 gave birth to so many expectations which have never been realised, or, at least, only partly realised! Nations, by being brought together, have become, as it were, penetrated by one another, and were there no other result obtained, even this would be very important. But much more than that was hoped for. Was it not believed that the era of peace had at last arrived in earnest? And yet, in what situation are we to-day after an interval of ten years? During this brief space of time the world has scarcely ever ceased to be stained with blood. How often have the knots which the Exhibition of 1851 seemed to have drawn together so tightly, yielded since then to the edge of the sword! Only yesterday, what was the ruling question from one end of Europe to the other? Why, the invention of iron ships to rend asunder ships of wood, and the manufacture of guns to rend asunder ships of iron. Nay, at this very moment my door is opened, and at the head of the paper which is handed to me, I read: "Great Battle near Corinth! Loss, on the Federal side, of 20,000 men! Loss, on the Confederate side, of 35,000 men!" Among the objects of art which public curiosity anticipates and demands with the greatest impatience to be given up to it as soon as the Exhibition opens, must be placed the Armstrong gun, all kinds of machines destined to vomit death, which are described as charming, a model of Captain Ericsson's floating battery, and a thick fragment of iron which was only a few days ago shattered at Shoeburyness. So very slow is the gestation of truthful ideas!

And whoso may feel disposed to look at things from an unpleasant point of view will find room for making many other remarks to the same effect. Would you like to know the scale of prices of admittance fixed upon by the Commissioners? To the opening ceremony will be admitted none but persons provided with a season-ticket, purchased for three or five guineas. On the second and third days the price of

admittance will be twenty shillings. From the 5th of May (the 4th being a Sunday) to the 31st, it will be two-and-sixpence, with the exception of one day in the week reserved for five-shilling tickets. From the end of May to the close of the Exhibition, it will be one shilling. So that there is no hope of the Exhibition being open, until the end of May, to that very class to which belonged those who have perished in constructing the Palace for the Exhibition! Observe that the number of intrepid masons to whom this bold and hastily-constructed edifice has cost their life, is far more considerable than anyone dares to admit. Five or six days ago I expressed to one of the superintendents of works the emotion I had experienced in beholding the mutilated corpse of one of these soldiers of industry borne past me on a stretcher. "Bah!" he replied, in an absent sort of manner, "there has been much exaggeration. A score of workmen, perhaps, have been killed in falling from the top of the scaffolding. What is that?" Yes, what is that? Industry has its soldiers: very good; but is it for them that the word "glory" was invented? Is it of them that honourable mention is made? Is it upon them that crosses of honour are conferred? Is it for them that trumpets sound a flourish? They are exposed to suffer death, but they do not inflict it. Of what have they to complain if, when they have shattered their skull upon the pavement, the bulletin of their exploits is confined to the bare statement, "accidentally killed," and is printed in the papers after the account of the death of a boxer? Let the children of the poor wretch whose mortal remains I still have before my eyes, wait a month, and they will be allowed, if they have the means of paying the necessary shilling, to go and see the spot where their father's blood was shed.

LETTER LXVI.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE OPENING CEREMONY.

May 1st, 1862.

To-day, the first of May, has taken place the ceremony of the opening of the International Exhibition of 1862.

I need not say that there was a great crowd, both outside and inside of the Palace. It appears that during the past fortnight the steamboats of the South-Eastern Company, which unite Boulogne and Folkestone, have brought to London from three to four hundred persons every day. Of the eagerness of rich people to pay the required five guineas, there can be no possible doubt. As the day approached for the opening of the Exhibition, people hastened from all quarters to purchase tickets, with a thrill of impatience; so that the day before yesterday the amount, received, exceeded the £10,000 which at the corresponding period of the Exhibition of 1851 had been lodged in the Commissioners' strong box.

And yet—why should I not say so?—the expected ceremony did not seem to announce itself under very happy auspices. The prince who had conceived the idea, who was so fit to direct the preparations, who was to have been its heart and soul, that prince was sleeping his last sleep. Everyone knew that royalty would be represented only by a vacant throne. It had been given out that not even the Prince of Wales would be there. Moreover, there was no reckoning on the curiosity of certain crowned personages, whose visit had for a moment been dreamed of, as a means to heighten the splendour of the ceremony.

On the other hand, however desirous the Commissioners might have been to execute their task in a worthy manner, it was regretted that they had not been more successful. I was told yesterday, in confidence, that the Commissioners had at last determined upon admitting the exhibitors without making them pay for admittance; but the contrary had been proclaimed far and wide, and so loudly that it had been to the parties concerned a subject of profound irritation. Some

talked of convening an "indignation meeting;" others threatened to cover their stalls; others again compared the conduct of the Royal Commissioners to that of the Royal Academy of Arts, accused of swelling its revenue every year by some £8000, by inviting the public to come and see, at a shilling a head, such paintings as are lent to it.

While these little complaints and commentaries were at the highest, there appeared a letter from Verdi, in which he informed the astonished public that the vocal solo with chorus composed by him for the Exhibition, and which Tamberlik had offered to sing, was declined by the Commissioners under the pretext that twenty-five days would not be enough for learning this short piece of music, though twenty-five days are enough for learning a new opera.

To this ground of discontent was soon afterwards added another. There is an English proverb which says: "Where there are musicians, don't expect to find harmony." The first poet in England, Tennyson, having written a poem for the opening ceremony, and the first composer in England, Mr. Bennett, having set it to music, Signor Costa, appointed to conduct the orchestra, remembered that he had had a quarrel with Mr. Bennett, and, so far back as the previous July, apprised the Commissioners of his resolution to have nothing to do with that gentleman's music.

In such circumstances, what ought the Commissioners to have done? Since the point under discussion referred to verses composed by the Poet Laureate of England, and set to music by an English composer, why not invite an Englishman, Mr. Alfred Mellon for instance, to fill, in favour of Mr. Bennett, the place left vacant by Signor Costa? Such was the general opinion; and the national nerve quivered when it was bruited abroad that, for Mr. Bennett's cantata, the orchestra would be conducted by M. Sainton. An Italian might pass—but a Frenchman!

I should never finish, were I to take notice of all the small troubles and saddening prognostics which disturbed the hours devoted to expectation. Every morning the papers groaned over the tormenting slowness of the preparations. Would it be ready in time? Of that countless number of cases filled with precious objects, how few would be unpacked when the hour arrived for throwing open the doors! In fact,

even now the work is far from being finished. France, strange to say, France whose glance is so rapid, whose movements are so quick, and whose hand is so ready, has allowed herself to be overtaken not only by England, but by slow-paced Austria. All this, people were justified in saying; all this was said; and if even France were so much behindhand, what hope was there of the others?

Besides, the wind was not favourable for pleasant thoughts. Business languishes. Manchester is at the last extremity, Lancashire is in the agony of death. It is when industry is sick that the festival of industry is being solemnised!

Such were the gloomy fancies which, so to speak, were floating in the air, when the sun arose on the first of May. "Arose" is the word. At nine o'clock, the weather, which, during the previous week, had been magnificent, augured nothing good. It had rained during the night. The morning was dreary; but towards ten o'clock the clouds dispersed, and the admirable deity whom the Incas adored, lost no time in flooding the whole scene with his vivifying light.

At half-past ten I was in the Prince Albert Road, which runs along the western face of the Exhibition Palace. From the upper rooms of the stately mansions which form the sides of this spacious and imposing avenue, flags were displayed, among which I saluted with emotion my country's flag. The balconies were crowded with ladies in elegant morning costume. Along the road defiled an interminable line of carriages. On both sides of the road, at regular intervals, policemen were stationed. They are no ornament to a festival, it is true; but they are a protection. In 1851, they and their fellows from other countries were deemed so necessary that each Government received an invitation to send its own police to London, England taking upon herself to defray the charges of international order. The expense was enormous—£19,000! This time, the maintenance of order will cost much less, as the English police has been found sufficient.

At half-past ten the doors were thrown open for those who had reserved places, and I entered.

I visited the interior of the Palace yesterday, but what a change from one day to the next! Yesterday, all was confusion. At every step you knocked against a case still unpacked. You had to pick out your way through the hay and straw

with which the floor was covered. You breathed less air than dust. You were rudely elbowed on this side and on that by workmen eager to get finished. If it was not quite the chaos of preceding days, it was something very like it. To-day, the aspect of the hall was at least respectable. Magnificent, it certainly was not. Everyone was so much behindhand that not even the wand of the enchanter Merlin would have availed to effect the desired metamorphose.

The day before yesterday it was confidently stated that France, to whom so large a space had been accorded in the principal nave, would have nothing to show on the opening day—absolutely nothing. That was going too far; but I must confess that I felt my patriotism bleed when I beheld the industry of France represented, on this solemn occasion, by a few carpets, some bronzes, and a warrior of the Middle Ages on horseback, flanked by four other warriors on foot. To tell the truth, not every department is as backward as ours. But it is certain that nothing is yet finished, nothing complete. The Exhibition has been opened, not in the midst of treasures proudly displayed, but in the midst of treasures half veiled, or wholly hidden away.

Shall I speak of the grand nave? Obstructed, as it was, by a number of industrial trophies, placed seemingly at hazard, it gave me the idea of a fair. The effect of such a gigantic line, reaching from one dome to the other, is utterly lost. Ah! the Crystal Palace was a very different thing!

From half-past ten to one o'clock I passed the time much as everybody else did. First of all, I chose my place. Then I measured with the eye the colossal dimensions of the edifice. After that, I read the Biblical sentences standing out in yellow letters on a blue ground, beneath and around the domes, and felt astonished that Mr. Crace had not been more happy in choosing and combining his decorative colours. Then I looked at the ladies coming in, and, finally, I listened to the bands of the Coldstream and Scots Fusilier Guards.

At last, at about one o'clock, the harsh voice of the trumpets brayed aloud: it was the signal. Then there entered by the door leading into Cromwell Road, which runs along the southern face of the Palace, the official visitors, the visitors in costume. These proceeded towards the western dome, beneath

which was placed an arm-chair, personating the throne, and covered with a sumptuous canopy. The National Hymn was chaunted, after which Lord Granville delivered an address, supposed to be intended for the absent Queen, who was represented by the Duke of Cambridge and the other Special Commissioners appointed to open the Exhibition in her name.

It was natural that this address should commence with words of sorrow; for, on this occasion, Lord Granville occupied the place of Prince Albert, likewise absent. And in fact these words of sorrow constituted the entire exordium. As for the rest of the harangue, it was a cold and colourless statement of the concatenation of ideas, and of the series of labours, of which this year's Exhibition is the result. The peroration was as follows:—"It is our ardent prayer that the Exhibition of 1862, which is on the point of being inaugurated, and the direction of which has been entrusted to us, may prove a not unworthy link in the chain of International Exhibitions, with which will remain for ever associated the honoured name of the illustrious Consort of your Majesty." Such is the official style! Such is official eloquence!

After a brief reply from the Duke of Cambridge, the visitors in costume marched in procession to the eastern dome, along the northern side of the nave, where a path had been kept clear for them, not without difficulty. There figured in this procession, which was preceded by the trumpeters of the Life Guards, the superintendents of works of the Exhibition, the contractors, the architect, the members of the Councils of the Agricultural Society and the Society of Arts, a deputation from the Guarantors, the Presidents of the Juries, the Foreign Commissioners, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Lord Mayor of York, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. William Cubitt, Lord Mayor of London, preceded by the Mace-bearer and Sword-bearer, the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, those of the present Exhibition, the Bishop of London, the Ministers, the Special Commissioners appointed for the inauguration, and, finally, Prince Oscar of Sweden and the Prince Royal of Prussia.

This is not unlike, as you will observe, an Homeric enumeration. And yet there is in the list an omission which you will have already remarked. What was done with the *corps diplomatique?* If I be correctly informed, their Excellencies

were not very well pleased with an oversight which, to say the least of it, was very extraordinary in an *international* solemnity.

I saw this procession pass, and could not avoid feeling some friendly commiseration for men, many of whom are persons of the highest merit, on reflecting on the part which they were made to play by this ostentatious exhibition of themselves.

After all, the really interesting and imposing portion of this ceremony was that in which music bore the chief part. How noble was that powerful orchestra, composed of 2000 vocal performers and 400 instrumentalists! A man—one single man—could not have obeyed the conductor's bâton with more marvellous precision. The illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*, of *Robert le Diable*, of the *Prophète*, had sent to the Commissioners an overture, in the form of a march, composed expressly for the Exhibition. This piece, worthy companion of the so many master-pieces which the world owes to Meyerbeer, was admirably performed. Thanks to certain acoustic arrangements very well managed, the sound seemed to fill the immense space without an effort. Had it produced nothing but this new creation from one of the great masters of music, the Exhibition would have deserved well of mankind.

I have already mentioned that Mr. Sterndale Bennett had set to music certain verses composed for the occasion by Mr. Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate. I have the verses lying before me, but, besides being untranslatable, I doubt if they are worth the trouble of a translation. It is singular that such an admirable poet as Mr. Tennyson has not been better inspired when prophesying the glorious era of peace and apostrophising him whom he calls "O silent father of our kings to be!"—*O père silencieux de nos rois à venir!* Fortunately, Mr. Bennett's music was not affected by the inadequacy of the words; and the orchestra, led by M. Sainton, proved itself the same as when conducted by Signor Costa.

Of Auber's Grand March what could I say, except that one finds in it all the grace, all the vivacity, all the poetic fancy, all the brilliancy of that talent, so essentially French, with which you are familiar. I never hear Auber's music without thinking of the perspicuity and wit of Voltaire.

O Verdi, we have fought at Arques, and thou wast not there! But it was not his fault. The sin was committed by the Commissioners. But it was they who were to-day present at the opening of the Exhibition who did penance for that sin.

That is nearly all I have to say to you. I heard few cries of any kind, nor did I remark much enthusiasm.

And yet this international festival was grand: grand through the idea which it expressed, and through the end held in view; grand through the contact of so many nations; grand through the fabulous accumulation at a given point of such varied wealth; grand through the imposing homage rendered to the genius of industry and of peace; grand through the mass of spectators; grand through the supreme beauty of genius.

The ancients, after all, were acquainted with nothing at all like it. Their amphitheatres with eighty rows of seats, those gigantic amphitheatres which Calpurnius describes, gleaming with marble, ornamented with precious stones, and in which a hundred thousand men could be seated with ease; their porticoes covered with gold; their artificial forests, in which thousands of ostriches, stags, wild boars, and deer were offered to the people as objects of pillage; their hecatombs of lions, bears, and leopards; the scenic changes of these vast arenas in which ferocious animals were seen to issue from an abyss whence immediately sprang up groups of trees; their nets woven with gold, magnificent ramparts which they placed between the wild beasts and the surrounding multitude: all that, certainly, bore witness to man's power, but what moral idea hovered over those festivals of blood? When the Emperor caused three hundred gladiators to fight with a like number of adversaries, and when these poor creatures, whose lives had a stipulated value, passed before Cæsar uttering that slavish exclamation, *Morituri te salutant!* and when even young girls, while beholding the conqueror on the point of slaying his adversary, abstained from making the sign of mercy, and turned back the thumb, thus commanding the strongest to pierce the breast of the weakest, lying prostrate on the ground—what useful instruction could compensate for the horror of such an abominable education in cruelty?

It is true, the ancients could boast of more innocent and less deadly festivals. But the prize which, at the Olympic Games, the Greeks voted to the most robust, or the most active, did not—as M. Musurus, the Turkish Ambassador, well remarked, at the last Lord Mayor's Banquet—possess the elevated character of the prize which, in our modern Olympic Games, is voted to the most industrious.

But why, then, when the imagination loved to repose on ideas of universal peace and fraternity, was it necessary that synchronisms of strife should occur to remind us that reason is still in the militant stage; that industry is far from having effected in a definitive manner the solemn reconciliation of nations; and that mankind are still engaged in rolling the rock of Sisyphus to the summit of that rugged mountain whence, down to the present day, it has never ceased to rebound?

I was thinking of this when my neighbour opened *Punch*, that merry sheet which is so well known to you. Casting my eye on it, I beheld—what?—an engraving, representing the goddess of Peace seated on a cannon.

A few pencil touches give you there the history of the Exhibition of 1862.

LETTER LXVII.

MR. GLADSTONE.

May 2nd, 1862.

THERE was held yesterday week, in the Town Hall at Manchester, a grand meeting of the Members of the Chamber of Commerce. The object of this meeting was to present to Mr. Gladstone an address acknowledging the services he has rendered to his country as Statesman and Financier.

Mr. Gladstone deserves this homage, for no one has laboured for the public weal in England with more talent, more zeal, or a more earnest love of progress.

Not that Mr. Gladstone has always walked in the broad path of liberty. Far from it. There was a time when, like his guide and leader, Sir Robert Peel, he fought, if not in the

Conservative ranks, at least by their side. There exists a book written by him which marks in a very striking manner both the point from which he set out and the distance he has traversed. It is the book he published in 1838 under the title of "The State in its Relations with the Church." Who at that time could have ever supposed that such a violent partisan of the High Church would write, in 1851, those two famous letters to Lord Aberdeen, in which the Government of Naples was summoned before the bar of public opinion—letters which were not only an event in themselves, but which prepared the way for Garibaldi, and will survive as one of the most exciting denunciations which have ever been launched against sacerdotal influence when used for political purposes? It is curious to reflect, at the present moment, that Mr. Gladstone, after having figured, at the period of the Crimean war, in Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, and having retired, because he objected to a commission being appointed to inquire into the state of the army; it is curious, I say, to reflect that he was not reluctant to form part of Lord Derby's administration, and allowed himself to be sent to the Ionian Islands as the representative of a Conservative Minister. At the present day Mr. Gladstone is again not only a colleague of Lord Palmerston, but also the most Liberal of Lord Palmerston's colleagues. To such a degree, indeed, is this the case, that in the quarters where his presence has become almost a necessity, there are some who begin to be rendered anxious by his demeanour, and to ask in whispers: "What does he mean? Where is he going? Where will he stop?"

Unfortunately, it is not the Conservatives alone who speak in this manner. Although everyone acknowledges Mr. Gladstone's sincerity and perfect rectitude, it is certain that he fills everyone with anxiety. Some fear to see him go too far; others dread to see him shrink back; no one is bold enough to answer for the path which will be taken by Mr. Gladstone. And why? For this simple reason, that Mr. Gladstone himself does not know.

Macaulay says, in speaking of Halifax, William the Third's famous Minister, that "he was slow from very quickness." It might be said of Mr. Gladstone that, he is wavering and uncertain from excess of penetration. Yes, what detracts

from the firmness of his judgment, what condemns him to the tortures of an undecided line of conduct, is precisely the most characteristic quality of his eminent intellect. His very sagacity somewhat impairs his powers. His extraordinary clearsightedness is a daily embarrassment to him. He embraces with such a rapid glance the different aspects of every question; he seizes with such promptitude upon the *pro* and the *con;* he sees so well the right and the wrong side of every thing, that his mind suggests at the same time the question and the answer, the affirmative and the negative, the argument and the rejoinder: a precious faculty, no doubt, but much less so in a political man, whose energy it frequently paralyses, than in a philosopher, to whom it imparts that high impartiality which is the honour and the noblest attribute of philosophy.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that, even as a political man, Mr. Gladstone is worthy to be placed in the foremost ranks. Besides, he is also a man of business. He understands the details of commerce. He is familiar with the manipulation of figures, and, when necessary, he can show himself either as the son of a Liverpool merchant, or as a graduate of the University of Oxford.

But where he excels, is in oratorical jousting. Mr. Gladstone would be the first orator in England, were there no Mr. Bright, and although there is a Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone is unquestionably the first orator in the House of Commons.

A sonorous voice, flashing eyes, a flow of words that gushes forth like a torrent, and the ardour of an indomitable conviction, this is what constitutes the talents of Mr. Bright. He is aggressive, vehement, intrepid—intrepid to a fault. Looking at the air with which he attacks the aristocracy in the classic land of aristocracy, one feels that he is one of those great wrestlers who require great obstacles and great adversaries. Looking at the air with which he braves public opinion in a country where the despotism of public opinion forms the counterpoise to liberty, one feels that he believes himself capable of mastering the people, while in the very act of arming them against himself. In the midst of the patriotic enthusiasm excited by the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, he was to be heard thundering against the Crimean war, and calling it a bloodstained folly. At the height of the irrita-

tion produced by the affair of the *Trent*, he was to be heard extolling the republic of the United States, proposing it to the world as a model, and rushing forward with a sort of savage pride to affront the reproach of not having an English heart. At once austere and violent, Mr. Bright is half a Quaker, half a tribune. Beneath every one of the figures employed by his eloquence, always substantial though always animated, passion is heard growling. Statistics are brandished by him as a club would be by a muscular arm. When he recommends peace at any price, he does so in words which seem to sound the charge. In Rome, he would have been the man of the Forum; in England he is, before all, the man of the hustings. But for that very reason he is ill at ease in the House of Commons, where a portion of his strength sometimes abandons him, and the atmosphere of which is evidently unsuited to his stormy eloquence.

There, on the contrary, Mr. Gladstone is in his glory. That penetrating gracefulness of language which subdues you without doing you any violence, that literary savour which enhances the value of the thought in a gathering of refined and cultivated minds, the perfume of classic studies, the art of introducing striking and unforeseen quotations, the philosophical turn, the veiled irony, the subtility combined with power—in short, all that is deficient in Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone possesses in a superior degree.

Every one knows that in the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone represents the University of Oxford, but he does more than represent it, for, except from a political point of view, he reflects it. His talent is, in the literal sense of the word, an universitarian talent, and it is probably for that reason that the University of Oxford has remained faithful to him. In truth, the alliance has not been an unclouded one. Contracted in 1847, it would have been violently broken up in 1859, had not the bonds of literary free-masonry which exist between Oxford and the former undergraduate of Christchurch proved sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of political resentment. At that period, Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Liberal ideas was no longer a secret; and the University of Oxford, Conservative at heart, had some difficulty in forgiving such a crime. It made the effort, nevertheless. Who, indeed, could have been its accredited ambassador to the Court of—

Parliament, if the man who wrote "Homer and the Homeric Age" had ceased to be so?

At the meeting mentioned at the beginning of this letter, Mr. Gladstone, of course, made a speech. It was expected that he would discourse on public affairs, and this expectation was not disappointed. The exordium deserves to be brought to your notice:—

"Considerable changes," said the orator, "have taken place during the last few years. The political feelings of the country are no longer what they were. I believe—and I say it with some regret—I believe that a sort of lethargy has for the moment come over the Parliament and the people. There are several questions which I could point out—there is one which I will point out, in my own name and without pretending to express anything more than my own individual opinion. I wish to speak of the question of electoral franchise, on the subject of which are manifested symptoms of lethargy which it is impossible to deny."

Here then, we have a member of the Government, who publicly, and on a solemn occasion, recognises with *regret* the political indifference of the people, and, as it were, scolds their apathy. He would have them more enterprising, more animated, more zealous for the conquest of the rights which yet remain to be conquered. What an example! What a lesson!

It is true that, knowing Lord Palmerston's personal repugnance for whatever belongs to reform, Mr. Gladstone was careful, on this occasion, not to pledge any responsibility but his own. But his declaration is not the less remarkable. It shows that in England power is not considered as necessarily representing *resistance*. It proves that, far from repulsing progress when it presents itself, the statesmen whose souls are of a lofty character expect it, call for it, and rather beckon to it to approach if it seems to linger on the way, well knowing that the best way to avoid revolutions is to be fearless of reforms. That is the key to the profound tranquillity which, in England, accompanies the continuous action of liberty; and thus also is explained the sort of apparent torpor into which the people sometimes allows itself to sink. It knows that whenever it may be pleased to reclaim its dues, payment will be effected without difficulty; that it com-

promises nothing by adjournment; that it can permit itself the luxury of repose; and that, if it chance to slumber, powerful intellects watch over it, in its own interest.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone could not fail to touch upon the subject of finance. Here, too, his explanations were characteristic, and deserve to be chronicled.

When in 1853, Mr. Gladstone appeared at Manchester before the same men who have just now so cordially welcomed his presence among them, the budget of the expenditure of England was 55½ millions sterling, and the budget of receipts about 59 millions, which left a surplus of 3½ millions. At the present day the position is far less agreeable. To nearly balance the two accounts is about all that can be done. Now, during the last three years, the sum which has been annually extracted from the pockets of the people has amounted, on an average, to not less than 70½ millions sterling; that is to say, it has exceeded the total which represents each of the three years of the war with Russia. Mr. Gladstone acknowledged, with great candour, that such a result was by no means satisfactory.

But, whose fault is it? Is not the English people the master in England? Is it not the specialty and glory of the English nation that it is a *self-governing* nation? Is not public opinion, in the United Kingdom, supreme over all? Are not the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the ministers, subject to its orders? In short, is not its will, always so freely expressed, the law? The public alone, then, is answerable for the heaviness of the burden which weighs down the public. If it deems the actual position of its finances an unsound situation, if the reduction of the expenditure appears to it expedient or necessary, the remedy is in its own hands. It has only to will; it has only to speak; it will be obeyed.

What think you of this language? There is a sentence in the Gospels very touching, and yet more profound than touching: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Happy the countries where authority reposes on this principle! Here, it is the Government which obeys, and the foremost functionaries of the State adopt the title, than which none can be more honourable, of "public

servants." The people gain by it; and they, what do they lose? The less they are feared, the more they are respected.

LETTER LXVIII.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

May 9th, 1862.

LORD CANNING has lately returned from India, where he has been succeeded as Governor-General by Lord Elgin, and where he himself succeeded Lord Dalhousie in 1855.

Now with this change coincides a report identically the same as the one which in 1835 gave a shock to public opinion, the consequences of which were terrible: "The Persians are marching upon Herat. The Persians have taken Herat. The Persians are threatening Kandahar."

And, moreover, it appears that the Afghans are calling upon the English to help them.

Fortunately, men's minds are not exactly of the disposition they were twenty-seven years ago. Experience has spoken, and has done so with a voice that could not fail to make itself heard. The English still remember how much gold and blood it cost them, for having been too much afraid of Russian intrigues, of the movements of Persia, and of the supposed treachery of certain native princes. The idea that the underhand progress of Russian influence is a present danger to their supremacy in India, has lost much of its former force.

That the native chiefs of the different states lying along the frontiers of the Anglo-Indian Empire are haunted by the genius of intrigue and of conspiracy, and cherish feelings towards the conquerors of India of which Russia would like nothing better than to avail herself, is believed by many persons here just as firmly now as it was in 1835. But even these are persuaded, or affect to be so, that were the Czar to succeed in setting in motion all the forces of Kandahar and Beloochistan, there would be nothing in it of a nature to disturb the serenity of the Government of Calcutta.

The fact is, that it only needs to cast an eye upon the map to see that the only province of the Anglo-Indian Empire

which is exposed to an invasion, is that on the north-west. But what are the States bordering on this frontier? Beloochistan and the kingdom of Kabul, that is, countries destitute of all regular government and of all regular organisation, and depending for military service on some legions of freebooters. Beyond them is Persia, a country of far greater importance, behind which are stationed the Russians, ever ready to drive their spurs into its flanks. But let the English only dispatch a squadron to the Persian Gulf, the Court of Teheran is seized with a trembling fit. In the second place, admitting that Russia contrived, by means of the Persians, to knock at the gate of the Anglo-Indian Empire—admitting that the spectre of an armed invasion rose up even on the borders of Scinde—What then? Would not an army bold enough to set foot on the English territory, run the risk of seeing, at the first step it took, its communications intercepted? Would it be easy to provide an adequate artillery force, or to find supplies for an army of fifty or sixty thousand men, with two hundred leagues of deserts and mountains between itself and its base of operations?

Thus argue those who have not, like Mr. Urquhart and his friends, what may be called a nightmare, when they dream about Russia.

It remains to be seen if the optimists have not somewhat deceived themselves in their calculations; if an exaggerated panic has not given place in their minds to an excessive confidence; and if there be nothing but raving in the *delenda est Carthago* of Mr. Urquhart.

However, the public seems to have received with perfect indifference news, or, if you prefer it, rumours, which formerly would have created a ferment.

Do you remember how disastrous for England was the war in Afghanistan? It is, I fancy, because the English have not forgotten it, that they now shrink from carrying their vigilance too far.

In fact, all the disasters which mark that gloomy epoch in the history of England had their source in the almost superstitious dread inspired by Russia bending over India. Russia had boldly pushed forward into Central Asia; her influence over the Persian Government was, or appeared to be, supreme; she omitted nothing to establish the power of Persia at Herat,

so as to rule there in another's name; a Russian general was spoken of as having accompanied the Russian army to Herat and personally directed the siege operations; it was known that a Russian agent, Lieutenant Vicovitch, had found his way to Dost Mahomed Khan, who then reigned over Kabul and Afghanistan, with the view to detach him from the English alliance. There could be no doubt about it! Russia desired to make India her prey, and this must be prevented at any price. If it were proved that Dost Mahomed had opened his ears to the overtures of Russia, there would not be a moment to lose. The states of the Afghan chief must be instantly invaded, himself deposed and carried off into captivity, and Shah Soojah put in his stead, who had been driven from power by his own subjects, but who had the great merit of living at Loodianah as a pensioner of the Indian Government, and on whose docility the fullest reliance could be placed. Such was the point of view which was at once adopted, without reflection, by Lord Auckland, at that time Governor-General of India. But was Dost Mahomed really disposed to become the instrument of Russian ambition? Sir Alexander Burnes, the English political agent in Afghanistan, satisfied himself that it was not so, and he took care to express his opinion aloud, and to write and repeat it whenever an opportunity occurred.

In his dispatches he demonstrated, by a multitude of facts of no ambiguous character, which had come within his personal knowledge, that Dost Mahomed was a faithful ally of England; that, far from lending himself to the intrigues of Russia, he had it at heart to baffle them; that the Indian Government might, and ought to, confide in his loyalty; and that England had a paramount interest in doing so. It was all to no purpose. No one felt disposed to be convinced. Lord Auckland had resolved upon imposing on the Afghans a master entirely devoted to the English, in fact, their creature, their slave. But as Sir Alexander Burnes' conclusions rested upon facts which it was more easy to hush up than to deny; as there was such a thing as public opinion in England, and as it was by no means certain that the policy of the Governor-General would gain a verdict, before this supreme tribunal, against the policy of a subordinate agent, what, think you, was done? I grieve to say it, because in

the constitutional history of England so black a stain has never occurred, there was committed—yes—there was committed a forgery, an actual falsification of public documents. The "Correspondence relating to Afghanistan" was officially published in 1839, and was submitted to Parliament with falsifications intended to show—first, that Dost Mahomed was intriguing against England in favour of the Russians; and, secondly, that that was the conclusion to be drawn from the dispatches of Sir Alexander Burnes. Not a single fact of all those which, in the course of the correspondence, went to prove that Dost Mahomed was a faithful ally, but was fraudulently omitted; not a single sentence among all those which, under the pen of Sir A. Burnes, testified to his esteem for the Afghan chief, but was fraudulently suppressed. In short, the art of arranging and the art of omitting were carried to such a point that Sir A. Burnes was made to think the exact contrary of what he did think, and to write the exact contrary of what he had written. Lord Melbourne was at that time at the head of the Ministry, and Lord Palmerston had a seat in the Cabinet as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. No sooner was Sir Alexander Burnes informed of the publication of the falsified dispatches than he sent to England a copy of the true dispatches, and the report quickly spread abroad that a fraud had been committed in the "Correspondence relating to Afghanistan."

Now, what were the consequences? No Englishman can recall the awful remembrance without anguish at heart! Dost Mahomed was deposed and made prisoner; Shah Soojah was installed in his place; and the bazaars of Kabul were burnt to the ground. But, on the other hand, the English forces serving in Afghanistan were exterminated through a general uprising of the country—of an army of 5000 men, dragging after it some 12,000 camp followers, there was left but one man—and the foot of the traveller might have knocked against the skeleton of an Englishman, holding between its teeth a scrap of paper on which these words were written: "The Feringhees came to Kabul, and this is what remains of the Feringhees."

Fifteen millions sterling, engulfed for ever, is the figure which represents the material advantages of an expedition undertaken contrary to all the laws of justice.

It is only fair, however, to state that the Court of Directors of the old East India Company were not accountable for the policy which engendered the Afghan war. The enforcement of this policy was pursued without the knowledge of the Company for seven years, and was repudiated by them with indignation when the facts came to light, as was declared by Colonel Sykes in the sitting of the 19th of March, 1861.

Unless I greatly err, this page of history, which is not thoroughly known even in England, is not known at all in France, and, therefore, I have availed myself of the first opportunity to lay it before your readers. To combat darkness everywhere and always, is the true mission of the press.

Although this letter is already too long; I cannot bring myself to close it without mentioning a little book which has just been published, which I have read again and again, and which has caused me the liveliest emotion. It is a collection of speeches, delivered, on various occasions, by Captain Eastwick on questions relating to the English Government in India. Captain Eastwick is one of the fifteen members who now constitute the Council for India. Previous to the power of the Company being entirely absorbed by that of the Crown, Captain Eastwick belonged to the Court of Directors, that is to say, he was one of the eighteen potentates who, from London, and in the name of a Company of Merchants, governed, no long time ago, with almost sovoreign sway, a country with upwards of 180 millions of inhabitants, situated at a distance of 3000 leagues.

Captain Eastwick has lived in India. He has been invested with public functions. He speaks the language of the country, a necessary accomplishment in persons sent there, but in which many are unfortunately deficient. He is thoroughly acquainted with the character of the natives, with their manners, habits, qualities, and defects. His opinion, therefore, upon all that relates to India, is clothed with authority and entitled to respect. Well, the conclusion to be drawn from every line of the book lying before me, is a formal condemnation of that policy of encroachment and oppression which is the ideal of those who are called "Old Indians." Nothing can be more animated, more touching, and more noble, than the manner in which Captain Eastwick relates, while disapproving of it, the unjust and brutal acqui-

sition of Scinde in 1843, by Sir Charles Napier, whom Lord Ellenborough, then Governor-General, had invested for that purpose with unlimited powers. It is impossible to read, without being overcome, now with emotion, now with indignation, the tragical history of those Ameers of Scinde, who began, it is true, by distrusting the English and opposing their influence, but who afterwards sought their alliance, courted their protection, and abandoned themselves to their generosity. Yet, so soon as an excuse was wanted for the employment of force, they were pursued by false accusations and condemned without having been heard; they were despoiled, struck down, hurled from the height of grandeur into the depths of misery. When, for the first time, Captain Eastwick sketched, before the Court of Directors, this heart-rending picture, the ex-sovereign of Upper Scinde, Meer Roostum, a worthy and venerable old man, had already died in exile; while his widow, also bowed down beneath the weight of years, inhabited a miserable little hut built with reeds, in which she subsisted on what some old servants, who had remained faithful to her fallen fortunes, were able to make by selling wood.

And how much more startling does the end of the drama appear if compared with the opening scene! When, in 1840, Dost Mahomed, whose authority the State of Scinde at that time recognised, felt himself at the point of death, he sent for a brave and high-minded English officer, Major Outram, who, in a dispatch dated December 6th, 1840, described what passed in the following words: "His Highness saluted me by the name of brother, threw his arms round my neck, and held me in his embrace for several minutes. The Ameer was so feeble, so wasted away, that, exhausted by this exertion, it was some time before he could speak. At last he made a sign to his brother, Meer Nusseer Khan, and to his youngest son, Meer Houssein Ali, to approach. Then, taking a hand of each of them, he placed them in mine, and said to me, 'You are for them a father and a brother. You will protect them.'"

After quoting this dispatch, Captain Eastwick had good reason to exclaim: "Will the English people believe that this poor boy, Houssein Ali, whom his father, at the moment of death, had thus commended to the generosity of the British

Government has been dethroned, exiled, imprisoned, and despoiled of his goods, without any accusation having been brought against him!"

To see in the English rule in India nothing but organised oppression would assuredly be insensate and unjust. The truth is, that the administration of the Company was, in many respects, fruitful of grand and praiseworthy results. This is proved by Captain Eastwick, and also clearly established by a remarkable pamphlet which Mr. John Stuart Mill published in 1858, at the time when he conducted the political correspondence of the India House. And it would be neither less unjust nor less insensate, to involve in one common anathema all who, in those distant regions, have been called upon to represent England, and to exercise power in her name. There is a distinction to be made, for instance, between the harsh, ambitious, aggressive administration of the conqueror of the Punjaub and of the Kingdom of Oude, Lord Dalhousie, and the benevolent administration of his successor, whose title to glory will be the having incurred and merited, while put to such a terrible test by the famous revolt of the Sepoys, the surname of "Clemency Canning." How much is it to be regretted, for the honour of England, that the splendour of the great things she has accomplished in India, should have been tarnished by acts similar to those denounced by Captain Eastwick with such courageous sincerity, with such noble and impassioned eloquence, with such genuine patriotism? I say "patriotism," because they alone know how to love their country, whose love is consistent with justice.

LETTER LXIX.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

May 10th, 1862.

THE origin and progress of British power in India certainly offer one of the most marvellous spectacles which history has ever furnished.

On the last day of the last year of the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth granted letters-patent to a company of daring merchants tempted by the desire to travel afar to encounter the adventures of commerce. A capital had been subscribed of £30,000, divided into a hundred and one shares, the management of which was confided to twenty-four members chosen by the shareholders. To trade in pepper and other spices was all that these adventurers had in view.

In 1612, in order to pacify the Great Mogul, some of whose vessels had experienced some accidental annoyance on the part of the English subjects in the Red Sea, King James despatched a deputation of four ships to the Indian potentate. The deputation was favourably received at the Court of Delhi, and obtained permission to establish a factory at Surat.

In 1624, the King of England invested the Government with authority to punish its servants abroad, either according to the civil laws or by means of courts-martial. Here commences the transformation of a commercial association into a political corporation.

In 1664, was granted a new charter, conferring upon that commercial association the right of peace and war, as regarded princes and nations "not Christian." They might have troops in their pay, these foreign traders, and might purchase or sell, sword in hand!

Their progress having been sufficiently rapid to justify them in raising their station at Madras into the rank of a Presidency, Charles II., in 1668, ceded to them the island of Bombay, which had come into his hands as a portion of the dowry of Catherine of Portugal.

In 1687, ten ships of various sizes, having a detachment of

infantry on board, anchored off the coast of Bengal. The men of the expedition attempting to fix themselves there, were attacked by the Nabob and repulsed; and, at the same time, Aurungzeb, the Great Mogul, being warned of what he must expect from these encroaching foreigners, prepared to crush them, and as a first step took possession of the factories at Surat, Musulipatam, and Vizigapatam. Shortly afterwards, the island of Bombay was attacked and half of it captured. John Child, the soul of the enterprise, was besieged in the fort, and through the streets of Bombay servants of the Company were paraded up and down with chains on their legs and an iron collar round their necks. The English were compelled to humble themselves, and implore the clemency of the conqueror—their representatives throwing themselves on their knees before him. Patience! Patience! They will take their revenge in good time, and terrible will be their reprisals! Aurungzeb, touched with the humiliation of the Company, restored to them their former privileges.

In 1713, the presidency of Bengal, subjected, since the death of Aurungzeb, to the depredations of Jaffier, sent a mission to the Court of Delhi loaded with some paltry presents for the Emperor, the novelty of which made them appear magnificent —writing desks, porcelain, lacquer ware, cutlery, five time-pieces, twelve mirrors, and a terrestrial globe! The Great Mogul and his courtiers were dazzled, though they had their hands full of gold, though they walked upon diamonds.

But, still more than by the deceptive sumptuousness of their presents, the East India Company were assisted by a circumstance as singular as it was unforeseen.

Pascal had a theory that if Cleopatra's nose had been a little longer, the universe would have had different destinies. However great my respect for the genius of Pascal, I could find a good deal to urge against this theory, which mistakes an opportunity for a cause. But it is undeniable that the history of the establishment of the English in India offers a curious example of the, at least, apparent influence of small things on great. At the time of the embassy in question, the Emperor was suffering from a disease which had baffled the skill of the doctors of Agra and Delhi. Hamilton, the physician to the embassy, undertook to effect a cure, and succeeded; and on being invited by his imperial patient to fix

his own price upon his services, he begged for the cession of the privileges which his fellow-countrymen had come to solicit. These privileges were at once accorded, and for a long time were looked upon as constituting the great charter of the English in India.

I need not remind you how, in 1748, India became the battle-field on which the lengthened rivalry between France and England developed itself with the greatest animosity. There was a moment when it might have been thought that India would fall to the French. It was when, in 1746, La Bourdonnais, after defeating Commodore Peyton, proceeded straight to Madras, at that time the principal establishment of the English, and took possession of it after a few days' siege. Who would not then have said that it was all over with the British power in those distant regions? Mistress of Chandernagore, Pondicherry, and Madras, France had one foot in Bengal, and reigned without a rival along the whole of the Coromandel coast. Her influence was supreme at the Court of Hydrabad. Her power and her genius were represented in India by three of those men who weigh more in the scale of human affairs than gigantic armies and numerous fleets. There was La Bourdonnais, that admirable governor of the islands of France and Bourbon, that first-rate sailor, of whom it was said that he could build a ship with his own hands, and lead it, at will, either to fortune or to victory. There was the Marquis de Bussy, a supple and fiery spirit, for whom the labyrinths of politics had no secrets. There, too, was the great Joseph Dupleix, who had at once the head, the heart, and the arm of a founder of empires. By whom, then, was France vanquished in India? By France herself; by the rivalry between Dupleix and La Bourdonnais; by the recall of the former; by the authorisation given to his successor, Godchen, to conclude a treaty which amounted to an imbecile abandonment of every point in dispute; and, lastly, by the sending out to India of the man best calculated to lose everything, the celebrated and unfortunate Lally. Repulsed before Madras, which he had besieged, defeated at the battle of Wandewash, besieged at Pondicherry, and forced to surrender, Lally piled faults upon faults. These were expiated, as is only too well known, on the Place de Grêve; but that bloody execution, which confounded incapacity with treason,

and against which Voltaire protested so eloquently, recovered nothing. India was not the less lost to France.

And about this time Clive, after having raised up against the Nabob of Bengal a masked competitor, to whose treachery the English were indebted for the famous victory of Plassey, compelled the traitor and usurper on whose head he had placed a crown, to cede to him the three provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. It is worthy of remark that, at the battle of Plassey, the army commanded by Clive was composed of 2000 Sepoys and only 900 Europeans!

From that moment the English began to unfold that policy of spoliation by stratagem, intrigue, and violence, which even in England aroused against Clive the indignation of all honourable men, reduced him to defend his honour, and compelled him, though declared innocent by the House of Commons, to commit suicide in despair.

An interesting but mournful picture might be drawn of the means by which the East India Company, employing the services of such men as Warren Hastings, Lord Cornwallis, and Lord Wellesley, succeeded in winning the succession to the Moguls against the Mahrattas and that empire of Mysore with which the name of the heroic Tippoo-Saib will remain for ever associated. But for the object I have in view it is enough to state the result of those struggles, which gave to England, not only an immense realm to introduce into the sphere of civilisation, but also a rich prey to devour.

LETTER LXX.

THE OLD EAST INDIA COMPANY.

May 11th, 1862.

THE mechanism of the English rule in India exhibits such singularity of character as to merit some consideration.

For a long time the East India Company governed their subjugated territories through the medium of twenty-four members chosen from among their number, and forming what was called the Court of Directors. It may be said that down

to 1773 the Court of Directors exercised in Hindostan a sovereignty without control; but at that period an Act of Parliament enjoined that there should be a Governor-General resident in Bengal. A supreme Court of Judicature, with judges named by the Crown, was likewise established, and the administration of the Directors was thenceforth placed under the supervision of the State.

In 1784 Pitt carried the "India Bill," which tended still further to subordinate the power of the Company to that of the Ministry, by the appointment of a Board of Control for the Affairs of India. This Board was composed of six members chosen by the Crown, and was charged with the superintendence of the territorial interests of the Company.

By the India Bill, the nomination of the Governor-General of India, as well as of the Presidents and Members of the Council, was conferred on the Directors, subject to the approbation of the Government. The Commander-in-Chief, however, of the forces employed in India was appointed directly by the Crown, without interference on the part of the Directors. Since then, the power of recalling the Governor-General has been assigned to the Ministry, so that at present the functions of Governor-General of India are held dependent on ministerial authority.

It is very difficult for two influences that may, not unnaturally, regard each other as rivals, to keep upon two parallel lines. The various modifications successively introduced into the constitution of the Indian Government had all one object and result, the aggrandisement of the power of the Crown, to the prejudice of that of the Company. The following was the state of things, as determined, the 20th August, 1853, by an Act of Parliament, the purport of which few persons even in England know or remember.

The number of Directors was fixed at eighteen, of whom the Queen had the right of appointing three—one for two years, one for four years, and one for six years. In addition to this, the Crown reserved to itself the right of filling up the first three places that should become vacant, so that the number of Directors thus chosen would rise to six, while that of the other Directors would be twelve.

All the Directors named by the Crown, and six of those elected by the Company, must have served ten years in India.

No one was eligible for the dignity of Director unless his share in the Stock of the Company was at least £1000.

The Directors of the Crown's choice were eligible for a seat in Parliament.

Before entering upon office, the Directors were obliged to take an oath couched in the following form :—

"I, *A. B.*, swear to be faithful to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and to do my utmost rightly to fulfil the duties which are assigned to me, as Director of the East India Company, in the administration of the Government of India confided by the Crown, so help me God!"

At a general meeting of such members of the Company as were proprietors of Stock and entitled to a vote, it was required, before a resolution could be taken, that the number of members present should not be less than twenty.

The Court of Directors were empowered, whenever they thought fit, to appoint over the Presidency of Bengal a Governor, who should not be Governor-General of India.

It entered into the functions of the Court of Directors to create new Presidencies, and to change, when necessary, the limits of the old ones. The nomination of every member of the Council of India was to be submitted for the Queen's approval.

To the Council of India, for making laws and regulations, were added, under the name of Legislative Counsellors, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature established at Fort William in Bengal, and one of the Judges of the same Court.

Laws or regulations emanating from the Council of India had no authority, and could not be promulgated until after they had received the assent of the Governor-General, whether he had been present or not at the discussion.

Throughout the territories subject to the Government of the East India Company, the value of all judicial fines and of all unclaimed inheritances belonged to the Company, without prejudice to the right conferred upon the Governor-General in Council to dispose in favour of whom he pleased, of property left without an owner, whether through forfeiture or through default of heirs.

Whosoever might be named, by the Queen, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the Crown in India, became, by virtue

of that nomination, Commander-in-Chief of the Company's forces.

The force of European troops in the Company's pay, which was previously 12,000 men, might thereafter be raised to 20,000, if judged expedient by the Board of Control for the Affairs of India.

The office of President of the Board of Control was on the same footing with a Chief Secretaryship of State.

An annual sum of £1000 was assigned to the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Court of Directors; the other Directors receiving £500 each.

Until that date the Court of Directors had enjoyed a considerable amount of patronage. The entrance of a student into the Company's College at Haileybury, or admission into the Company's forces in the quality of Assistant-Surgeon, depended entirely upon the exercise of this patronage. From that moment, however, all was made to depend, at least in principle, upon an examination, the programme and conditions of which were determined by the Court of Control.

Such, in a few words, was the tenor of the Act of the 20th August, 1853, which was a scarcely-masked encroachment of the power of the Crown upon the prerogatives of the Company.

In reality, the government of India, dating from the Act of the 20th August, 1853, resided in the hands, not even of the members of the Board of Control, but of the personage who presided over it, and who was essentially a Secretary of State for the Indian Department. This important functionary lorded it over the Court of Directors, and, under the shelter of an Act of Parliament, exercised over the destinies of a notable portion of the British Empire a far greater influence than is entrusted to royalty, there or elsewhere. For example, he had the right of inspecting the correspondence of the Directors with their Indian servants in whatever related to territorial interests and political questions. He could alter, correct, or hold back despatches prepared by the Directors. He was empowered to transmit orders, whenever he deemed fit, to the functionaries of the East India Company, without the consent of their ostensible Directors, and even without their knowledge.

Such of his instructions as he sent to the India House, solemnly marked "secret and political," passed under the eyes of only three members of the Court of Directors, constituting a Secret Committee, and these were bound by oath not to reveal a word to anyone whomsoever, not excepting their own colleagues. Instructions thus received were to be immediately forwarded to the Company's servants in India, whose absolute duty, in their turn, was to obey without hesitation or delay.

I need not pause here to point out the dangers consequent upon a power so despotic, or the strangeness of its very existence in a country whose constitutional susceptibilities have always been so marked.

Such a power could not, therefore, fail to be sooner or later abolished. And so it happened.

But have the obstacles which the very nature of things opposes to the good administration of those distant countries also necessarily disappeared? Was there no political inconvenience attached to the blow struck at a Company essentially uninvolved in party disputes? Has the constitutional system practically gained much by having—in the place of men who, for the most part, had lived in India, who were acquainted with India, and who had no other end in view, as the result of their labours, than the triumph of the commercial interests of their country—a Minister of State, who has to satisfy the cupidity of clique and party, to provide for friends, to secure dependents, and to reduce opponents to silence by casting a sop to them? This may be fairly doubted.

LETTER LXXI.

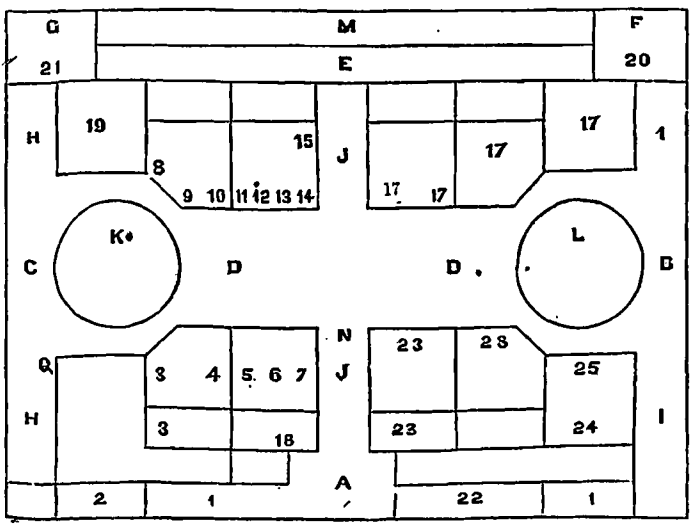
THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

May 20th, 1862.

BEFORE again writing to you on the subject of the Exhibition, I have been waiting till the first fervor of the public had calmed down, till the noise of the hammers had ceased, till the dust had descended and chaos unrolled itself, till light had

broken in and all was light. But if in the matter of order I were to show myself hard to please, I fear that I should have to wait until eternity had passed. I have therefore made up my mind, and I now resume my pen.

And, first of all, as I shall have to guide through a real labyrinth such of your readers as have not ventured across the Channel since the 1st of May, I must begin by furnishing them with an Ariadne's clue. Without further preamble, therefore, I copy out from the *Morning Star* the plan of the building, a thing which the Greeks used to compare to the impression left upon the soil by the foot of man.



A, south entrance, by Cornwall Road; B, east entrance, by Exhibition Road; C, west entrance, by Prince Albert Road; D, the nave; E, refreshment-room; F, east annex; G, west annex; H, west floor; I, east floor; J, the transept; K, west dome; L, east dome; M, Horticultural Gardens; N, cloak-room.

Stairs leading to the galleries; passages intersecting the different groups: 1, the United States; 2, Prussia; 3, the Zollverein; 4, France; 5, Spain; 6, Portugal; 7, Italy; 8, Belgium; 9, Holland; 10, Switzerland; 11, Denmark; 12, Norway; 13, Sweden; 14, Russia; 15, Turkey, Brazil, Greece; 17, British possessions; 18, Rome; 19, Austria; 20—25, England.

The Palace, of which the plan is now before you, presents an area of about 108,000 mètres, including the Refreshment-

rooms and Galleries of the Fine Arts. It is not space, therefore, that is wanting. I remember that when Victor Hugo came to London, we went together to see the town and its monuments. When we arrived before St. Paul's, he probably thought my admiration for that celebrated church a little exaggerated, for he said to me, with a laugh: "Well, well! It is the Val de Grâce, after eating mussels." I cannot exactly say which of our French buildings resembles this Exhibition Palace, in which brick, wood, iron, and glass, strive to live together in harmony; but that it has been eating mussels, is beyond all doubt.

It is a thing puffed out, colossal, immense. But not every thing immense is necessarily grand. It is easy for the *Times* to declare that to be very beautiful to-day which it pronounced to be very ugly not a month ago. The variations of the *Times*, indeed, are one of its habitual sins, one of its very laws of existence. For my part, however, I beg respectfully to adhere to my first impression.

That this enormous construction, which covers sixteen acres of ground, has been run up in twelve months, while the Houses of Parliament, which cover at the most seven acres, have taken twenty-five years to be brought to completion,—I freely admit, and I grant that it would be unfair to demand of the former of these edifices, which has cost only £430,000, what might be rightly expected in the latter, which has cost upwards of 2½ millions sterling. If, then, the Exhibition buildings are preserved, there is a considerable margin for embellishments; but it remains to be seen whether, or not, these decorations will ever succeed in giving to this hastily run-up edifice a truly monumental character.

But how about the domes—those glass domes, which are 160 English feet in diameter, and 250 feet in height; those domes, the largest that the architectural art has ever boasted of? If it is upon them that Captain Fowke's admirers propose to found his claim to glory as an architect, they ought to be satisfied; for, before posterity has been called upon to speak for him, the frequenters of South Kensington already designate him by the title of Major-Domo—for Captain, or Major, is much the same thing.

But let us leave the exterior where it is. The interior invites us within.

Let us enter.

"Your ticket, Sir?"

"Here it is."

"All right."

Such is the regular dialogue that ensues between the visitor and the policeman. You have then to do with the turn-stile, an ingenious piece of mechanism, contrived with the intention of making the ladies feel the inconvenience of their crinolines, and which does not altogether spare the sterner sex. I have been told that Sir Richard Mayne one day, having forgotten his ticket, was stopped at the entrance. He naturally thought that a high functionary is acting up to his character when he leaps over obstacles which inferior mortals have to turn aside. He therefore sprang over the barrier. But industry understands the heroism of the watchword quite as well as war does; and if the story be not a mere fable, there was one there who said to Sir Richard Mayne what a soldier, that pearl of sentinels, one day said to Napoleon: "Eh! quand tu serais le Petit Caporal, tu ne passeras pas." I took good care, therefore, to be provided with my ticket, which at once procured me the satisfaction of hearing the saving words: "All right!"

Let us suppose that your readers and myself are now inside. How different was my emotion the first time I set foot within that Crystal Palace of 1851, evidently the handiwork of a fairy! There was in it an idea of mysterious and unlooked-for grandeur which at once seized upon your imagination. The general aspect was not less charming than imposing. Here, there is nothing of the kind. You are astonished, on entering, that you are not astonished. The visitor who enters by the east door, the one opening into the Exhibition Road, expects to see a grand interminable nave stretching majestically before him. Not at all. After running the risk of breaking his nose against a group of four statues, one of which is lying on the ground in its packing, while the three others, erect, appear to be asking one another what place will be assigned to them, and whether they will be provided with a pedestal; after making a circuit to avoid running against the workmen who are employed in erecting under the east dome a fountain, of which wonderful things are announced, but which is not yet finished; after descending the steps which lead down to the

nave, the visitor beholds with some dismay the path he has to traverse obstructed by all kinds of machines, cast-iron pillars, trays, stands, omniums, and such-like objects. He fancied he was about to enter a magnificent palace, but finds himself in a bazaar, and a bazaar in which the confusion of tongues speaks to the eyes through a confusion of products.

The blocking up of Cheapside during the busiest hours of the day is, as the English express it, a great nuisance; but, after all, the bustling crowd which there presses upon you from all sides, is composed of waves which divide themselves; and though you may be nailed to one spot for a quarter of an hour at a time by the disheartening mob of omnibuses, cabriolets, cabs, tilburys, and waggons, you are never absolutely driven to despair, because men, omnibuses, cabs, tilburys, and waggons, are, in the end, obstacles that are in motion; but the trophies which encumber the nave are obstacles that are immovable.

I have just used the word "trophy," but you must not fancy that in the international language of the Exhibition a trophy signifies the spoils of a vanquished foe, or even a collection of weapons artistically arranged to consecrate the memory of a great battle won. No: I will show you presently what is meant by a trophy, if you will walk down the nave with me from east to west.

Let us leave on our right-hand that waterless fountain, and on the left that obelisk of granite; let us try to keep along as well as we can beside this model of the *Warrior*, then by this forest of bayonets, then past this cannon, which seems as if it were pointed against the lighthouse, placed on the same line with itself in the very middle of the gangway—an ingenious allusion, probably, to the relations which exist between brute force and intelligence; let us pass, as well as we can, between this display of stuffs and that display of leathers, between these telescopes and those furs guarded by a tiger which, with open jaws, appears eager to devour us: take care of this gun-carriage; take care of that brougham. At last, Heaven be praised, here we are before a model trophy.

What do you think of this species of pyramid with its decorations of plants and flowers; with that Victory, on the top, standing upon a blue ball; with this vase formed of shells and flowers; with these heads of ox, ram, and deer,

over which three puffy angels are pouring out three cornucopias; with these compartments delicately filled with biscuits, soaps, cigars, wafers, tooth-picks, candles, and pickled gherkins? Behold a monument to the victories won by grocery! Behold a trophy! And on a line with it, to the left, do you see that imposing collection of canes, combs, brushes, and bougies? That, too, is a trophy. Let us move on, if you please. That display of little dolls, little cardboard horses and carriages all a penny a piece, is another trophy. Children, I hope, will not now complain of having been forgotten.

In truth, among the objects which obstruct the nave, all do not deserve to be classed in the same category. In front of the Italian Court, for instance—the independence of which has been placed under the protection of a bust of Victor Emanuel and a full-length statue of Garibaldi, who also stands at the entrance to this same Court, holding a flag in one hand and a sword in the other—a rich exhibition of Italian furniture attracts attention; sumptuous beds and arm-chairs, sideboards in carved wood, tables of Florentine mosaic, &c. Well and good.

One thing in the nave that causes much obstruction is the table on which are shown the musical boxes manufactured at Geneva. The reason is very simple. The crowd gathered together at this point is always very great. Ladies especially are very fond of the treat which the genius of mechanism applied to music has provided for them. Picture to yourself a little box which could be contained in your waistcoat pocket. As soon as this magical box is opened, there hops out a pretty bullfinch, which shakes its wings like life, and pipes delightfully. You may well imagine that ladies are not likely to care about impeding the circulation, when they want to see and hear him! Hurrah for the musical boxes of Geneva!

Neither can I find fault with France for encroaching upon the nave, since it has been decided that the nave should not be kept free. In a previous letter, before it was exactly known what would be the number of exhibitors of the different countries, and before the list was complete, I told you that the number of French exhibitors would exceeed 4000; and that my calculation was not far out, is proved by the fact that the official figure is 4780. Four thousand seven hundred and

eighty exhibitors is a good many, and though of the 108,000 square mètres which were to be disposed of, France obtained 13,740, it is not surprising that she should have felt herself somewhat confined, and have been unwilling to yield an inch of the conceded space. Her advanced posts, therefore, are in the nave—not in the middle so as to intercept the view, or impede the circulation, but at the side and parallel to the line which unites the two domes.

I may add that the objects which do encroach upon the nave give an excellent idea of the treasures which are laid out behind them in the French Courts and galleries. First of all, there is a superb carpet of the Aubusson manufacture, exhibited by Braquenie Brothers, the subject being, "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." After that comes a rich assortment of furniture exhibited by M. Fourdinois. The handsomest is a small ebony cabinet, of the *renaissance* order. As a specimen of workmanship nothing can be more exquisite. The drawers are inlaid with ivory. The allegorical figures—to wit, Abundance and Peace, Mars and Minerva, Apollo and Diana, are admirably finished, as well as the pannel which represents the "Rape of Proserpine." This cabinet has been sold for no less than £1400. Such a price sums up a multitude of eulogiums.

On the same line imagine a beautiful chimney-piece of sea-green marble, with bronze figures. The middle pannel represents the chase, one of the statues at the side symbolising the setting out, and the other the return. Two children, Morning and Evening, are seen leaning towards each other from the opposite sides of a void which will be filled by the works of a time-piece.

A reproduction of ancient armour, flanked by two lions, which show their teeth between two splendid lustres, under which you pass to penetrate into the sanctuary of French industry, separates the treasures exhibited by M. Fourdinois from the monumental chimney-piece and bronzes of M. Marchand. All this, I repeat, has a very fine appearance, and inspires promenaders in the nave with a lively desire to leave it and plunge into the French Court.

The Exhibition is a world. It is therefore impossible for me to give you to-day a general notice of it; still less am I in a position to offer any sort of judgment upon the industrial

objects exposed to view. I heard it remarked by a connoisseur, and an impartial connoisseur, that when the progress respectively made by France and England came to be seriously compared, it would be seen that there had been a tendency on the part of the French to descend from art to industry, and on the part of the English to rise from industry to art. But this remark requires to be verified, and I repeat it with every reservation.

I have not yet had time, as you may suppose, to do more than hurry through the different parts of the immense labyrinth. All that I have thus far been able to observe is, that neither France nor England have lost any of the good qualities which characterise them.

Belgium makes an excellent figure in the Exhibition, as well by her paintings and statues as by the objects of her industry; and I expect that, in the comparative appreciation of the different nations, she will occupy a larger place than she does on the map.

Austria, which, composed of four successive courts, has shut herself, as it were, within a second fortress of Verona, has been ingenious enough to display, in a manner to attract attention from afar, all that she possesses in lustres, candelabra, and chandeliers. At the entrance of her fortress, so richly provisioned with objects of art, there is a blaze of light.

We are assured that the Zollverein has treasures to show, but unfortunately it has not yet shown anything, through defective arrangement. What is seen is what might have been hidden, and what is hidden ought to have been brought into sight. Such a reproach as that would never be addressed to Frenchmen.

Australia, a great nation sprung up, so to speak, in one night like a mushroom, astonishes every one who visits that Court. How rapidly do people grow in the age in which we live.

And Italy? Italy is more than ever Italy: that is saying everything. Even Rome, stifled as she is in the Papal embrace, commands our admiration quite as much as our respectful sympathy. I have never once gone into the Roman Court without finding it crowded with visitors. This Roman Court, in the Exhibition Palace, is, as it were, a small well-sheltered sanctuary, calm, smiling, and yet

melancholy. You may there draw in deep draughts of art. Down the centre, precious objects, coffers encased in gold, and tables of mosaic, especially one presented by the Pope to the Queen of England; all around, a world of graceful statues.

One group particularly struck me. It represents an old gipsy-woman telling a young girl her fortune. The fortune-teller's expression is admirable; it seems to embody the falsehood which, through force of habit, has ended in being taken for the truth. The young girl smiles in her curiosity. By one so innocent no fear can be felt of unpleasant predictions. But what chiefly attracts public attention is the *Sibyl* and the *Cleopatra*, fine statues, both of them. Were I justified in hazarding a criticism, I should say that this Cleopatra, so much admired and so worthy of admiration, appears to have the fault of being too Egyptian, and not sufficiently voluptuous to be altogether historical. I am not certain that Antony, that sensual captain, would have lost, for the sake of such a grave Cleopatra, the battle of Actium and the empire of the world.

While I am on the subject of the statues round which people gather in crowds, I must not forget the *Venus* of the celebrated sculptor, Gibson. It is slightly, very slightly, tinted—not more than is required to distinguish a rosy skin from a white drapery, and it is exposed to the admiration of the profane in a miniature shrine, of Grecian form, which Mr. Owen Jones has raised to her honour, taking care to conform to the rules of polychromatic architecture. Is Mr. Owen Jones right, or wrong? I leave that question to be solved by more learned critics, but I imagine that M. Charles Blanc will knit his brows, while M. Hittorf will clap his hands. What is certain as regards Mr. Gibson's statue is, that the tint which he has given to his Venus is such that it will hardly, on the ground of its own merits, call forth either a very warm protest from one school, or very noisy demonstrations of applause from the other. It is, doubtless, a step towards polychromy—but such a timid step!

I will also mention, as a remarkable work, a group exhibited by M. John-Petter Molin, a Swedish sculptor. It represents two men wrestling together, each armed with a knife. Nothing can be more energetic, more striking, more expressive. This group is in the nave, near the open space

which extends beneath the western cupola. On the same side, at the end and in the middle of the nave, is a "Venus issuing from the Sea"—due to the chisel of a Belgian sculptor, M. Fraykin. The body and the face are charming, and the attitude is graceful. But why that flowing drapery which, with one arm, Venus is drawing over her head? If Venus ever exhibited herself quite naked, it was assuredly when she issued from the wave.

I would willingly mount from the ground-floor to the galleries, to speak to you about the paintings; but our friend and colleague Bürger is here, and I have no wish to trespass on his grounds. I ask his permission, however, to say—subject to his superior judgment—that the French School does not shine in all its glory in the Exhibition. Ary Scheffer, Flandrin, Eugène Delacroix, Delaroche, Gudin, and Meissonnier are represented by paintings, the number and quality of which, as I conceive, afford a very insufficient idea of the fecundity and power of their genius.

The *Source* of M. Ingres is a marvel. Never was a young girl dreamed more chaste and more lovely by a poet's heart. But we look for more than one ring in a casket. Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, if I mistake not, has only one picture at the Exhibition. The English will regret this, you may rest assured, for they are passionate admirers of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur's pictures. What they do not like, is the far too great a number, as they think, of our military pieces. The heroes in red trousers, by M. Horace Vernet and M. Yvon, are not very much to their taste. And, to tell the truth, the French School, of late, has made a great expenditure of powder. There is the *Bataille de l'Alma*, then the *Bataille de Solferino*, then the *Courtine de Malakoff*, then the *Gorge de Malakoff*, then the *Attaque de Malakoff*, and, what is still more serious, M. Bellangé offers, as a subject of admiration to the loyal subjects of Victoria, a *Carré d'Infanterie republicaine repoussant les dragons autrichiens en* 1795.

That the English School presents itself in a more imposing light, cannot possibly be denied. What is there surprising in that? Has not England, in the present contest, called the past to her aid? Has she not commissioned the dead to slay the living? I am ready to bow down even to the ground before the author of the six dramas entitled *Marriage à la*

Mode; but Hogarth was born in 1697, and died in 1764. I know nothing more ideal than these angels' heads—nothing sweeter or more charming than this portrait of Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire; but Sir Joshua Reynolds did not live to see the end of the eighteenth century. The *Blue Boy* is a trick of art which enchants me; but Gainsborough belongs to times that are no longer. Turner's pictures are admirable, beyond contradiction; but since the English have resuscitated him, they should allow us also to recall to life, to oppose him, his great master, Claude Lorrain.

I leave to our colleague, Bürger, the task of saying to you about all this what is best to be said. I leave to him the task of passing in review the other exhibitions of paintings, particularly the Belgian, the treasures of which are ranged with perfect taste, and to which public attention is irresistibly attracted by the dramatic paintings of Gallait, the Paul Delaroche of Belgium; by those of the learned and profound painter, Leys; and, lastly, by the social sketches which the skilful hand of Madou has so cleverly depicted. Every man to his own department. Besides, how is it possible to describe so many things in one day? This letter is long, and life is short.

LETTER LXXII.

HOW THE IDEA OF MEDIATION WAS RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

June 19th, 1862.

With what rapturous eagerness has the idea of a mediation between the Northern and Southern States in America, that is, of a mediation by France alone, been greeted by those English who are above all things English! With what certainty, with what rapidity of instinct, have they applauded a project, all the embarrassments and all the perils of which would be for us, while all the advantages would be for them!

There are certainly in England, and it gives me pleasure to say so, noble minds and generous souls. In this camp the idea of a mediation has not been favourably received, because,

there, no desire prevails that France should set fire to the world and perish in the conflagration; because there sympathy is felt for the cause which is not dishonoured by slavery; because there it would be a subject of regret that the sword which was drawn for the independence of Italy should be raised against the great republic of the United States, at the very moment that that Republic is undergoing its sorest trial. The language of the *Daily News* and of the *Morning Star* has something in it which really refreshes the soul; and I read, not long ago, an article on the quarrel that rends asunder the New World, which shows unmistakably that on this side of the Channel there are great thinkers who do not separate the interests of their country from those of justice. That article was written by John Stuart Mill.

But in England, as everywhere, men are to be found who never decide any questions except according to the sense of narrow national interests; and these have naturally abstained from blaming a project which, as they hope, is very likely to lead us from the offer of a mediation to its refusal; from its refusal to a spirit of bitterness; from a spirit of bitterness to menace; from menace to resistance; from resistance to war.

The United States have presented the example of a democracy extending its laws far and wide, and commanding respect over the whole surface of the globe. The United States have astonished and disquieted England by the extraordinary development of their power,—a rival power, too, since its principles are industry and commerce, and its means and end the possession of the seas. A great commercial and maritime democracy was more than enough to cause a cruel anxiety to the English aristocracy. How, then, could this aristocracy fail to be pleased with whatever tended to weaken, if not to ruin, by each other's hands, the two nations of the earth it dreads the most?

If it were at all reasonable to expect the success of a mediation at the point to which things have now come, the approval bestowed upon this idea by so many organs of public opinion in this country, might be attributed to a pure motive of humanity and to views of general interest. How, in fact, would it be possible not to lament the continuance of this frightful war, which, of the two worlds between which the human race is divided, fills the New with blood and starves

the Old? But if such was the case, is it not manifest that England would hasten to unite her efforts to those of France? For if there be a country for which it is impossible, without a painful effort of resignation, to cross its arms and let alone, it is this one. Ask the famished artisans of Lancashire what they think of it. But no. The more it is desired that we should intervene, the greater is the repugnance to join in this intervention. Let us listen to what is said on this subject. It would be comical, if it were not so sad. Why should the English assume the attitude of mediators? They would very gladly do so, without doubt, if there were the slightest chance of their being listened to; but does this chance exist? Who is ignorant of the sentiments with which Washington and New York are animated towards England? Any offer of mediation on her part would be regarded as an insult. On the other hand, how well situated is France for interposing her good offices! She is not only respected on the other side of the Atlantic, but loved. To her, then, belongs the glorious privilege of restoring peace to America and cotton to Europe!

Thus speaks the *Times;* thus speak the journals in its train; thus speak the politicians of the clubs and the drawing-rooms.

Why? The reason is obvious. People pretend not to be aware, but know perfectly well, that the Mexican expedition is not at all to the taste of the Northern republicans; that it has awakened among them alarm mingled with a lively resentment; and if ever a mediation on the part of France had little chance of being favourably received at Washington, it is precisely at this moment, when, rudely pushing aside the Monroe doctrine, the French Government is extending its hand over Mexico. It is not, then, because French mediation promises to be successful that it is desired; but, on the contrary, because it threatens not to succeed.

And mark the contradiction! The same journals which extol beforehand the results to be anticipated from our good offices, are inexhaustible when they are labouring to show how inevitable the separation has become, and dilate upon the virulence, the depth, the inexorablenesss of the animosities let loose by the civil war beyond the Atlantic. They repeat in every key that to vanquish the South is a doubtful matter;

but to subdue it an impossibility: so impassable henceforth is the abyss dug between the North and the South! They dwell with complacency upon the significance of the indomitable attitude of the people of New Orleans, and they insist upon the brutality of the means the conquerors are compelled to use in the act of crushing the spirit of the conquered. They draw attention to the fact that General Butler, being unable to prevent the women in the vanquished city from insulting the soldiers and spitting on the ground when passing the flag, was not ashamed to issue an order that in such cases "they should be treated as courtesans." They remind their readers that General Wool threatened the people of Norfolk to stop all trade, if the spirit of revolt did not allow him some respite, a measure which they compare to one that should order prisoners of war to die of inanition. They point to General Frémont, reduced to proclaim, as the only means of pacifying Missouri, that, over a surface of country as extensive as England, every man found with arms in his possession shall be put to death. And from all this they are pleased to conclude that between the two parties at strife no conciliation is possible, and that the war is a war to the knife.

Really, to urge us to intervene, after depicting the state of things in America under such colours, is mockery.

It is, besides, certain that the English Government has not yet shown any disposition to depart from passive neutrality.

On a recent occasion, Lord Russell, replying to Lord Carnarvon, in the House of Lords, did not confine himself, as he might have done, and as Lord Palmerston would have done in his place, to the statement that the rumour in question was without foundation. He availed himself of the opportunity strongly to condemn the idea of a mediation under the existing circumstances; and this idea he condemned, like an honest man as he is, not alone from the point of view of England, but from that of the general interest. He, at least, does not think it right that France should attempt what he does not wish to see attempted by England. It would be very desirable that we could say of political men in general what the *Times* says of Lord Russell, that they are out-spoken.

I cannot allude to what has been done in Parliament with reference to the affairs of America without mentioning

the energetic manner in which, amidst the applause of the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston branded the unworthy proclamation of General Butler. Lord Palmerston did not hesitate to qualify this proclamation as infamous. "An Englishman," he exclaimed, "must feel the blood mount to his forehead to think that such an act could have been committed by a man of the Anglo-Saxon race." And he went on in the same tone, concluding with this threatening sentence: "As to the part which her Majesty will take (in the event of the proclamation not being disavowed by the Washington Government), the House will permit me to say that it is a matter for reflection."

It is worthy of remark that, in the House of Lords, Lord Russell expressed himself on the same subject in terms infinitely less impassioned. Without justifying in the slightest degree General Butler's proclamation, he condemned it in such a manner as to leave it to be understood that it belonged to the category of those barbarous usages of warfare which civilisation ought to do away with. Moreover, he took care to explain that, according to the police regulations in force at New Orleans, women of bad character who commit any disorder in the streets are sent to prison, so that the sense of the proclamation may well be no more than this: "Every woman who shall insult American officers and soldiers will be liable to imprisonment." In fine, Lord Russell did not appear to have any doubt but that the Government of the United States, for its own sake, would hasten to disavow an act for which, thus far, General Butler alone is responsible.

If I mistake not, it requires only to compare Lord Russell's language with that of Lord Palmerston, to come to the conclusion that they do not tread in precisely the same footsteps. No wonder: the latter in leaning to the South is in his part as a Tory minister, for at the bottom of his heart Lord Palmerston is a Tory, just as the former is in his part as a Liberal minister in leaning to the North.

LETTER LXXIII.

SOCIAL SCIENCE UNDER THE LAMP.

June 20th, 1862.

THE Association for the Advancement of Social Science—an association to which, I may parenthetically remark, I have the honour to belong—dates from the year 1857. It was founded by Lord Brougham, a veteran who, like Lord Palmerston, seems gifted with eternal youth, and whose activity knows neither fatigue nor repose.

The consideration of the best means of amending the laws, of enlarging and purifying the sources of human knowledge, of preventing and suppressing crime, of reforming the criminal, of providing for the public health, and of placing political economy upon its true basis—such is the object of the association.

The mode of procedure proposed from the commencement was to consist in the annual meetings of societies, or individuals, which should take up the solution of these interesting problems, and at which the speakers should labour to throw the light of a profound discussion on all doubtful and obscure points. It was decided that the Association should be divided into five departments, and that Lord Russell should manage the one pertaining to jurisprudence; Sir John Pakington, the one devoted to education; the Bishop of London, the one relating to the reformation of criminals; Lord Stanley, the one concerning public health; and Lord Lyttelton, the one dealing with social economy.

In this manner the movement took its rise, and you will observe the rank of those who, from the commencement, were thought fit to guide it.

This is characteristic of the English aristocracy, and illustrates the secret of its power. Far from opposing itself systematically to all progress, as did our ancient French nobility, who remained intrenched behind the prejudices of the olden times as in a fortified castle, the English aristocracy watches the progress of ideas, so as to make it subservient to its own interests.

Among the questions of a nature to occupy, or move, the public mind, few can be named that are not in some way associated with a great name. Is it proposed to open schools for the indigent, to improve the sanitary condition of the districts inhabited by the poor, to limit the labour of women and children in manufactories, to extend the benefits of education, the names of Lord Shaftesbury, of Lord Carlisle, of Earl Grey, of Lord Stanley, of Sir John Pakington, of Lord Brougham, &c., spontaneously present themselves. Is it not a thing to strike the imagination, that personages placed on such lofty pedestals should be induced to descend from them to visit the depths of the social system, lamp in hand? Not that we are to suppose them ambitious of the perilous glory which awaits and punishes innovators. If I might be allowed to say all I think, I should express a suspicion that at the bottom of the object I have mentioned lurks a hidden intention of opposing to the influence of certain ideas which are to be feared, a rival influence developing itself with some ostentation. But what matter? The essential point is, that problems which demand solution should be fairly taken up, one way or another. The essential point is, that Truth should run no risk of being either stifled by silence, or of remaining too long entombed in night. Let every torch be kindled,—Truth will herself see to the rest.

LETTER LXXIV.

THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT AND ENGLAND IN MEXICO.

The English at Orizaba withdrew from the common action, because Article 2 of the Convention of the 31st October, which determined the end and regulated the conditions of the common action, was conceived in these terms:—

"The high contracting parties engage not to seek for themselves, in the employment of the coercive measures contemplated by the present Convention, any acquisition of territory, nor any special advantage, and not to exercise in the internal

affairs of Mexico any influence of a nature to prejudice the right of the Mexican nation to choose and to constitute freely the form of its Government."

The English withdrew at Orizaba from the common action, because, so far as they were concerned, the object of the expedition to Mexico, as it was clearly defined by the Queen at the opening of Parliament, was to obtain, if necessary by force, from the Mexican Government reparations thus far refused to diplomacy: nothing less, but nothing more.

The English withdrew at Orizaba from the common action, because, so far back as the 30th September, 1861, Earl Russell, in a very remarkable despatch to Lord Cowley, had enunciated in the following terms the views of England:—

"To forcible interference in the internal affairs of an independent nation her Majesty's Government are, on principle, opposed. It remains to be considered whether Mexico forms an exception to the general rule. Undoubtedly, in regard to the evils to be remedied, few cases of internal anarchy, bloodshed, and murder, can exceed the atrocities perpetrated in Mexico. But, on the other hand, there is no case in which a remedy by foreign interference appears so hopeless. The contending factions are spread over a vast extent of country; they do not obey any one, two, or three chiefs, but are split into fragments, each of which robs, pillages, and murders on its own account. No foreign army would be likely to establish any permanent or pervading authority over these scattered bodies. In the next place, the Spanish troops, which form the most available force for the occupation of any forts or positions which may be taken, are peculiarly an object of dislike and apprehension to one of the two parties which divide the country. This dislike arises from a fear that the power of a dominant Church might be restored, with the abuses and religious intolerance which accompany it. For opposite reasons, British interference would be just as odious to the Church party. I may add to these reasons, the universal alarm which would be excited, both in the United States and in the Southern States, at the contemplation of European interference in the domestic quarrels of an American independent republic. Without at all yielding to the extravagant pretensions implied by what is called the Monroe doctrine, it would be, as a matter of expediency, unwise to

provoke the ill feeling of North America, unless some paramount object were in prospect, and tolerably sure of attainment. The Spanish Government are of opinion that the successful action of Great Britain, France, and Spain to enforce their just demands would induce the Mexicans to institute a Government more capable than any which has lately existed, to preserve the relations of peace and friendship with foreign powers. Should such be the indirect effect of naval and military operations, her Majesty's Government would cordially rejoice; but they think this effect is more likely to follow a conduct studiously observant of the respect due to an independent nation, than to be the result of an attempt to improve by foreign force the domestic institutions of Mexico."—(*Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Mexico*, p. 94.)

This is what everybody may read in the "Blue Book" respecting the affairs of Mexico, which is lying before me, and from which I am translating literally.

One may also read there, in a despatch from Lord Cowley to Earl Russell, under date of the 3rd October, the following explanations given by M. Thouvenel to the English ambassador:—

"M. Thouvenel said that he had made no proposal to impose or to influence by an armed force, an arbitration in the internal affairs of Mexico. He had thought it very likely that the employment of force for those legitimate purposes which the British and French Governments had in view, might encourage the well-disposed part of the Mexican people, who might feel the gall of the yoke to which they were subjected, to profit by the moment to throw it off, and to substitute something better in its place."—(P. 95.)

Compare the words of M. Thouvenel with the language of Earl Russell in his despatch of the 30th of September, 1861, and with the purport of Article 2 of the Convention of the 31st of October, and you will have the secret of the motives which put an end to the common action of the French and English Governments. The reason is clear enough, and the *Patrie* had really no occasion to look for others.

It may be asked, perhaps, why Lord Russell, knowing how far his views differed from M. Thouvenel's, did not from the beginning refuse to be a party to an impossible concert? There is ground for believing that it came about through a

misunderstanding, the key to which appears to be given in the following despatch from Lord Cowley to Lord Russell; it is dated the 10th of October, 1861:—

"I saw M. Thouvenel this afternoon on the subject of the proposed Convention for regulating the joint action of Great Britain, France, and Spain, in the expedition to be undertaken against Mexico, and I read to him your Lordship's despatch of the 5th instant upon the subject, received this morning. M. Thouvenel said that he was quite ready to join her Majesty's Government in signing a Convention for the purposes recited by your Lordship; that he agreed entirely in the principles which your Lordship had laid down as those which should guide the action of the Allied Powers. M. Thouvenel disclaimed, as he had done on a former occasion, any desire to impose any particular form of Government in Mexico."—(Page 98.)

Earl Russell no doubt believed, after that, that the two Governments had come to a mutual understanding on the question which he had so much at heart. However, in order that no obscurity might veil his views, he replied to Earl Cowley on the 12th of October, 1861:—

"I have to state to your Excellency that her Majesty's Government consider an engagement not to interfere by force in the internal affairs of Mexico, to be an essential part of the Convention."—(Page 98.)

As to Spain, what results from the study of the "Blue Book" is, that her opinion, previous to being gained over by England, had fluctuated between that of M. Thouvenel and that of Earl Russell. All that there is to be said on this subject is set forth in that heavy and lumbering phraseology which characterises the diplomatic style, but nevertheless with sufficient clearness, in a despatch of the 9th of October, 1861, addressed by Sir J. Crompton to Earl Russell:—

"The Spanish Government, M. Calderon said, were very willing to conclude with England and France a Convention for the objects which I had stated to him, on the part of her Majesty's Government. They agreed to the insertion of an article in the Convention to the effect that the forces of the high contracting parties should not be employed for any ulterior object. Spain, his Excellency remarked, had no such object in view: she neither sought to reconquer any part of

Mexico, or to re-establish a monarchical government there in favour of any European prince or other person; nor had she any intention of endeavouring to place one or other of the contending factions in Mexico at the head of the government of the republic. The Spanish Government felt no difficulty, therefore, in concurring with her Majesty's Government in the opinion that no armed intervention in the internal government of Mexico should be attempted. The only point, consequently, in regard to which it could perceive any shade of difference in the views of her Majesty's Government and those of Spain, in this respect, was that her Catholic Majesty's Government was of opinion that, considering the great influence which must necessarily be exercised by the very presence of the combined forces of England, France, and Spain upon the internal state of Mexico, it would be well that they should endeavour to profit by the impression which could not fail to be created thereby upon the Mexican people, to exercise a moral influence upon the contending parties, with a view of inducing them to lay down their arms, and come to an understanding for the formation of a Government which might offer some guarantee to the allies for the fulfilment of the engagements of Mexico towards their respective Governments, for a better observance of her international duties in future, and one which would afford some prospect at least of a cessation of the miseries to which that unfortunate country had so long been exposed. This, his Excellency said, he thought the Three Powers were bound in honour to attempt, both on the grounds of humanity and of policy; and perhaps more on the ground of humanity than of policy. * * * I remarked, in reply, that I did not doubt her Majesty's Government would entirely concur with his Excellency in thinking that the object which he proposed to himself was both a politic and a humane one: and if by moral influence was meant the offer of advice to the Mexican Government to refrain from civil strife, her Majesty's Government would, I felt sure, not hesitate now to do, conjointly with Spain and France, what they had done singly on more than one occasion. If, however, more than this was intended by the Spanish Government, I said I felt at a loss to comprehend how any real change in the state of Mexico could be effected without the application of actual force, or without exerting the

influence of the intervening powers in favour of one or the other of the contending factions. Besides this, it appeared evident to me that the object proposed, if it were to be effected at all, must be the work of time, and, consequently, could not be effected within any definite period. I therefore inquired whether the Spanish Government contemplated the continuance of the occupation of the Mexican ports until a Government, such as they desired to see established in Mexico, should be constituted. M. Calderon replied, certainly not; the Spanish occupation would be limited to what was necessary for obtaining the redress of wrongs inflicted upon Spanish subjects, and satisfaction for acts inconsistent with the rights and dignity of the Spanish Government; and would, if possible, not be prolonged beyond the period at which the climate would render the stay of the troops and vessels dangerous to their health and safety."—(Pages 99, 100.)

Such are the documents bearing on the case. I need not multiply extracts—the preceding will suffice.

The English, moreover, do not appear to me to trouble themselves much about the French expedition to Mexico; no, they find no great difficulty in making up their minds to it, convinced as they are that the consequences cannot be otherwise than disastrous to us. On this point the *Times* expressed the public feeling when it exclaimed the other day: "Go your own way, gentlemen; stand upon no ceremony; after all, it is your own affair, and, if you suffer for it, it will not have been our fault."

The question, indeed, is not, shall we swell the list of our military successes? It is not, will our incomparable army once more show itself to be such as the world saw it in the Crimea and in Italy? Will it drive all before it? Will it enter in triumph into Mexico? Who could ever have had a doubt upon these points? But afterwards?

Is it certain that the opinion of other nations, concerning the merits of such an enterprise, will harmonise with that of the French Government? Is it certain that Spain and England will not thus have been taught to draw together against us? And is it to be supposed that we have not prepared in America a terrible leaven of hatred and vengeance against France? Weigh these expressions in the despatch addressed

by Earl Russell to Earl Cowley on the 27th of September, 1861:—

"I received from Mr. Adams on the 25th instant an explanation of the proposals the United States wish to make to Great Britain and France in the affairs of Mexico. He said that the United States Government were considerably alarmed at the statements made in the newspapers regarding an intervention in Mexico, which was supposed to be in the contemplation of Great Britain, France, and Spain. The United States Government were aware that Great Britain, France, and Spain, as well as the United States, had many grievances to complain of on the part of the Government of Mexico. But a direct intervention with a view to organise a new government in Mexico, and especially the active participation of Spain in such an enterprise, would excite strong feelings in the United States. It would be considered as that kind of direct interference in the internal affairs of America to which the United States have always been opposed. In fact, there was a sort of understanding that so long as European powers did not interfere in America, the United States might abstain from European alliances; but if a combination of powers were to organise a government in Mexico, the United States would feel themselves compelled to choose their allies in Europe, and take their part in the wars and treaties of Europe."—(Page 59.)

The Monroe doctrine is here enunciated in terms equally concise and decisive. It is the new world saying to the old world: "Take care! If you pretend to interfere with our affairs, we shall interfere with yours!"

To what complications may not all this give birth? And what a well-spring of embarrassment for the future! Spain, which was unquestionably detested by the Mexicans, by displaying forbearance towards them, is preparing the way for a reconciliation of which we, by adopting an exactly opposite line of conduct, are in danger of having sooner or later to pay the costs. Even supposing that we render a service to the Mexicans by giving them masters at the point of the sword, is a present of this kind one of those which a nation is likely to forgive?

This is perfectly understood in England by all who are jealous of France; and this is the reason why, at heart, people

here are so well pleased to see her engaged, single-handed, in that distant enterprise.

Let us hope,—since nothing yet appears to be finally determined,—that it is not the intention of the French Government to demand anything more from Mexico than the just redress of our grievances.

And, if reparation be obtained, why should the Government of Juarez be overthrown? Does not this Government represent the ideas of liberty and progress? Has it not displayed on its banners those principles of '89, beneath the invocation of which imperial power in France has placed itself? Was it not from our revolution of 1789 that it borrowed the secularisation of the property of the Church?

It is true, that for a long time past, murder and rapine have been in full career throughout Mexico; that foreigners residing in that country have not enjoyed sufficient security; that those among them to whom the Mexican Government owes money, have, up to the present time, not been paid, or have been paid only in part; that on more than one occasion the official character of foreign representatives has not been respected: in a word, that great anarchy prevails in Mexico.

But it is only fair to observe that Mexico has still to pass through the always critical hours of infancy; and, moreover, that the acts of brigandage about which so much has been said, have been actually committed by the faction opposed to Juarez' Government; that the robberies, wholesale spoliations, and assassinations, which have very reasonably formed the subject of so many complaints, are not in any way imputable to the existing Government; that the anarchy which desolates Mexico is, in fact, the work of the faction which, under the name of the Church party, waves the flag of superstition and fanaticism.

Of this I will give you, in my next letter, official and diplomatic proofs.

LETTER LXXV.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

June 11th, 1862.

You have placed under the eyes of your readers the report of the Conference held at Orizaba on the 9th April, 1862. If ever a diplomatic document could dispense with commentaries, it is that one. I only allude to it, therefore, to draw your attention to the complete confirmation it affords to my last letter. But there is one point which it is of the utmost consequence to bring before the notice of the public in France.

Some few days ago the *Times* declared that England looked on with perfect equanimity while the various phases of our intervention in Mexico unrolled themselves before her eyes. Yesterday the leading journal, as it is called here, went much farther. Not only does it now cheerfully give its consent to the French expedition, but it encourages, it presses, it urges us on. It expresses a wish that it could already salute our flag floating victoriously over the capital of Montezuma.

So keen is its desire to see us installed beyond the seas, so great its apprehension lest some doubt as to the justice of our cause should cross our minds, that in the teeth of the hundred times repeated affirmations of England, and although it has before its eyes Lord Russell's despatches and the report of the conference of Orizaba, the *Times* pretends that the overthrow of Juarez' Government and a political intervention of a very marked and decisive character must have been from the beginning contemplated by the three Governments. In other words, the *Times* is striving, to the best of its ability, to lessen the weight of the scruples which might impede or retard our action, so impatient is it to congratulate us on our success!

Why not, indeed! The English dread the aggrandisement of France! No such thing. That was all very well in the time of Napoleon I., or of Louis Philippe; but now, to-day, in the year of grace 1862? No, no. Let France extend herself at

her ease. Let her cross the seas. Let her decide, without appeal, the fortunes of empires. Let her hold in the hollow of her powerful hand the existence of the nations of the new world. All this is quite palatable to the English, and they can only be grateful to us for the trouble we give ourselves to guide the destinies of the earth. So speaks the *Times*, or at least to that effect.

It is true that it has contrived to commit some singular inadvertencies. It says, for instance, in its issue of 21st May: "In Mexico France can do much good, with little chance of doing any harm to any one whomsoever, except to herself." *Except to herself!* Such words are worth their weight in gold.

I read, besides, in another number, that of the 27th May, with reference to the revelations made in the report of the Orizaba conference, the following very characteristic passage:—

"We now know the origin of the whole affair. The monarchy, with the Austrian archduke for king, was the idea of certain Mexican refugees, members of the reactionary or Church party in Mexico, and partisans of Marquez and other ruffians, whose misdeeds have been among the principal causes of our intervention. If Ferdinand-Maximilian goes to Mexico, he will find his most active friends among the men who have shot to death, tortured, and robbed, until Europe has at last lost patience."

Is it perchance in order that France, under the guidance of General Almonte, may figure in the eyes of Europe in such good company that the *Times* is so eager to see us masters of Mexico? In the same article appears the following extract from one of Lord Lyons' despatches:—

"I believe that the allied expedition against Mexico is extremely unpalatable to the American people, and that the establishment of monarchy in that country would be regarded by them as extremely offensive."—(Part II., page 51.)

Is it not strange that the ardent desire felt by the *Times* to assist by its counsels the diffusion of our influence, should blind it to the danger of bringing us, sooner or later, into collision with the United States? Does not our very kind adviser, on this occasion, bear a strong resemblance to Mephistophiles?

There is a despatch which the *Times* quotes carelessly,

innocently, as if it did not understand the full meaning of the words. It is the one in which Lord Russell expresses his apprehension "that the French general, anxious for the cause of monarchy and of Catholic unity, may lend the aid of the French arms to the reactionary party in Mexico, and thus give fresh life to the civil war, which appears at present almost to have died away."—(Part II., page 136.)

Is it, then, to afford the world the spectacle of France going to rekindle civil war in Mexico that the *Times* cries to us, "'Be of good cheer! Forwards!'"

Let us see, now, what was the history of the intervention of the three powers, and of the causes which brought it about.

But, before going further, I must warn you that you will find a vexatious contradiction between the conduct of Sir C. Lennox Wyke towards the Mexican Government in 1861, and the following declaration made by him at the Conference of Orizaba in 1862. "Sir Charles Wyke thinks that amongst the persons who direct the affairs of the Government of the Mexican republic, there are distinguished members of the true moderate party, and that the line of conduct hitherto pursued by the allied commissioners was the best fitted to consolidate a government which was accepted by everyone."—(Part II., page 126.)

To bring Sir Charles Wyke to make in favour of the Government of Juarez such a peremptory and solemn declaration, has needed the irresistible force of evidence and actual knowledge—acquired during a long residence—of the true state of affairs in Mexico. For Sir Charles Wyke's first impressions were far from being those which are revealed in the lines I have just quoted. It is clear that the diplomatist has been led by experience to completely modify his first views, and that a more attentive study of the situation has enlightened him as to the dangers of a revolution for the benefit of Marquez and others.

This being premised, let us see what the "Blue Book" has to tell us. The first despatch is dated the 30th March, 1861. It bears the signature of Lord John Russell, and contains the instructions which, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he gives to Sir Charles Wyke, appointed to proceed to Mexico as the representative of England. The following passages

will give you an idea of the spirit in which these instructions were issued :—

"The policy of the British Government with regard to Mexico is a policy of non-intervention, and the British Government desire to see Mexico free and independent, and in a position to regulate the civil administration of the country, to maintain internal peace, and to discharge its international duties, without the active intervention of any foreign Power whatever. . . . I would moreover particularly caution you against taking any part in the political questions which may arise between contending parties in the State. A British Minister can never safely interfere in such matters. . . . Your earliest attention after your arrival in Mexico must be given to the question of British claims. . . . If you should meet with any resistance, you will apprise the Mexican Government that you are authorised, and enjoined, at once to call upon Her Majesty's naval forces to support and, if necessary, to enforce your demand for reparation. . . . . As regards the time at which either class of the claims shall be paid, Her Majesty's Government are aware that some degree of indulgence may be necessary. The troubles, which have, for many years past, distracted the Republic, have, as a natural result, impoverished the country, and made it difficult for the Constitutional Government to raise, at once, funds sufficient to provide for the immediate wants of the civil administration, and for the liabilities of the country towards foreign creditors and claimants. But you must be careful not to allow any temporary forbearance, which you may show in pressing for the liquidation of British claims, to be construed into indifference. . . . . You are so well acquainted with the peculiarities of the Spanish character, that it is needless for me to dilate on the best means of dealing with the people with whom you may be brought into contact. They are to be influenced by moderate language and considerate demeanour, but they resist and defy attempts to intimidate or coerce. . . . . With the Representatives of Foreign States accredited to the Republic you will endeavour to live in harmony. You will always bear in mind that neither in Mexico, nor in any part of the world, do Her Majesty's Government seek any exclusive political influence, nor any commercial advantages which they are not ready to share with all the nations of the earth." (Page 1—4.)

What wise and noble language! Lord John Russell recommends firmness, but he will have it ennobled by moderation. A generous creditor, he insists upon the necessity of making allowance for the embarrassments of the debtor. Speaking in the name of the strongest, he seems to fear a too hasty recourse to forcible proceedings. He thrusts aside the idea of an intervention that would entirely change the nature of the demands which he has a right to make, would risk to widen the wounds which it is sought to close up, and would compromise England in quarrels that do not concern her.

About a fortnight after the despatch of these instructions to Sir Charles Wyke, and at the moment when he was arriving in Mexico in his quality of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Mathew, whom he had come to succeed, addressed a despatch to Lord John Russell, in which the state of things in Mexico was described as follows:—

"There has been but little change in the affairs of Mexico for the last two months. Señor Prieto was succeeded in the Ministry of Finance by Señor Mata. . . . . The death of Señor Lerdo de Tehada, the ablest, if not the only, financier in the Republic, has been severely felt at the present crisis. . . . . Señor Fuente, a lawyer of some note, left Mexico by the last packet, on a mission to Paris, and probably to Spain; his departure having been long delayed by the difficulty of procuring even the small sum of money necessary for his journey and support. To this complete deficiency of resources must be attributed the continued existence and increase, in various parts of the country, of guerilla bodies under the Spaniards Cobos and Vicario, and under the infamous Marquez, who pursues still his course of murder and rapine. Two petty attempts to create disturbances in this capital were discovered and put down in time. In other respects, public tranquillity has not been disturbed, and, however faulty and weak the present Government may be, they who witnessed the murders, the acts of atrocity and plunder, almost of daily occurrence, under the Government of General Miramon, and his counsellors Señor Diaz and General Marquez, cannot but appreciate the existence of law and justice. Foreigners especially, who suffered so heavily under that arbitrary rule, and by the hatred and intolerance towards them which is a dogma of the Church

party in Mexico, cannot but make a broad distinction between the past and the present. President Juarez, though deficient in the energy necessary for the present crisis, is an upright and well-intentioned man, excellent in all the private relations of life; but the mere fact of his being an Indian exposes him to the hostility and sneers of the dregs of Spanish society, and of those of mixed blood, who ludicrously arrogate to themselves the higher social position in Mexico. I have already made known to your Lordship my opinion of the objectionable nature of the Federal Constitution now in force; and I have not concealed my fear for the future peace of Mexico from the utter want of patriotism among the higher classes, and from the demoralization and restlessness produced among all by the prolonged state of civil warfare. A desire for change is already stated to exist in certain quarters, and the idea of the selection of a Military Dictator has been put forward; but it is scarcely needful to observe that such a step would be no palliation of the present wants, and no preventive of the future dangers of the country. General St. Anna was the ablest man of that class Mexico has produced, and the temporary good effect of his energetic character is unquestionable; but that due appreciation of equal justice, of social rights, and of peaceful prosperity, by which alone nationality can be maintained, cannot be created by the strong hand of arbitrary power. The hope of Mexico rests upon the maintenance of peace. A wise basis of civil and of religious liberty has been laid down, and peace only is needed for the development of constitutional principles, and for the gradual enlightenment of the people. But seeing as I do so many native and foreign elements at work to disturb the existing state of things, I cannot but entertain a conviction that unless the present Government, or principles of Government, are in some way avowedly upheld by England, or the United States—by a protecting alliance, or by the declaration that no revolutionary movements would be permitted in any of the seaports on either ocean—further deplorable convulsions will afflict this unfortunate country, to the heavy injury of the British interests and commerce, and to the disgrace of humanity."

It is now of consequence to know in what consisted the grievances which England alleged against the Mexican Government.

LETTER LXXVI.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

June 12th, 1862.

WHEN, some three or four years ago, the party, known by the name of the Church party, had the upper hand in Mexico, it wrote on its flag, and adopted as its war-cry: "Death to Foreigners!" And facts were not long in proving that this was no idle threat. An English Consul and a French Consul were odiously assassinated; fifty-three persons were seized and massacred; and all sorts of horrors were committed. Compelled to quit the capital, Mr. Mathew, the British *Chargé d'Affaires*, had left in a room of the legation, which he believed to be sufficiently protected by the impression of his official seal on the door, a sum of 660,000 dollars belonging to English citizens: the seal was insolently broken, the door forced open, and the money carried off.

At that period the Constitutional Government, which was then and is still represented by Juarez, was established at Vera Cruz. Juarez did not hesitate to conclude a convention with Captain Dunlop, by which he engaged, as soon as he should come into full possession of power, to pay whatever might be due to Englishmen residing in Mexico, and to apply to this payment the revenue of the customs of Vera Cruz and Tampico.

The Constitutional Party triumphed, but the vanquished party was not so completely crushed as to be unable to disturb and ravage the country, and fill it with bloodshed. In the midst of this frightful disorder, it happened that a considerable sum of money, a portion of which was the property of English citizens, in its passage to the coast under the protection of an escort, was seized by General Degollado, an officer in the service of the constituted authorities. Representations were thereupon addressed to him by Mr. Glennie, consul at Mexico, and part of the money carried off was restored; but a more ample reparation was naturally expected and demanded.

That is what the English Government had to say, to which the Government of Juarez replied to the following effect:—

"It is too true that abominable murders have been committed—but by whom? Was it by us, the Liberal party? No; the real criminals are our enemies. When, on the 11th of April, 1859, Dr. Duval, an English physician, was arrested and shot at Tacubaya, in violation of all laws human and divine, which was the party that had taken possession of Tacubaya, and was in force there? The Church party. And by whom was the barbarous order given? By the ferocious hero of that party, General Marquez. It was this same Marquez, who being refused by Mr. Newal a sum of money which had been placed in the hands of that gentleman in trust, exclaimed, in an outburst of passion: 'Take this man, put him in *capilla* (the place assigned to criminals for the few hours previous to their execution), and without further orders shoot him to-morrow morning before six o'clock.' (Part I., page 24.) This would have been done, had not Mr. Newal's friends succeeded in disarming Marquez's cruelty by gratifying his rapacity. Cast a glance on the gloomy journal of the acts of violence to which Messrs. Pitman, Davis, Whitehead, Joots, George Selly, and so many others, have been subjected, and everywhere and on every occasion those ill-omened names will meet your eye,—Miramon, Marquez, Zuloaga! By what fatality are we called upon to render an account to the civilized world for the murders and rapines perpetrated by our declared adversaries? The robbery committed at the British Legation was their work. That we, into whose hands the Government has now passed, should be required to restore what they stole, may be just; but at least let us be spared the stigma which our enemies alone have merited. What can be legitimately imputed to us, and for which we acknowledge ourselves to be responsible, is the seizure of money effected by Degollado. We are, therefore, ready to make any sacrifice to expiate this wrong done by one of our party, and to make atonement for it. Was not a pledge of our good will given in our conduct towards Doctor Duval's widow, to whom we did not hesitate to offer as an indemnity the sum of 25,000 dollars, to be recovered from the national property? We are aware that it is the duty of those in whom the government is vested, to indemnify foreigners for the evils of which a long anarchy is the source, and which they are unable to suppress. But let them give us a little breathing time, and not add, by inexorable and too

importunate demands, to the embarrassments of a situation already so difficult. We have to defend liberty against a party in whose eyes the most blood-stained anarchy is only a road to the establishment of tyrannical power. We have to make head against a religious fanaticism armed with poniards. We have to preserve order with finances in disorder; to reorganize a disorderly administration; to close the gaping wound which a disastrous, protracted civil war has opened in the sides of Mexico. Let them not render impossible, by seizing us by the throat, a task in which so many interests are involved which ought to be dear to the friends of civilization and humanity." (Summarised from various despatches in the "Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Mexico.")

Such was the state of the question when Sir C. Lennox Wyke was sent to Mexico in the capacity of Minister Plenipotentiary. From that moment everything was changed in the relations of the two countries. In the same proportion that Mr. Mathew had proved himself friendly and forbearing, did Sir C. Lennox Wyke prove himself hard to deal with.

Arriving at Mexico on the 9th of May, 1861, he was not a fortnight in the country before his hostility to the Government of Juarez became manifest. Speaking of a conversation which he had just had with the Mexican minister, Don Guzman, he writes to Lord John Russell:—"As soon after the departure of the mail as possible I shall put his sincerity to the test." Then he reproaches the Government with its "blind hatred towards the Church party." The man whom Mr. Mathew called "the infamous Marquez" is for Sir C. Lennox Wyke only "the notorious Marquez;" and a little more he would admire the genius of that man and his military manœuvres, which he terms "masterly." What appears chiefly to animate him against the Government of Juarez, is the impression made upon him, that it is ultra-liberal, and he cannot forgive Congress for passing its time "in disputing about theories of government on ultra-liberal principles."

What could be expected from a person thus prejudiced? His correspondence with the Mexican minister is lying open before me: nothing could be imagined more imperious and harsh; not a word in it beneath which a menace does not

growl. Sir C. Lennox Wyke knew perfectly well that the finances of Mexico were in a state of absolute exhaustion. So well aware was he of this, that in informing Lord John Russell that Congress had promised the sum of 10,000 dollars for the head of Marquez, he remarks, sneeringly :—"there is no probability of the money being called for, which is so far fortunate for the credit of Congress, as that sum is not at present to be found in the National Treasury." And it is to a Government whose extreme penury he himself thus describes, that from his first arrival he addresses peremptory summonses, the style of which would have done no discredit to Shylock, and which reminds one of the famous words: "The pound of flesh which I demand of him is dearly bought: 'tis mine, and I will have it." He must have the 660,000 dollars which the rebels carried off from the house of the British Legation. In vain Señor Guzman replies that the guilty persons are in the hands of justice; that their private properties will be appropriated to the repayment of the moneys of which they have unduly possessed themselves, and that, in the event of these properties proving inadequate, the Treasury will make good the deficiency: Sir C. Lennox Wyke was not a man to be so easily satisfied. What matters it to him by whom the robbery was committed? It is enough that it was committed. The wolf said to the lamb: "If it is not thyself, it is thy brother." In this case the Mexican Government is told; "If it is not thyself, it is thine enemy." And, in fact, in his despatch of the 24th of June, 1861, Sir Charles Wyke actually wrote to Lord John Russell in reference to this affair: "I told him (Señor Guzman) I had . . merely to insist on the repayment of the money stolen, without being in any way concerned in the means by which it was to be procured." (Page 13.) The correspondence of the English Plenipotentiary with the Mexican Minister is not less remarkable with respect to the robbery of the specie under escort, imputed to General Degollado. In a letter on this subject addressed to Sir Charles Wyke by Señor Guzman, after admitting as a thing notorious to all the world, and well known to Sir Charles, that the Treasury was in a state of penury, the Mexican Minister expresses himself as follows:—

"The Government recognises the just rights of the creditors and are resolved upon making every possible sacrifice in order

to satisfy them. Government can dispose of convents and other valuable property. These, and even the National Palace, are at the creditors' disposal; they may take their choice, and whatever they select shall at once be consigned to them at an equitable and conventional price. These same creditors, moreover, can count upon their credits being admitted as cash in any transactions, whether on account of duties or otherwise, which they may have with Government." (Page 20.)

What more could an insolvent debtor do? It was Antonio baring his breast to have a pound of flesh cut out.

Not that I pretend to give this as a perfectly exact comparison, or to question in the slightest degree Sir Charles Wyke's good intentions. I am quite prepared to admit that, in believing it to be his duty to be so importunate and inflexible, he did so because it concerned a matter in which he was not in any way personally interested. Representing interests which were not his own, but those of his fellow-countrymen, he could not be as forbearing in what was their affair as he doubtless would have been, had it been his own. All this I readily believe; but it is not the less true that his conduct towards the Mexican Government displays an excessive rigour which exercised no small effect upon the complications that we are witnessing at the present moment. Had he been better inspired with the spirit of the wise instructions, in the course of which Lord John Russell reminded him that "some degree of indulgence may be necessary," it is probable that things would have taken another turn. Instead of that, his correspondence exhibits him to us as looking in preference to the dark side, ever prone to impute to bad faith the manifest results of impotence, ever speaking of having recourse to coercive measures, exciting Lord John Russell by gloomy reports, and in the end breathing into him his own angry feelings.

A decree issued on the 17th of July, 1861, proclaiming the suspension for two years of the payment of what was due to the English bondholders, and in general to all who were interested in the diplomatic Conventions, was the drop of water which made the cup overflow. Sir Charles Wyke was informed of the existence of this decree through the public press, and immediately wrote to Señor Manuel de

Zamacona, who was then at the head of the Government:—"It would appear that Congress has thought fit to make a free gift of other people's property to the Government of the Republic. . . . Until I hear from you to the contrary, I am bound to consider this announcement in the light of a falsehood; for I cannot bring myself to believe that a Government which respects itself could sanction a gross violation of its most sacred obligations to other nations." (p. 37.)

However harsh this language may appear, there would have been nothing excessive in it, had the decree of suspension been a free and voluntary act on the part of the Congress; had not the Congress, in issuing it, acted in obedience to the most inflexible of laws, necessity; and had it been possible to raise the slightest doubt on that point. But how did matters stand? The Government had made up to that time unprecedented efforts to satisfy their foreign creditors, not even shrinking from the deplorable and ruinous expedient of forced contributions. In order to pay the foreign debt, they had condemned themselves to an absolute impossibility of either attempting the most indispensable reforms, or of employing the forces that might have put an end to a devouring anarchy. Whenever a wrong was announced, thunderbolts were hurled against the vices of an administration which must absolutely be remodelled, and which the Government failed to supervise. Whenever the bandits of the Church party committed an act of robbery or murder—and a Mr. Beale happened to be assassinated whilst defending his house against an attack—the Government was invariably called upon to account for its powerlessness. When would the lives, when would the property of foreigners residing in Mexico be guaranteed? And yet it was very evident that if the Government was obliged to employ for the payment of the foreign debt, resources which were notoriously insufficient, there would be no means left for the purpose of maintaining order.

In reality, the government of Juarez was disarmed, whilst summoned to combat the enemy. Thus compelled to choose between two evils, Congress came to the conclusion that, in the interest of the creditors themselves, the most important step to take was to employ every disposable resource for the re-establishment of order, so profoundly shaken, and for the extinction of civil warfare. By the decree of the 17th July, 1861, the debt

was in no way denied. On the contrary, it was acknowledged in formal terms, and the firm resolution was announced of discharging it. Only, the Government did what is done by every trader at the height of a commercial crisis—time was asked for.

Such was the purport of the considerations submitted by Señor Manuel de Zamacona to Sir Charles Wyke in a letter, the earnest, polished, and moderate tone of which contrasted strangely with that of the English Plenipotentiary.

It is curious to note the manner in which Sir Charles Wyke replies to the argument derived from *necessity*:—"A starving man may justify, in his own eyes, the fact of his stealing a loaf on the ground that imperious necessity impelled him thereto; but such an argument cannot, in a moral point of view, justify his violation of the law, which remains as positive, apart from all sentimentality, as if the crime had not had an excuse."

The reply made by the Mexican Minister to this "illustration," which was actually an insult, deserves to be noticed:—"His Excellency compares the Government at this moment to a person who, impelled by hunger, assaults and robs a provision merchant. Now, two ruling principles are implied in such an act, one of aggression, the other of robbery, neither of which can even be assumed in respect to the conduct of Government towards its creditors. Of not a sixpence have these same creditors been deprived; and if one had to employ a simile to qualify the conduct of Government, it would be rather that of a father overwhelmed with debts, who, with only a small sum at his disposal, scarcely sufficient to maintain his children, employed it in the purchase of bread instead of in the payment of his bills. Were her Britannic Majesty's representative a member of the family, would he be eager to qualify the father's conduct by the name of spoliation? In every-day life one is accustomed to see people who suspend payment owing to pecuniary embarrassments, yet nobody thinks of calling them thieves."

On the conclusion of this correspondence, too long to be given here in full, all official relations were broken off between the British Envoy and the Mexican Government.

Yet one word more. Judging from the report of the Conference of Orizaba, it appears that Admiral Jurien reproaches the Mexican Government with "smothering by systematic op-

pression the free expression of the desires of the intelligent and moderate part of the nation." It is possible that Admiral Jurien may have possessed information on this subject which has not reached us; but certainly the complaints made in Sir Charles Wyke's despatches against the Government of Juarez are, on the contrary, that it had not the vigour necessary for the suppression of anarchy, and that it was *ultra-liberal*. It must be admitted that these accusations are singularly at variance with each other.

As for the intelligent and moderate part of the nation, it is classed as follows, according to the *Times* (May 27, 1862), which derives its estimate from the documents published by the British Cabinet:—"Of seven millions of men in Mexico, there are two millions who are firmly attached to Republican institutions: the rest are principally composed of Indians, too ignorant for any attention to be paid to their opinion."

LETTER LXXVII.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

July 12th, 1862.

THE distribution of prizes took place yesterday in the Exhibition Palace. In using the word "distribution," I must explain myself. As the medals are not yet struck, they could not be delivered; all that was done, therefore, was the designating the most worthy.

Everywhere, but more particularly in London, the state of the atmosphere occupies a large place in the hopes and fears which enter into the expectation of a grand public ceremonial. Shall we have any sun? Shall we have any rain? It was necessary to provide for either accident, and the anxious prevision of the Commissioners had prepared a programme beforehand to meet either contingency. Thank Heaven! there was no occasion to conform to the programme against rain. I have been told, in this classic land of constitutional monarchy, that the Queen has never had to appear in public without the

weather being fine. But as the Queen was on this occasion to be absent, you may imagine what apprehension was felt. However, the sun's programme carried the day, though the sky was clouded in the morning, but it proved nothing more than a false alarm.

However, there was nothing of that excitement which prevailed on the opening day. Farewell to the roads alive with people! Farewell to that interminable line of vehicles of every kind—I had almost said of every condition—which on the 1st of May encumbered the neighbourhood of the Exhibition from eight in the morning! Farewell to the long lines formed by the excluded on each side of the elect! I entered the Exhibition very late, about one o'clock, just as the ceremony was about to commence, and I was struck by the air of perfect tranquillity which reigned around the edifice.

In Hyde Park, on the side of the entrance which looks into Exhibition Road, the sight-seers were comparatively very thinly scattered. Towards the north entrance of the Horticultural Gardens, on the road by which personages of note were expected to come, there were two or three groups which seemed to me not much more dense than those the attention of which our old friends "Punch and Judy" have had, from time immemorial, the privilege of captivating. Even at the doors of the Palace no crowding, nothing to obstruct the passage. For my own part, I entered without being at all elbowed, and without having to elbow any one whomsoever. That the number of visitors on that day amounted, as has been asserted, to sixty or seventy thousand, I very much doubt; and if it be true, it is a mystery which I do not undertake to solve. My impression is, that the crowd of visitors was not much more considerable than on the 1st of May, and the number of 44,000 persons *counted* could not have been much below the exact total.

Be that as it may, the assemblage within presented a spectacle which could not certainly have been expected from the indifference displayed outside. As happens on such occasions, the ladies were in great force, and as England is one of the countries of the world in which the beauty of the women best harmonises with the brilliancy of their costume, no one, I fancy, would have been disposed to complain of the part which, this time, curiosity impelled the daughters of Eve to play.

The gallantry of the Commissioners had enabled them, throughout the length of the nave, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing all and being themselves well seen, while seated on long rows of chairs, behind which the stronger sex were crowded together, mounted on benches, or standing on tip-toe. The somewhat circuitous route by which the personages in costume were to proceed had been fenced in beforehand by a kind of barricades. Was that necessary? We must suppose so. During our first Revolution, which was such a terrible affair, in order to prevent the people at public ceremonies from passing beyond the assigned limits, a tricolour ribbon was stretched in front, and this frail barrier appears to have been always respected. I had taken up my post in the galleries, where the crowd was great, and thence watched the defiling past of the procession, that is to say, the fête—for, so far as the eyes were concerned, the fête was the procession. But no, I am wrong. The true fête was the elegant and joyous crowd which overflowed the interior of the building. The spectacle was the spectators.

As for the procession, I frankly acknowledge that that sort of thing has never been to my taste. It seems to me not a little ridiculous for grave personages, statesmen, ministers, thinkers with gray hair, to go at a given moment and pompously stalk around a building, bedecked in all sorts of picturesque uniforms, some a great deal too picturesque, saying as it were to the Cockneys of fashion and society: 'Do we not look well in this costume?" All the more so, as to some among them one would be tempted to reply, but for the rules of good breeding: "Not at all, I assure you." The processions at the Opera are preferable, and very much so, because there it is essential that the cowl should make the monk. It would be something if these gentlemen wore masks! But a masquerade without masks!

I am aware that, as a general rule, nations are not yet ready to emerge from childhood; they must have toys—something to amuse them—something that speaks to the eyes. Very good! And yet if there be a nation entitled to believe that it has attained its majority, it is England, serious England. Why, then, condemn men of eminent merit to parade themselves as a raree-show? I noticed more than one sarcastic smile on gentle lips.

On this occasion, however, the procession had at least an object in view, which would have been looked for in vain on the opening day. It was to proceed in succession to the different stations at which it was arranged that the prizes should be assigned, and which claimed attention by pretty trophies of garlands and flags, without reckoning the surrounding stalls of precious objects, characteristic of the various nationalities. In this display of resources, Austria was distinguished by richness, and France by good taste, which is the distinction of the mind.

Previous to entering the Palace, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Newcastle, Sir Cornewall Lewis, Sir Charles Wood, the Prince de Carignan, the Pasha of Egypt, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Earl Russell, in short, the entire official train, in all that constituted its splendour, traversed the Horticultural Gardens between two lines of sympathetic or charming spectators, to the further end where the dais was erected, beneath which was to be played out the most important act of the drama. You will find in all the English papers, whence you can copy it if you feel so inclined, the brief discourse pronounced by Lord Granville, and the equally brief reply read by the Duke of Cambridge.

There was nothing very remarkable in either of these speeches; common-place remarks couched in suitable language, and relative to the business of the day. But between them came a report read by Lord Taunton, as President of the Council of Jurors, which deserves to be noticed. It states that there were in all 65 Juries, grouped in such a manner as to form 36 categories, corresponding to the 36 industrial classes, between whom are divided the objects exhibited; that these objects have been submitted to the examination of 615 jurors, of whom 328 were Englishmen; that their labours have occupied two months; and that their task, though a difficult one, has been conscientiously accomplished: the number of exhibitors whose comparative merits had to be weighed being not less than 25,000. From this report it also appears that the number of medals voted by the jury is 7,000, and that of "honourable mentions" about 5,300. This is more than in 1851, but less than in 1855.

In the official list of medals awarded there figure many names, so far as France is concerned, of which I will not cite one, as I cannot cite all. Suffice it to say, that our great and beloved country occupies here, as everywhere, a position which attracts and fascinates public attention.

In short, the ceremony of yesterday was very interesting, were it only in reference to the idea which it aimed at expressing, and its place is marked beforehand in the history of peaceful triumphs.

LETTER LXXVIII.

HOW THE AMERICAN WAR IS VIEWED IN ENGLAND.

July 21st, 1862.

ANOTHER great battle was fought on Friday last on a field not less in view than the plains before Richmond—I mean the English House of Commons. Armed with the sword of the word, the Saxons of the North and those of the South came into collision; but this time the men of the South were utterly routed. How many were killed? How many wounded? Alas! the inquiry is more serious than it appears. From a word rashly uttered to-day, death may proceed to-morrow, and in the vocabulary of nations—woe to him who knows it not!—there are phrases loaded with grapeshot.

"The Northerners," exclaimed Mr. Gregory the day before yesterday, "have decidedly been stung by a tarantula." But if he himself, and Mr. Lindsay, and Lord A. Vane Tempest, and Mr. S. Fitzgerald, had not been stung by a tarantula, would they have brought on a discussion of which the least fault was its inopportuneness, and from which such angry feelings may spring? Would they have pleaded the cause of peace in language that sounds like the roll of the drum? Would they have insisted on the necessity of a mediation in terms which must render all idea of mediation hateful to one of the two parties? Would they have flung in the face of the North, by way of insult, menace, and defiance, the words: "Recognition of the independence of the South

by Europe"? There is not a nerve that will not quiver at New York on the day when the news shall arrive on the wings of the telegraph: "In the country of Wilberforce, in the English House of Commons, voices were heard and applauded which proclaimed as supremely just a cause dishonoured by slavery."

Mr. Lindsay's reasoning is to this effect. It is worth while to follow it, for it faithfully sums up what people have been going about saying for some months past, in most of the papers, at the clubs, in society, everywhere. And it is also worthy of remark, because it shows how apprehensive are the partisans of the South lest they should be thought to advocate slavery.

According to Mr. Lindsay, then, there are in America two widely distinct interests: that of the North, a manufacturing country, and that of the South, an agricultural country. The North needs, or thinks that it needs, prohibitive tariffs for the protection of its manufactures, while the South requires free trade for the disposal of its produce. In 1860, the value of the exports of the United States amounted to 350 millions of dollars, of which the Southern exports in cotton, tobacco, and other articles, came to 250 millions, while Northern exports did not exceed 100 millions. Now, as a country pays its exports with its imports, it follows that, either directly or indirectly, the South, which exports the larger share, cannot fail to be more heavily burdened than the North in the distribution of the taxes imposed by the Federal Government. Moreover, the avowed object of a portion of these taxes being to encourage the ironmasters of Pennsylvania and the manufacturers of New England, what was the position of the South previous to its secession? On one hand it had to pay more than its fair contingent in the matter of imports, and on the other hand it was compelled to purchase at a high price from the North, what it could have purchased at a low price from Europe. Its interests, therefore, were doubly prejudiced. And where could it apply for redress? By the terms of the Constitution of the United States, each of the thirty-four States of which the Union was composed, sent up two members to the Senate, while the lower House was recruited after a system that took the population as the basis of representation. Thence ensued the inevitable consequence that, as

the population of the North was being incessantly augmented by the torrent of European emigration, the political influence of the South became daily diminished; so that its interests were attacked in the absence of adequate means of defence. Such was the true cause of the secession. It was brought about, like a fatality, by commercial circumstances—nothing more. There was not, and could not be, any question about slavery. Has not Mr. Lincoln's government said as much in terms sufficiently clear? Has not the programme of the Washington Cabinet, from the very first, been headed with these words, never to be effaced from the page of history: "The object of the war is, not the abolition of slavery, but the restoration of the Union?" What do the abolitionists, then, mean by their humanitarian lamentations and philanthropic aspirations? The emancipation of the negroes has nothing to do with the secession. The North contends for empire, the South for independence; and in consequence of this contention, becoming every day more terrible, the old world is being ruined, while the new world crawls through blood. What do we still await before we intervene?

Such is the purport of the speech delivered by Mr. Lindsay; and this speech, I repeat, is only the echo of the arguments and complaints with which all England is ringing.

But is this manner of looking at the question in conformity with truth? Is it in conformity with justice? The Union was a contract, a solemn and sacred contract. Since when has it been lawful, on the part of one of two contracting parties to break off the contract abruptly, violently, as soon as there is, or appears to be, a motive for doing so? Did not this compact of the Union, which, in so few years, made the people of the United States one of the most powerful and flourishing nations of the earth, create a reciprocity of obligations between the North and the South? Was the South indebted to the closeness of its relations with the North for no advantage of a nature to counterbalance the effects of that tariff system which, I suspect, would be far less blamable in Mr. Lindsay's eyes, if he really had no object in view but the interests of the South? How strange to hear men dwell sympathetically on the causes which threatened to diminish the influence of the South prior to the separation, when we think of so many elections in which

that influence proved preponderant, and of the number of Presidents the Union has received at the hands of the South! Was it necessary, then, in order to fall in with Mr. Lindsay's notions of justice, that on every occasion, invariably, unto the end, thirteen States should lay down the law to twenty-one? that a population of less than twelve millions, of whom four millions are slaves, should dictate to a population of twenty millions?

It was the North that brought about Mr. Lincoln's election; but it was the South that elected Mr. Buchanan. Far from being below the line indicated by its numerical importance, the influence of the South was far above it. If the present war is simply an affair of tariffs, how is it that the Confederate Vice-President has formally declared, in the name of his party, that the question with them was the establishment of a new republic on the basis of slavery? How is it, as Mr. Forster re-called to mind, that not a single word relating to this tariff question is to be found in the proclamation of independence which was the signal for separation?

The fact is, the real issue is slavery. That the North too long connived at this immoral institution; that the negroes to whom the South offered the bitter bread of servitude, were too often refused in the North the bread of freedom; that humiliating concessions, such, for example, as the Fugitive Slave Bill, were made by the North through fear of a rupture of the federal bond; that Mr. Lincoln did not inscribe on his banners: "Abolition of Slavery;" that Fremont was recalled from Missouri, and Hunter disavowed, for having wished to attempt the enlargement, the elevation, of the question—is all true. But what is not less so is, that the South, not content with living in the midst of slavery, was desirous of extending it over the territories annexed to the United States; that the North was opposed to such a scheme; that Mr. Lincoln was elected as representative of that opposition; and, finally, that the appeal of the Thirteen States against this judgment of the popular sovereignty was the real cause from which sprang the civil war.

But this is precisely what the partisans of the South in England strive to put in the shade, because they fully understand that England could not take her stand on the side of the

slave-owners, without tearing out with her own hands the noblest page in her history.

Unfortunately, if the honour of the English people on this occasion is on one side, their interest, at least their immediate interest, happens to be on the other, which partly explains the sympathy which from the beginning was felt for the South in this country. Lord Vane Tempest stated, the day before yesterday, in the House of Commons, that one may read in Boston and other Northern towns, over the doors of certain shops: "No English goods sold here;" and he added, by way of contrast, that at Richmond a member of the Confederate Government had said to him: "We look upon England as our workshop." Here we have a candid confession. In the Americans of the North the English fear protectionists, while in the Americans of the South they greet free-traders. They shudder at the idea of their trade in the North being shattered against the barrier of tariffs, while their heads are turned at the idea of exchanging, without impediment, their manufactured articles against the raw materials of the South.

Add to this the remembrance of many a provocation received—resentment for many an insult swallowed in silence—the diatribes of a considerable portion of the American press—the not unfounded opinion that the North, flooded with Germans and Irish, has lost much of its English origin, and that the true representatives of the Saxon race in America are the Southerners—the political interest the English aristocracy have to see the prestige of republican institutions in America pass away—and, to omit nothing, the national interest England has to see a Power, whose prodigious aggrandisement has for some time past caused her much umbrage, become weakened by intestine divisions.

On the other hand, I must hasten to state that these selfish motives by no means influence all the elements of which English society is composed. If the party of narrow interests exists here, as everywhere, and possesses, as everywhere, sufficient power to draw public opinion after it, at a given moment, there is also the party of noble ideas, of generous sentiments, the party of justice. It is this one which, the day before yesterday, in the House of Commons, so happily inspired Mr. Taylor and Mr. Forster; and, to this one

belong the magnanimous artisans of Lancashire who live, it might almost be said, in the jaws of death, without making the excess of their sufferings an excuse for threats, without yielding to agitation under the goadings of hunger, and without complaining of what they have to endure, in consequence of those formidable battles, fought beyond the seas. At Blackburn, the destitution is so great that the number of persons reduced to accept of succour is 15,000. Well, at Blackburn, a motion similar to Mr. Lindsay's was lately submitted to a numerous meeting of workmen, and rejected by an almost unanimous vote. Mr. Taylor was right to mention this fact; it is one that does honour to a country.

Unfortunately, the language of the press does not in general respond to the attitude of the working classes. In most of the papers, sympathy for the South is expressed in the most irritating manner, while antipathy for the North pours forth, now in the form of virulent declamation, now in sarcasms that bite into the very blood. That which among the Southerners is manly courage, unfailing constancy, indomitable endurance, is in the case of the Northerners nothing but brutality, bloodthirsty obstinacy, or presumption bordering on infatuation. Has the North gained any advantage, it is at first denied; then, when denial is impossible, it is attempted to diminish the importance of the success by a thousand subtle commentaries, by a thousand forced explanations. On the contrary, is the South victorious, there are no words pompous enough to celebrate its triumph. In huge characters is written "GREAT DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS," and Fame is called upon to blow all her trumpets with the full force of her lungs. On Friday last, was not the report circulated that it was all over; that the contest was at an end; that M'Clellan, reduced to the last extremity, had offered to surrender, but had been refused with scorn, so certain was his destruction?

People are generally inclined to believe what they most ardently desire. The City was full of the rumour. The Conservative Clubs could not contain themselves for joy. However absurd was the news, many were bent on proclaiming it perfectly true. Besides, how could one question it? *The Times* had spoken. It was a singular thing, and one that ought to have attracted the notice of the least suspicious minds, that the rumour was set in circulation at the very moment when the

debate on Mr. Lindsay's motion was about to commence. What a surprising coincidence!

However, the issue of the debate was not, after all, what the English separatists expected. The House of Commons at once perceived that a mediation proposed to the United States, after a defeat had been experienced, would be refused; that from this refusal troublesome complications might arise; that the recognition of the South, if they went so far as that, would make no change, absolutely none, in the trade between England and the insurgent States, so long as the North continued to battle against them; that the only effects of such a recognition which could be reasonably foreseen, was a war with the Washington Government, a terrible war, a war to the death, in which case a dearth of corn would be added to the dearth of cotton in England. The House of Commons was not disposed to kill the disease by killing the patient. "Leave to the Government," said Lord Palmerston, "the responsibility of judging what there is to do, when it is expedient to do it, and how it ought to be done." This peroration was applauded, and Mr. Lindsay was obliged to withdraw his motion. For him and for those of his party it was a bootless campaign.

The evil is, that this debate will furnish ample material for the furious outpourings of the *New York Herald*, and will kindle, on the other side of the Atlantic, resentments already only too violently excited; for, I regret to say, the attacks directed against the North by Mr. Lindsay, and still more so by Mr. Gregory, were wanting both in moderation and justice. Both the one and the other uttered words that cannot be recalled.

As for their arguments, they will convince only those who have made up their minds beforehand to be convinced. Mr. Taylor said, with an eloquence that came from the heart: "That which lifts itself up from afar is the Nemesis of slavery." Yes, that Nemesis hovers over the fateful struggle which bathes in blood and tears in pieces a country only the other day so calm in outward appearance. Vainly will it be attempted, by putting forth I know not what petty questions of pounds, shillings, and pence, to mislead the world as to the real character of this drama, one of the most terrible, but also one of the most instructive, that history ever furnished as

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a spectacle to man. The South is cruelly punished for having had slaves; the North is cruelly punished for having allowed it; and Europe likewise is punished for not having repudiated slavery so far as it lay in her power, and for having proved wanting in the logic or the courage of its convictions. The lesson is a tragical one, if any ever was; and it will survive. Let him, who dare, now deny the *solidarity* of nations.

LETTER LXXIX.

LORD PALMERSTON ATTACKED BY MR. COBDEN.

August 2nd, 1862.

THE end of the Parliamentary Session was marked by a grand combat. Three renowned champions appeared in the lists—Mr. Cobden, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli. Brilliant has been this passage of arms, and it is worthy to be chronicled.

You are aware how, after the fall of the Wellington ministry and the accession of the Whigs to power, Lord Palmerston became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Since that epoch, it may be strictly said that he has figured in the ranks of the Liberal party; but he has figured there like a deserter who retains, in the camp over to which he has thought proper to pass, his ancient predilections and likings. Lord Palmerston has never ceased to be the pupil of Canning, and the mere idea of Parliamentary Reform makes him sick at heart.

There was a time, however, when he seemed resolutely bent on amendment; and when to such as reproached him with forsaking the traditions of his master, he replied by quoting that celebrated passage from one of Canning's speeches:—"They who oppose progress because it is an innovation, are in danger of being one fine day forced to accept the innovation when it has ceased to be progress." I may add, that to his alliance with the Whigs in 1830, Lord Palmerston owed the loss of his position as representative of

the University of Cambridge, a position which he had held since 1811.

In spite of all that, Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston is at the bottom of his heart a Tory—as I have frequently had occasion to tell you, if I remember rightly, and as Mr. Cobden has just said to his own face in the presence of the House of Commons.

Mr. Cobden belongs to that Liberal party of which Lord Palmerston is the official leader—and it is this which led to the attack. Mr. Cobden, in fact, is not—and how could it be expected that such a man would be?—one of those soldiers who obey orders without breathing a word, and who obey all the better for thinking less. He is quite willing to follow the captain; but on condition that the captain will take some trouble to follow his own banner.

Is that what Lord Palmerston does?

When, no very long time ago, he so rudely thrust aside the Derby Ministry, and offered to take its place, on what title did he found his candidateship for office? It was on his readiness to substitute for the Reform Bill proposed by the Conservative Cabinet a bill more comprehensive, more frank, more democratic. Has he fulfilled this condition of his accession to the Ministry? It becomes him, truly, now to pretend, as his excuse, that the country did not appear to attach much importance to this reform, and that Mr. Bright is to blame for this, who frightened people by his extravagance and compromised all! In the struggle which preceded his victory over Lord Derby's Ministry, had not Lord Palmerston Mr. Bright on his side? Did he not then openly accept him as a fellow-worker? Was he then held back by the fear of seeing him push matters to extremities? He well knew, at that time, to whom he was allied, as Mr. Disraeli reminded him with that sardonic harshness which characterises his talent. Mr. Bright is not one of those men who put their flag into their pocket. He speaks out openly; his voice serves as the ready echo to his thoughts; his frankness is as rude as his convictions are strong; having nothing to conceal, he conceals nothing, and his heart is an open book, in which those alone can be excused for not reading, who know not how to read.

If Lord Palmerston, then, has not introduced the Reform Bill he was expected to initiate, it is because the leaning of his

mind is opposed to political innovations, and that his standard is not, in reality, that of the party whose leadership has so strangely fallen to his lot.

What is the result? The Liberal party, with Lord Palmerston at its head, goes on decomposing, dwindling away, and discrediting itself. It has much to do, and does nothing. It is in power, and is actually weaker than if it were in opposition. By what measure attesting its strength has the session, which is now near its end, been signalised? Instead of advancing, the Liberal party has fallen back. If the Ballot question has not become ridiculous, it is certainly not owing to any stint of official raillery. Seven years ago there was a majority in the House of Commons against the continuance of Church Rates in a fair way of winning the battle: at the present day that majority has so completely melted away, that Mr. Disraeli talks of ascending the Capitol and returning thanks to the gods.

This is what Mr. Cobden complained of on Friday. He said rather bitterly, but very truly, that the Conservative party could have turned out the Premier if they had wished to do so; but why did they not wish it? Because they had more confidence in him than in their own leader.

What is really admirable in Lord Palmerston, is a serenity that nothing ever affects, a good humour that is never disconcerted, and a sort of joviality mildly ironical which defeats attacks by depriving them somehow of anything of a serious character, even when they are most serious. How is it possible to get into a passion, or rouse others to passion against a man who is determined not to be angry! Lord Palmerston is certainly not an orator of the first order, in the absolute sense of the word. He has neither the domineering force of Mr. Bright, nor the brilliancy and subtilty of Mr. Gladstone, nor the biting sarcasm of Mr. Disraeli, nor the argumentative vigour of Mr. Cobden. He even speaks with some hesitation, as if his thought were groping its way to the word. But what is best to be said in a given situation, and with regard to those who are listening to him, he says simply, clearly, and cheerily, like a man whose superiority can dispense with the trouble of fretting and fuming.

There lies the secret of his oratorical power. He amuses himself with the vehemence of his opponents; he smiles at their threats with a patronising benevolence; and I would be

tempted to say that his is a good-tempered eloquence. Only one instance, I believe, is cited when it lost its self-control. It was in 1826—you see it is necessary to go far back to find an example: Lord Palmerston had several times gone over the reasons which had closed the ranks of the army against a certain Colonel Bradley, without Mr. Hume consenting to accept the explanation as satisfactory—Mr. Hume being at once the most honest and the most obstinate of men. This time, Lord Palmerston lost patience so far, as to allow these violent words to escape him:—"If the honourable gentleman's understanding is obtuse, it is not my fault." But the exception proves the rule.

No one, therefore, expected on Friday to see Lord Palmerston disquieted by Mr. Cobden's declaration of war, though the latter is a sturdy jouster. In fact, to the reproaches of his assailant the imperturbable Viscount replied by a courteous expression of thanks.

Between ourselves, he had no reason to do so, with regard to the points I have above pointed out. In accusing Lord Palmerston of not belonging to the party which he undertook to lead, Mr. Cobden had too much truth on his side for an answer to be possible, and on that head no answer was attempted to be returned. But where the Minister triumphed was in his reply to the attacks directed against the disturbing and extravagant character of his policy.

No one handles facts and figures like Mr. Cobden. He proved unanswerably:

That Lord Palmerston had expended this present year upon the army, the navy, and the fortifications, eight millions sterling over and above the sum deemed sufficient three years ago;

That the Government, which in 1840 cost only £1 18*s.* 2*d.* per head, now cost £2 8*s.* 1*d.*;

That the noble lord, without any necessity, had involved the country in four successive wars, far, far away in China;

That, after having, with ruinous improvidence, squandered thirty millions sterling on the construction of wooden ships, he now threatened the country with an enormous outlay in the construction of iron ships;

That he had dispatched 8000 men to Canada, at the time of the *Trent* affair, without awaiting the reply from America,

which would have either necessitated this costly expedition, or made it superfluous;

That his policy was a sensation policy;

That his tactics consisted in continually inspiring England with fear of France, in order to have a motive for spending money, and at the same time a means of increasing his popularity;

And, finally, that he alone had cost the English people one hundred millions sterling—a considerable price, even for a man of his merit?

Well, it was for having stated all this that Lord Palmerston tendered an expression of gratitude to Mr. Cobden; and what is the most curious part of the affair is, that he had good reason to do so.

In truth, Mr. Cobden must know his own country very little, if he imagined for a single instant that he could shake Lord Palmerston's popularity by showing him to be excessively jealous of England's honour, and resolved to spare nothing to augment her power, to add to her influence, or to guarantee her safety.

What panegyric in the eyes of this nation could be equivalent to such an accusation? Lord Palmerston may be, before all, English, English at any price, English towards and against all; but is it in England that it will be imputed to him as a crime that he is too much of an Englishman? The more Mr. Cobden was right as an economist and a moralist, the more was he wrong as a political tactician. Mr. Disraeli, who prides himself on being a parliamentary strategist, felt that his ally for the moment had committed an error of judgment. He endeavoured therefore to repair the breach by declaring that, after all, Lord Palmerston had done less than his predecessors for the defence and armament of the country. He even claimed for the cabinet of which he himself had been a member the honour of having given the first impulse to the great Volunteer movement, which Lord Palmerston, on the contrary, turned into ridicule, calling it the "rifle-fever;" and he continued on the same tone. But this was refuting what Mr. Cobden had advanced; it was reproaching Lord Palmerston with not having done enough in the very matters in which Mr. Cobden reproached him with having done too much.

In short, this battle at the end of the campaign has been

very badly managed on the part of the Premier's opponents—discontented Liberals and implacable Conservatives.

If Mr. Cobden had no other object in view than to strike a blow at Lord Palmerston's popularity, he ought to have reflected that there are faults which national egotism readily converts into virtues. He ought to have remembered that when, in April, 1857, he himself, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Milner Gibson, Lord John Russell, Mr. Roebuck, and others, attacked in concert and overthrew Lord Palmerston, accusing him of having violated, with regard to the Chinese, for an interest exclusively English, the eternal laws of justice, Lord Palmerston appealed from them to the country, and won the most brilliant victory that has ever been recorded in Parliamentary annals.

But if Mr. Cobden's aim was higher, nobler, and completely foreign to the miserable small tactics of a militant or mistaken ambition, then indeed he spoke as he ought to have spoken. But even in that case he ought not to have forgotten what I look for in vain in his speech, that is, the proof that in placing England in a state of defence without regard to the expense, Lord Palmerston has not been the faithful representative of the sentiments and apprehensions of the English people. This proof Mr. Cobden did not give, simply because it was impossible that he should do so.

And here, so far as France is concerned, lies the moral of this debate. Yes, without doubt Lord Palmerston has expended, in the midst of profound peace, what might seem justifiable only in preparing for war. But while he was busied in fortifying the coasts, in renewing the navy, in manufacturing cannon, were the English people standing with their arms crossed? Were not warlike habits gaining ground in this nation of traders and workers? Did not the streets resound with the roll of the drum? Was not the management of fire-arms becoming one of the favourite pastimes of English youths? Lord Palmerston said—nor can this be denied—that his policy of warlike preparation is justified by the Volunteer movement. He fears what his country fears; he acts as his country acts; it is on his country that all the reproaches rebound which Mr. Cobden heaped upon him. And if England is wrong in distrusting France to such a point, notwithstanding the many efforts made to give her

confidence, whence comes it? It comes, as I have said more than once, and as I shall never weary of repeating, it comes from this, that France does not live under a system of publicity which would allow the English to see clearly into her intentions, sentiments, and sympathies. So long as there is not broad daylight in France, England will remain on the *qui vive!*

LETTER LXXX.

GAME LAWS IN ENGLAND.

August 3rd, 1862.

THE "Night Poaching Act" has just been voted.

When, in Luther's time, the Black Forest roused itself, and, under the leadership of the inn-keeper Metzler, the peasants of Thuringia, Franconia, and Suabia, shouted that cry which awoke such formidable echoes throughout Germany, what was the purport of the fourth of the Twelve Articles which composed the programme of the great insurrection? This fourth article was as follows: "To all belong the birds of the air, the fishes in the rivers, and the beasts in the forests; for to all, in the person of the first man, the Lord gave authority over animals." It was partly to recover this authority over animals, usurped by a few, that the peasants revolted. They took an Anabaptist for their leader, and a white cross for their banner. They killed and were killed, and Germany was flooded with blood.

In fact, how can it be denied that there is not something odious in the exclusive privilege of shooting? Because I say: "This forest is mine," am I justified in saying, "mine, too, is the deer that crosses it; mine the bird that flies overhead; mine that portion of the air which marches with the borders of this piece of land which is my property?" Must the right of possession in the soil enlarge until it becomes the monopoly of all nature? If it were possible for a limited number of persons to get possession of the celestial light, would it be

lawful for them to monopolise it, and would the world recognise their proprietorship of the sun?

I am not sure that in the minds of certain landlords in England this last question would not be answered in the affirmative; but this, at all events, is beyond a doubt, that the manner in which they understand and in general exercise their game privileges is, perhaps, of so many abuses, the one that places in boldest relief the vices of the feudal tenure of the soil.

Not that the ideas which now prevail among the English landlords on this subject are what they were when to kill a deer or one of the king's subjects were two crimes equally abominable and liable to the same punishment. After having disposed of the ancient forest laws, by virtue of which there was only one sportsman in the country—the king—civilisation has also done away with that iniquitous and barbarous legislation which reserved for the amusement of a limited number of nobles an entire class of animals and of birds, which no one, outside of the privileged class, could kill, or even have in his possession, without incurring a severe penalty. The abuses which resulted from such a state of things were so numerous and so unbearable, so many disputes and acts of violence were engendered by it, and it gave rise to so many scandals, that in 1831 it was determined to apply a remedy.

It was taking up the matter rather late, as you perceive. In France the people did not wait so long. So far back as the 7th of August, 1789, the exclusive right of shooting, already condemned on the celebrated night of the 5th of August, was abolished by the National Assembly—in this sense, at least, that the right to destroy game was recognised as belonging to every landed proprietor over his own domain, but there alone. It was not even thought necessary to respect Louis XVI.'s great passion for shooting. No scruple was felt about interfering with the *plaisirs du roi*. By the abolition of the *capitaineries*, the insupportable tyranny of the royal preserves was cut short. Finally, in the law itself, so to speak, were written these words of Mirabeau: "Every man has the right to shoot over his own field; no man has a right to shoot over his neighbour's field: this principle is sacred for the monarch as for every one else."

But England does not tread the path of progress with such

a fleet foot as France, though she treads it with a much surer one. It was, then, in 1831, under the reign of William IV., that the decision was come to in England to raise the hand against a legislation which Blackstone had branded as "establishing a little Nimrod in every manor, so far differing from the ancient forest laws which delivered the kingdom over to one powerful, but sole, hunter."

The reform consisted in this, that every individual furnished with a licence received the right of shooting over his own domain, or over his neighbour's, with the proprietor's permission. At the same time the sale of game was legalised, under certain reservations. The word "game" was defined as including hares, pheasants, partridges, heathcocks, bustards, &c. It was specified, with a view to the rearing of game, at what seasons it was forbidden to kill the different species. It was further laid down, that whosoever would kill game, in the day time, without having a proper licence, should be condemned to a fine of five shillings, and that night poaching should be punishable by simple imprisonment for the first and second offence, and by transportation for the third.

It was substituting for a very great evil one of rather smaller dimensions: that was all. Observe, in fact, what has occurred under the empire of this new legislation.

The game on the farm is supposed to belong to the farmer unless the landlord specially reserve it for himself, as almost invariably happens. And what is the result? an incalculable damage done to the cultivator by the ravages of the game. It has been stated officially, and after a formal inquiry, that the loss sustained by the cultivator of an estate in which the game is preserved, greatly exceeds the total amount of the taxes for which the estate is liable—poor-rates, county rates, church-rate, income-tax, &c. In order to indemnify the farmer for such a considerable loss, it has been calculated that a diminution of the rent to the extent of 30 per cent. would not be too much. Now, there is hardly one landlord in fifty who thinks himself bound to indemnify those whose industry is thus placed as second to his pleasures. An enormous quantity of produce destroyed, the fertility of the soil diminished, less capital applied to agriculture, less labour employed, a fatal blow struck at the prosperity of the farmer and the very existence of the labourer,—such are the disastrous conse-

quences engendered by the exercise of the absolute right of ownership when extended to the right of shooting.

It would be something if the evil stopped even there. But no. By feeding, preserving, and protecting the game in order that his lordship at his own time may have the pleasure of killing it, an irresistible temptation is offered to the greed of the poacher. And as not even a vote of Parliament is enough to make, in the opinion of the country people, the ownership of a pheasant absolutely the same sort of thing as that of a pig, or a wild animal to be of the same nature as a domestic animal, or poaching as disreputable as theft, it happens that so far from having the peasant against him, the poacher is very often a village hero. The villagers admire his pluck; they take an interest in his perils; they talk to each other of his exploits; they greet him with their sympathies in the sometimes blood-stained war he wages against the gamekeepers. Thus, the preservation of game for the pleasures of these gentlemen is not less detrimental to the morality of country people than to the progress of agriculture. Useless to add that it is a permanent cause of dissension between the landlord and the farmer, and that it tends to arm against one another two classes which cannot come into collision without the whole social system being disturbed by the shock.

But when the premises are admitted, the conclusion must be admitted too, if logical. It is in vain to pretend to escape from the natural consequences of the feudal tenure of the soil, if the principle be once accepted.

In the month of June, 1862, Lord Berners, a sportsman of high rank, conceived the idea of taking up to the House of Lords certain weapons which he deposited in the robing room, it being contrary to the regulations that any member of the House should appear armed before the Lord Chancellor.

These arms had been used by night poachers in his Lordship's county. They were frightful to behold, and Lord Berners brought them to show how they might serve to kill, not only hares and partridges, but also men.

The wages of a gamekeeper are generally twelve shillings a-week. Twelve shillings a-week to have one's head broken at the moment when it is least expected! Decidedly, it is not

enough. However, in placing before the eyes of his horrified colleagues those terrible instruments of death, Lord Berners' object was by no means to fill their Lordships with admiration of the heroism of their gamekeepers. No; his motive was simply to render more effective the following inquiry: "Is it the intention of the Government to introduce, during the present session; any measures against poaching?"

Lord Delamere declared the matter urgent. Lord Derby related, in a tone to make one shudder, the tragical history of three attacks which his gamekeepers had undergone in the short space of three years, the actors in which he himself had had to prosecute. The indignation of their Lordships was at its climax. An end must be put to this sort of thing; the rural police must be instructed to watch, in concert with the gamekeepers, over the preservation of game. Was the Government at last prepared to act, and vigorously; yes, or no?

Lord Granville answered, No; but he added, that if Lord Berners brought in a Bill touching this matter, the Government would offer no opposition. The consequence was that a Bill was introduced for the suppression of poaching at any cost. The means of which the sportsmen sitting in the Upper House bethought them, consisted in placing henceforth among the official duties of the rural police, that of looking for and arresting on the high-road whoever might be suspected of having in his possession game illegally obtained.

The law, as it then existed, was already sufficiently strict, as you shall see; it stated that, "If any one shall be found, by day or by night, having on his person game which may appear to have been recently killed, the right of effecting its seizure shall belong to the landlord, the farmer, the gamekeeper, or any other servant, whether of the landlord or the farmer."

It was this law, a veritable *loi des suspects*, that the Lords demanded to have so modified as to make every policeman an official auxiliary to their servants.

Great was the agitation caused by this unexpected pretension. The Liberals uttered cries of rage, to which the Conservatives replied by cries of fury. Respect for the rights of property! Such was the device the latter inscribed on their banners. *The Times* supported them warmly, and maintained that the question was a very simple one: it was merely to

assimilate the ownership of game to that of a house, and to write in the law: "A poacher is a thief."

But to this the Liberal party replied, that the popular sentiment protested with invincible force against this assimilation, and that all the laws in the world would be powerless. The people, from whose ranks issue poachers, gamekeepers, and policemen, insist upon believing that there is a distinction to be established between a pheasant and a barn-door fowl, between a fox and a sheep. They do not deny that it may be possible to tame pheasants, but they strenuously deny that the way to do so is to drive them into the woods in order to have the pleasure of killing them there. They find it hard to understand that from the necessity of preserving domestic and useful animals the conclusion should be drawn, that there is also a necessity for preserving for the amusement of idlers many a wild animal which devastates the crops and fills the agriculturist with despair.

In the eyes of the landlords themselves, poaching is far from having the same character, absolutely the same character, as theft. How often has it happened that the son or younger brother of a landlord was surprised in the act of shooting at a pheasant, or catching a hare in a springe! Were they repudiated by their family as thieves? At the time of the discussion in the English papers raised by the Bill to which I am alluding, the *Spectator* published a remarkable article, the writer of which said: "I remember that one day, when I was a child, a desperate battle took place, not far from my father's house, between three gamekeepers, one of whom was armed with a cutlass, and a certain Mike Preston, the most notorious poacher in the county. Mike contrived to make his escape, though seriously wounded, and not long afterwards was selected as a gamekeeper by one of the most intractable game-preservers in the neighbourhood. Mr. Walter, perhaps, will say that there is nothing like setting a thief to catch a thief. Well, then, let him engage as his butler a man who has stolen his plate, and we will acknowledge the cogency of his reasoning."

Many other and equally strong arguments were adduced by the organs of the Liberal press. They insisted upon the impossibility of marking game with a distinctive mark, like sheep or poultry; whence it results that it is almost impossible

to procure a proof of the larceny. They dwelt upon the inquisitorial character of the proposed intervention, on the acts of tyranny for which it would afford an opening, and on the danger of rendering the rural police odious to the rural population, by compelling it to interfere in the contest between the landed proprietors and the farmers. They expressed their astonishment that there should be any idea of furnishing landlords, so as better to protect their pleasures, with servants paid by the public in addition to those paid by themselves. They showed that the Bill could not pass without entailing a considerable and costly augmentation of the rural police. They asked in virtue of what principle of justice, or social interest, the legislature was called upon to impose such a tax upon the people for the preservation of animals which, independently of what they devour, damage the young trees, destroy the flowers, and lay waste the crops? They proved, while condemning and reprobating poaching, that the proposed remedy would be only one evil added to another. Useless reasonings! Idle protests! The partisans of the proposition denounced the opposition to it as factious; yes, factious. One of them, Mr. Walter, a gentleman whose relations with the *Times* constitute him a power, swore by St. Hubert that pheasants are animals essentially domestic, that know the gamekeepers, are known by them, and answer to the names which have been given to them, like horses or dogs. "Such being the case," pleasantly exclaimed the *Spectator*, "gamekeepers will have no trouble in recognising the dead bodies of their humble friends, and the examination before the magistrate will have something of the air of an inquest. Let us hope that the result will not be too much hard swearing." But where good sense armed with invective failed, good sense armed with irony was also doomed to fail. On the 22nd of July the Bill, after having been unanimously voted in the House of Lords, was discussed in Committee by the more direct representatives of the nation, in a manner calculated to remove all doubts as to the final result. Mr. Henley and Lord Stanley strongly opposed the Bill. The former demonstrated that, in facilitating the preservation of game, the Bill, so far from extinguishing poaching, would feed it. The latter adjured his colleagues not to give the people an excuse and the right to say that, at the very close of the session, and

in a time of unprecedented suffering, the members of the House of Commons had found nothing better to do than to vote a law for their own pleasures. Nothing availed. Not only was the original Bill greeted, at each division, by a triumphant majority, but the measure relative to night-poaching was extended also to day-poaching. All that it was possible for the Liberal party to obtain was the rejection of a clause which subjected to an inquisitorial inspection the books of the dealers in game. Finally, on Friday last, the Night Poaching Act, having passed its third reading, was definitively voted.

And, now, what does this prove? Two things: first, that the feudal tenure of the soil in England engenders deplorable abuses; and, secondly, that it arms the proprietors of the soil with a political power, the monopoly of which serves to perpetuate the abuses which are for their benefit.

LETTER LXXXI.

DESTITUTION IN LONDON.

August 11th, 1862.

In spite of its so much vaunted police, London has ceased to be a city which one can traverse at night, with mind at rest and the hands in the pockets. For some days past, nothing has been talked of but of men being suddenly half strangled and robbed in the streets. This is what happened about a week ago, at eleven o'clock at night, quite close to my own house; and the case might be cited of a member of the House of Commons who, only a short time since, had reason to think himself fortunate that he was not killed outright in Pall Mall, a very fashionable quarter, and, what is more to the point, exceedingly well lighted at night. Is it the Exhibition that is answerable for this revival of ugly adventures? It might be thought so, did not the provinces furnish to paragraphists their contingent of lugubrious stories. But there, also, the

slime very frequently rises to the surface. News have in succession reached us of unaccountable deaths, of mysterious crimes. Suicide, too, is on the increase.

In the newspapers "The Suicide Mania" has become a stereotyped heading! For some months past, it has fallen to the lot of Baron Lionel Rothschild to receive, day after day, letters of the most threatening character. "We must have £500. If you are of opinion that your life is worth more than a miserable sum of £500, let us know it through the newspapers. If not—a word to the wise. A. B." The chapter of misdemeanours would be a long one, were I to enter into details and omit nothing; which proves, be it parenthetically observed, that even in England one does not live in the best of possible worlds—much less elsewhere.

From crime to indigence, the transition is as natural as that from effect to cause. Now, England, which is the land of extreme wealth, is also the land of extreme poverty. I doubt if there be anywhere on the globe a spot where one is exposed to see poverty under a more hideous aspect, or in a state of more profound degradation.

I was going one day, in company with a friend, a Frenchman like myself, along that magnificent road which is bordered on one side by a row of houses that are palaces, and on the other by Kensington Park, to my thinking, the finest in the world. It was Sunday. At that hour there were few persons about, and, where we were walking, not a soul. I am wrong; for we observed at a short distance, dragging himself on in front of us, a man—was it a man? Yes, it was a man, a being who, as we are told, was made in the image of God! He was half-naked, and his feet were quite bare. He was evidently not aware that we were following him. Suddenly he stopped, his eyes fixed upon something that was there, not far from him, on the ground, in the dust. He was moving towards that something, when we overtook him.

On seeing us, he sat down on the edge of the pathway, as if he were tired, and we passed him. "Did you notice that poor wretch with the haggard countenance?" asked my friend. "Yes," I replied, "it is the spectre of hunger."—"Do you know why he stopped?"—"Why?"—"He stopped to pick

up and eat a piece of orange peel."—"Nonsense!"—"You shall see." We turned sharp round. My friend was right. You guess the rest.

"A beggar's comedy!" will, perhaps, be the exclamation of people who think themselves strong-minded. And if it were so? What a state must that be which could force a human being to act such a comedy, under such circumstances, with the frame of a skeleton and a face—that face will never fade from my memory; I see it now.

Nor is this, one of those exceptional cases the import of which may well be questioned. Of course, such encounters are rare in the handsome and wealthy quarters of the town. But to surprise want in its squalid undress, it is by no means necessary to beat it up in its lowest haunts. At certain periods of the year it takes care to come before you, as if in a hurry to meet your eye.

In one of my preceding letters I related how, one fine day, the American banker, Mr. George Peabody, wrote to the American Minister, to Lord Stanley, and other distinguished personages, that, Providence having blessed his labours, he had acquired a fortune which enabled him to place at the disposal of the poor a sum of £150,000. Precisely at that date a letter appeared in the *Times*, stating a fact which was not in itself extraordinary, but which, from the manner in which it was presented, did not fail to give rise to lively comments. An Australian, fresh landed, met in the city a little girl beautiful as an angel, who was walking with bare feet, shedding hot tears, and shivering in her rags; for it was still winter, and the morning was as cold as ice. The Australian, on questioning the child, learnt from her that she was an orphan, and after giving her a few halfpence he was going away, sad at heart, when he perceived a policeman. He ran up to him and pointed to the girl. The policeman smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and, without answering a word, directed the attention of the compassionate stranger to half-a-dozen little girls, not so pretty, perhaps, as the first one, but who, like her, were in rags, and shivered, and wept. On returning to his lodgings, the Australian lost no time in writing a letter to the *Times*, expressing his astonishment that such abject misery elbowed such opulence, and asking why means were not taken to send these unfortunate creatures to the country

from which he had lately come, and where there was abundance wherewith both to feed and to clothe them.

The reply appeared on the morrow, signed "W. D. B." W. D. B., a man of a noble heart, and well known in the philanthropic world for having proposed the substitution of a metropolitan poor's-rate for the different local rates,—W. D. B. roundly rated the Australian for the few coppers he had given to the little girl, telling him that, in all probability, a few paces distant, at the door of a public-house, there was lounging about some abominable blackguard waiting for the alms which he intended to convert into gin. And W. D. B. was right, horribly right. The infamous industry he denounced, exists, prospers, and enjoys the advantages of free trade. Only, it has need of winter, bad weather, rain, mud, and frost. Then, indeed, the poor little slaves whom their tyrants drive into the streets cannot avoid suffering very cruelly, which enables them to act like nature the comedy of destitution, and consequently to catch simpletons in the net of pity. But what! must we have a heart of brass? Is it necessary that whenever a sweet, shivering angel, clad in rags, looks at you imploringly, you should bear in mind the rogue who swallows the glass of gin? Must we fear to become the accomplice of the tyrant as soon as we are touched with the tears of the victim? Are alms to be prohibited as if they were a crime?

Yes, all that is absolutely necessary! Things have come to that point, in our so-much-vaunted civilisation, that pity, holy pity, is a sentimental folly, and the act it inspires well-nigh culpable! Is there no remedy, then, for this frightful evil? Nobody seems seriously to ask himself if there be, or be not, one, or where it is to be looked for. The practice is, to *let alone*.

And yet destitution does not exclusively concern the destitute. People may deny as long as they please the oneness of human interests, but it is asserted from time to time by facts peremptory enough to constitute a formal demonstration. Do you know what we learn from Dr. Letheby's last report? It teaches us that the chief disease of the three months which have just elapsed has been fever; that the number of deaths caused by fever during this last quarter rose from twenty-five to fifty-three; that it is brought into London by persons

without fixed residence, vagrants; and, strange to say, that the scourge which has come on the wings of poverty has raged more fatally among the wealthy than among the impoverished classes.

Now, when I say this, do not suppose that I wish to bring an accusation against England. Assuredly if it sufficed for a people, in order to be free from this double disease, to be humane and charitable, no people in the world would be found in a better moral position than the English. For it is not humanity, it is not charity, that is here deficient. Far from it. How many acts of beneficence are performed under the veil of secresy! How many hospitals founded and supported by voluntary contributions! What sums of money spent for praiseworthy purposes! But that is not the question. It is of no use to try to do away with the *consequences*. What is required is courage to hunt out the *causes*; and that courage is wanting. What good is there in recurring to palliatives where remedies are called for? Impossible to imagine anything more barren, in this respect, than the Parliamentary Session which has just closed. It is true that much attention was paid to the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac!*

LETTER LXXXII.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND, WITH REFERENCE TO THE QUESTION OF CHURCH-RATES.

August 18th, 1862.

At the moment when the situation of Italy forcibly places before an attentive world the important question of a "Free Church in a Free State," you will, perhaps, not think it inappropriate if I briefly explain what is the nature of the union between Church and State in England.

In a former letter I pointed out as one of the characteristic incidents of the last session of Parliament the rejection of Sir John Trelawny's proposition, tending to the pure and simple abolition of church-rates; that is, of the parochial taxes the product of which is specially devoted to the maintenance of churches.

In reality, the question was a very simple matter, at least in appearance. The point was merely to decide if it be just, yes or no, that a considerable portion of the community should be constrained to contribute their money for the support of churches to which they do not care at all to go, to which they do not go, and in which worship is performed in a manner not their own, which some of them, rightly or wrongly, esteem dangerous.

It must also be added, that the law relative to the payment of church-rates, though the same for all England for centuries past, is not, and never has been, but partially observed. Its execution depends on the votes of the majority at each meeting of the vestry. There are many parishes where the majority will not assent to the tax, and there are others where the minority refuses to submit to it, unless by force. It is, therefore, practically, a law which is no law for one half of England. Moreover, the penalty attached to the refusal consists of an ecclesiastical censure, which is equivalent to impunity, almost; so that, in fact, a number of parishes pay no attention whatever to it. In large towns there is very little question of the obligatory payment of church-rates, and still less so in the metropolis. I know something about this from my own experience; for in the list of my taxes, the article "church-rates" is inserted merely as an entry.

If we now venture upon an examination of the matter in dispute, we shall be led to ask ourselves with astonishment how there can be two opinions on the subject. When a man has his own fashion of praying to the Deity, which he thinks the best, it is strange that any one should attempt to constrain him to loosen his purse-strings in order to assist his neighbour to pray in a different manner.

And mark this,—wherever reliance is placed on the agency of church-rates to keep churches in repair, they are always in a pitiable condition,—damp, dark, badly ventilated, and presenting, as Sir John Trelawny happily observed, an aspect as lugubrious as is the tone of voice with which the majority of preachers announce to their flock the "glad tidings." It is a fact, so undoubted, so universally recognised, that where the inhabitants of a parish are ashamed of having a shabby looking church, they excuse themselves by saying; "Ours is only a church-rate church."

For such a result, is it worth the trouble of seeming to be, nay, of being, unjust?

What so great interest, then, can the Established Church of England have in thus exciting public feeling against herself, by appearing to desire to thrust her hands by force into people's pockets? What does she hope to gain in consideration, in influence, in moral authority? That every inhabitant should have been bound to contribute to the maintenance of the church in his own parish, at an epoch when nobody would have dared to profess opinions contrary to those of the Established Church, is conceivable; but it is not easy to understand how this obligation has survived the Act of Parliament which, under William and Mary, sanctioned every man's right to worship the Deity according to the inspiration of his own conscience. If there be one logical conclusion to be drawn from the famous Act of Toleration, it is, assuredly, that the system of church-rates ought to be abolished as quickly as possible, and replaced by that of voluntary contributions.

But the question is not thus understood by the Conservatives of the true school; by Sir John Pakington and Mr. Disraeli, for example. Only feign to question the popularity, the vitality, the strength of the Established Church, and their faces flush with the purple hue of indignation. But if you draw from this popularity, this vitality, this strength of the Established Church, the natural conclusion, that voluntary offerings cannot fail her, they will answer you as if the Established Church of England had no other life than what was given to her by law; as if she were doomed to die of starvation on the day when she would no longer be authorised to seize the passer-by by the collar; as if her existence, in short, reposed on the obligatory and threatening character with which vestry resolutions are endowed.

You see, now, to what is reduced this question of church-rates, which, brought forward for the first time in 1834, has never since ceased to agitate the religious world in this country, which has given rise to the introduction of twenty-three different Bills, which has furnished matter for upwards of a hundred parliamentary discussions, which has been again and again taken into consideration by the House of Commons, again and again rejected by the House of Lords, and which is not yet set at rest.

How can we doubt the importance attached to it by all parties, when we reflect that there is no sort of compromise which has not been imagined to evade the difficulty? First of all, it was proposed to exempt Dissenters from the tax, on condition that they should allege their dissent as the ground for their exception; but to that it was objected that many would feel an invincible repugnance to being labelled as scabby sheep. It was then suggested that every one who wished to free himself from the tax should be allowed the right to do so without assigning any reason. Then came Sir G. C. Lewis, who enunciated the idea of substituting for church-rates a tax levied on the seats occupied in a church by the faithful; a sure means, according to Sir George, of reaching only those whom it was proper to reach, while avoiding all scandal of classifications. But to each new scheme new objections were made, and the question does not seem further advanced to-day than it was twenty-eight years ago.

Is not this a strange history? And may it not be that behind this question of church-rates, so simple at first sight as to seem ridiculous, a far more important one is lying concealed,—that of the separation of Church and State?

Some little time ago, at a semi-ecclesiastical meeting held at Aylesbury, with the Bishop of Oxford in the chair, Mr. Disraeli exclaimed:—

"How can it be denied that in this country the union of Church and State is menaced and attacked? It is attacked in the most exalted place in the realm, in Parliament; it is menaced in an assembly in which the power of the Church would be irresistible, if churchmen would combine together. How many Bills were there introduced in the last session of Parliament, all, under different forms, having one sole end in view—to undermine the Church and the most precious privileges of churchmen! Our mode of distributing charities is called in question; our cemeteries are threatened with invasion; our adversaries aim at changing our marriage law, at 'facilitating' our public worship, as they pretend, and at despoiling of its national character the sacred constitution of our Church. As to church-rates, my opinion is well known. I believe that their complete, unconditional abolition would be a terrible blow struck at the alliance between Church and

State, and that under no possible or imaginable circumstances should such a concession be made."

Here the importance attached by the Conservative party to the maintenance of church-rates is explained with all desirable precision. Only, let there be no mistake in the matter. What Mr. Disraeli is pleased to call the union of Church and State signifies nothing else than the support accorded to the Tory party by the Established Church of England. Of these two forms of alliance, the latter alone is in force; as for the former, it no longer exists, strictly speaking, save in theory, at least if by the word alliance is meant an offensive and defensive union.

The time has passed, indeed, in England when Queen Anne could not venture outside of her palace without seeing her carriage immediately surrounded by an excited mob, crying at the top of their voice: "We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell and the Church!" Pious executions in Smithfield are no longer in fashion. There is no more talk of roasting anybody for the love of Heaven. If we go back to the reign of William III., and call to mind the interminable religious disputes which took place in Parliament on the subject of the "Toleration Bill," the "Comprehension Bill," the division of the clergy into High Church and Low Church, the oath of allegiance and supremacy, &c., &c., it really seems as if at that period the House of Commons must have been composed of churchmen. But that is now ancient history, very ancient. The House of Commons, such as it has become through process of time, has learned to trouble itself very little about theology. It asks of Ministers, not to what sect they belong, but what are their ideas as to the best means of improving the administration and balancing the budget. It has no desire to explain the Thirty-nine Articles. To trace the exact line of demarcation that ought to exist between orthodoxy and heterodoxy is the smallest of its cares. It occupies itself with its own business, and leaves the clergy to mind theirs. Profane tendencies these! Their development is naturally watched by men of Mr. Disraeli's stamp with disquietude. But what is to be done? The torrent flows in that direction.

"Combine, combine!" cries Mr. Disraeli to the churchmen, "and you will still hold the wall." The advice would, cer-

tainly, be most judicious, if, to be followed, it needed only to be given. Unfortunately, or rather, fortunately, the clergy in England are not constituted so skilfully as in France with regard to unity. There is no Pope at their head. They have no centre from which radiate all the threads forming the tissue of their hierarchy. They do not start from that absolute principle of exclusivism from which Catholicism derives so large a portion of its power of cohesion. Thus, whatever be their influence on education and that which is secured by the religious habits of the English people, there is no fear of their hereafter usurping power over the State, even if that perfect understanding which is recommended to them were less difficult to realise. The Catholic clergy are an army, a veritable army, possessed of what constitutes the force of an army—unity of leadership, and discipline. It is this which renders them, as regards the State, an embarrassment and a danger. The Protestant clergy, happily for themselves and for all, cannot reasonably pretend to such excessive honour. Protestantism, do what it may, cannot escape from the impotence to which it is confined by the very logic of its principle —freedom of search. It has been untrue to its origin, it has aimed at intolerance, it has affected despotic airs; but all that could only last for a time, because it is impossible that a principle should not, sooner or later, bring forth the consequences it envelops.

Indeed, this is proved by what is now passing in England. Who could have thought that the day would ever come when in this country the Bible would be laid open by the most learned men, the most famous and respected among the active members of the Established Church, to commentaries embued with all the audacity of modern German criticism? It is true that the spirit of persecution has been brought into play; that the cry, "The Church is in danger!" has been raised by the Bishop of Salisbury; that the jurisdiction of the Arches Court has been invoked against all the heretics of the "Essays and Reviews," and that their book has been tabooed. But what has been the result of the anathemas fulminated on this occasion against freedom of search? When the *Trent* was stopped by Captain Wilkes, the captain of the English vessel was reading a book on deck: it was the "Essays and Reviews." The fact is, that never was this audacious criticism

of the Bible by theologians commissioned to teach it, so eagerly devoured as since their excommunication. And it is not only laymen who have been moved by it. Several members of the clergy—a thing worthy of note—have already given the example of men who prefer to throw up their livings to renouncing their right to freedom of thought.

Mr. Davidson, the highest theological authority among the Independents, has entered so warmly upon the path opened by the ringleaders of heresy, that he has passed beyond them. Listen to the peremptory terms in which he rejects the necessity of inspiration in the teaching of religious truths. "These truths," he says, "have a value quite independent of him who enunciates them. What matter whether it was Moses, or any one else, who composed the Pentateuch? Do those who admire the poetic beauties of the 'Iliad,' only do so on condition of being satisfied on the historic question of the identity of Homer?"

I could mention many other instances, all characteristic of the movement to be noticed here in the domain of religious ideas. It shows that Protestantism is wedded to liberty by the very force of its own principle. Having started from freedom of search, it no longer rests with itself not to return to freedom of search; and it is its glory not to possess the constituent qualities of tyranny.

LETTER LXXXIII.

WILLIAM ROUPELL.

August 23rd, 1862.

THE eyes of England, as those of the whole world, are at this moment fixed upon the Italian drama, and I shall take care not to leave you in ignorance of the aspect under which it appears to the English people. But, on one hand, I shall always have time to communicate to you my ideas on this subject,—the problem of the destinies of Italy, alas! not yet being near to its solution; and, on the other hand, your paper contains every day so many details on this department of

human affairs, that your readers, perhaps, will not be displeased with me if I present to their curiosity fresh aliment in giving them a report of a trial which has shared with Garibaldi's movements the honour of keeping the English public in good wind.

If you had cast your eyes, a short time ago, over the list of the parliamentary notabilities of this country, you would have found, among other names more or less celebrated, that of William Roupell.

This William Roupell was the son of a man who had acquired by trade a considerable fortune; and, like all new men, he had no sooner entered into the world than he burned to make a figure in it. He set to work to live in great style; he kept his horses and lackeys; there was not a single fashionable club at the door of which his livery was not seen; in every circle of society to which wealth gives access, he was welcomed and made much of. I have read, I know not where, that when the exquisites of Belgravia condescended to play with him for heavy stakes, it was only after the manner of that Scotch lord of whom Sir Walter Scott speaks, who, for want of better, played on the threshold of his house with the first beggar who turned up; possibly so, but what does it matter? The main point with him was, that he was received in Belgravia, and Belgravia, in receiving him, gave him a title to be a man of fashion. He was ambitious to be a member of Parliament, and he became one. As he piqued himself on his liberalism, was an advocate of the ballot, declared himself opposed to church-rates, and promised to vote, when the time came, in favour of extension of the franchise, the good people of Lambeth, that is, of one of the most populous and democratic districts of London, could not contain themselves for joy when Mr. William Roupell consented to be their representative. In short, for some few years he found himself enjoying all the happiness which, in the best of all possible worlds, is attached to the possession of a handsome income.

If it be true, as Mr. Disraeli once remarked, that a man who has £8000 a year in Consols, without any family to bring up, or a country house to keep up, possesses Aladdin's lamp, that marvellous lamp had fallen to the lot of William Roupell, and, one would think, he might have been satisfied.

But no: there are men whose wants resemble the tub of the Danaïdæ, and William Roupell was one of those. It therefore came to pass that one day his resources were exhausted, and he himself fled into Spain.

There, in the serenity of his retirement, he discovered that he had a conscience. He reflected that all this immense fortune which he had dissipated did not belong to him; that he had only contrived to get possession of it by a frightful series of thefts and forgeries, by deceiving his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, by forging deeds of gift and mortgaging estates on the security of forged title deeds, by forging a will, by counterfeiting signatures, by ruining his family. Thereupon he took a decisive step, left his asylum, and, at the moment of my writing these lines, the unexpected revelations which he has made, without being in any way compelled to do so, except by remorse, are the principal topic of conversation in the law courts and in society. Few novels are so good as this true story.

William Roupell's father having been induced by the opposition of his family to maintain an illicit intercourse with a woman whom he wished to marry, had by this woman several children, of whom William was the second. At a later period he established, by a marriage in due form, the position of her whom he loved, and had by her another child named Richard. According to the English law, which does not recognise the legitimation by a subsequent marriage of the children born previous to wedlock—in which respect the English law differs widely from the Roman law, the French law, and even the Scotch law—Richard was the sole legitimate child of the family, and consequently heir-at-law.

Was William Roupell haunted from that moment by the idea that his father, at his death, would follow the law of instincts and habits so much respected by the English, and leave the whole of his fortune to his legitimate son? It is probable. Now, the matter at stake was not a property of insignificant value—the fortune in question amounting to at least £200,000. William Roupell yielded to the suggestions of the tempter, and resolved to baffle what he believed to be his father's intentions. It so happened that William Roupell, being a man of an enterprising character, of great shrewdness, and a thorough man of business, had early secured the

paternal confidence, which grew, indeed, blind to excess and almost unlimited. This is the use he made of it: he contrived to persuade his father to buy landed property, the titles of which he forged, and he appropriated to himself the money. Afterwards, under one pretext or another, he obtained possession of the title deeds of an estate at Kingston, copied them; returned to his father, who did not look at them very closely, the copies instead of the originals, forged a deed of gift by which the ownership of the said property appeared to be made over to him, and, once provided with this deed, which was backed by the original titles remaining in his hands, he first of all mortgaged the estate and then sold it, making his father believe all this time that it was let, and keeping him in this delusion by the regular receipt of the rent, which he took care to pay him. If the latter had devoted one minute's, only one minute's attention to his affairs, the fraud must have been detected; but the father's confidence equalled his son's audacity; and this explains the mystery of the success which crowned such coarsely executed robberies.

In September, 1856, Roupell senior, feeling his end was at hand, begged his son to alter a will that he had already made, so as to secure the future of the various members of the family in the revenue of a certain estate confided to trustees appointed *ad hoc*. This estate happened to be the very one which William Roupell had fraudulently appropriated. He was seized with terror. The trustees would inevitably discover the fraud. How could it be otherwise? William Roupell had only one means of averting the danger, and that was by inducing his father to put off the intended alteration. He succeeded, and a few days afterwards the old man ceased to live.

By the terms of the will, as it was originally drawn up, and as it had remained, the alteration desired by the father not having been made, the entire property belonged to Richard, the legitimate son. This will William Roupell contrived to steal, and he forged another, at the foot of which he affixed his own signature, and the counterfeited signature of an old dependant ninety years of age, as witnesses to the signature, admirably counterfeited, of his father. He then went to his mother and said: "My father, not wishing to proclaim in a public deed the illegitimacy of several of his children, thought it best to leave

his entire fortune to yourself, confiding to your tenderness the duty of giving to each his fair share when the moment comes." This time, the fraud was well contrived. William Roupell thereby turned aside all suspicion from himself, and as he exercised supreme influence over the mind of his mother, he lost nothing in giving her the nominal possession of a fortune of which he perfectly knew he himself would have the real enjoyment. He had not even to fear the glance of the brother whom he was robbing, for the latter was still a minor. It was thus he set himself to work to shine in the world. The rest I have related at the commencement of my letter.

What is most extraordinary in this history is, that it had no other historian than its own hero. But see how strange the whole affair is. His very repentance proves a robbery. He robbed his own family by his forgeries, and by confessing these, he robs those who had the misfortune to do business with him, under the impression he was an honest man.

I could draw many useful lessons from all this, were I in a humour to moralise. Besides, there is no need for it. The teaching is but too clear. Mr. William Roupell got himself elected member of Parliament, because he had enough to pay handsomely for puffs and pots of ale.

LETTER LXXXIV.

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN AND THE ENGLISH LAW.

August 24th, 1862.

"Art. 331 of the Civil Code:—

"Children born out of wedlock, other than those born of an adulterous or incestuous intercourse, can be legitimated by the subsequent marriage of their father and mother, provided these shall have acknowledged them before their marriage, or shall acknowledge them in the very deed of celebration."

"Art. 333: Children legitimated by the subsequent mar-

riage shall have the same rights as if they were the issue of that marriage."

What a pity it is that English legislation has not been inspired by the spirit which dictated these two articles of our Civil Code! Had it been so, the whole town of London would not at this moment be taken up with the most lamentable, and at the same time the most extraordinary incident that ever arose out of the position made for natural children in this country.

A few days ago a man in the prime of life, endowed with a quick intelligence, who once possessed an immense fortune, who was received and welcomed in high social circles, who quite recently had a seat in the English Parliament, and who represented in it one of the most considerable electoral divisions of the capital—this man was brought up at the Guildford Assizes, without, it may be said, any other accuser than his own conscience, for his conscience alone led him there:—

"I am a thief, I am a forger. I robbed my father during his lifetime. I deceived him when he was on his death-bed. I stole his will, which I destroyed, and I made another by counterfeiting. This counterfeit enabled me to mortgage lands that did not belong to me, and which I knew did not belong to me. To save my mother and brother from a ruin which is my work, this declaration is necessary, and I therefore make it. After the exhaustion of my resources, I had gained a sure refuge. Nothing compelled me to leave it, save the remorse which followed me there; and here I am. I could have concealed my life from the world, if I could have concealed it from myself. That is why I am here."

Such, if not the language literally used by William Roupell, is at least the sense of his words, combined with the significance of the wholly voluntary, wholly spontaneous step, by which he placed himself within the reach of opprobrium and punishment.

In the presence of a wonder-struck and excited audience, in the presence of his own brother, who gazed at and listened to him with painful anxiety, only a few paces from his mother, whose heart was a prey to a thousand tortures, this unhappy wretch was there, detailing the story of his crimes, concealing nothing, forgetting nothing, taking the same trouble to accuse himself that ordinary criminals

take for their defence, fearing not to be believed on his word, invoking the sanctity of his oath, and struggling with a sort of frightful heroism against the agony of his own soul—an agony revealed from time to time, in spite of himself, by the convulsive pressure of his fingers on the front of the dock, by the contraction of his features, and by his long pauses, more tragic even than his confessions.

In a few words the following is the story of this trial—one worthy in many respects of being placed on the list of celebrated trials.

One Richard Palmer Roupell, after amassing a very considerable fortune, desired to marry the woman of his choice. His family being opposed to the marriage, he adopted the alternative of living with this woman in a state of illicit intercourse, and had by her several children, among whom was William, the hero of this sad history. Subsequently, the obstacles which had prevented Palmer Roupell's lawful union with the woman he loved having disappeared, the marriage took place, and of that marriage was born a child named Richard.

Now, according to the English law, all the children born before wedlock are reputed bastards; they cannot be legitimated; they are also as incapable of inheriting, happen what may, as if their father and mother never were married; and if they have brothers born after the marriage, the latter alone are called upon to succeed, being alone recognised by law as legitimate. In this respect the English law has always been opposed both to the Roman Civil Law and to the Canon Law, both of which agree to declare legitimate, by the simple fact of the subsequent marriage of the parents, the children born before wedlock.

This provision was introduced into the Civil Law by Constantine, and confirmed by Justinian; it was introduced into the Canon Law by Alexander III. in 1160. The spirit which dictated it is the same that has prevailed not only in France, but in Scotland. In England, on the contrary, the legitimation of natural children has always been refused, notwithstanding many efforts made to procure its admission. When in the Parliament of Merton, under Henry III., the formal proposition was made by the clergy, the unanimous answer of the earls and barons was, that they would not change the laws

of England: *Quod nolunt leges Angliæ mutare, quæ hucusque usitatæ sunt et approbatæ.*

Thus, the heir given to Palmer Roupell by the law was Richard. In the case before us, terrible have been the consequences of the principle; and it is what no English paper has alluded to, though therein lies the whole moral of the affair. William Roupell happened to be a man of intelligence, of an active mind, and of a conscience devoid of scruples. In him were concentred the affections of his parents. But the special favour with which he was viewed in the family failing to satisfy him as to the results of the eventual death of his father, he conceived the idea of securing to himself a share by means of a forgery. He fabricated a deed of gift which transferred to himself the proprietorship of Roupell Park, and he mortgaged this estate for the sum of £70,000. Let him speak for himself:—

"A few days before his death my father said to me, in the presence of my mother: 'Come, I must put aside all considerations of delicacy, and decide upon what is to be done.' He then led me into his room."—(Here the witness's voice trembled; he stopped, overcome by an emotion which he had till then made visible efforts to subdue; his hand closed convulsively, he bent down his head, and was unable to resume until after a long pause).—"My father led me into his room, opened his bureau, took out his will, to which a codicil was attached, and told me to write another from his dictation. He then informed me that he had at first thought of dividing the property between my mother, my brothers, and my sisters; but that he had since reflected that the property would be in danger of being badly managed, and that, consequently, he had resolved, knowing my ability as a man of business, to leave me the entire property, burdened with the condition that I should pay over to the different members of the family, for the Roupell Park estate, an annual rental of £3000. At these words I stopped him, pointing out to him that he was too feeble to occupy himself with such details; that it was at that moment very late; that the witnesses required to attest the will were not there, and that it was better not to alter the will. My motive for cutting him short was, that my father having chosen as the estate on which the rental was to be secured the very one of which I had fraudulently taken pos-

session, the codicil would have brought about the discovery of the forgery I had committed."

The father died, and scarcely had he closed his eyes when William Roupell ran to the drawer in which the will was kept, and of which he had secreted the key. He seized upon the deed, destroyed it, and fabricated another, to which he affixed his own signature and the signature, skilfully counterfeited, of an old servant, after, of course, counterfeiting the signature of his father. By this forgery, he made the entire property pass into the hands of his mother, whom he knew to be blindly subjected to his influence, and whom he would have no difficulty in persuading to do whatever he pleased. He told her that his father had felt an invincible repugnance to establish, in a public document, a distinction between such of his children as were legitimate, and those who were not, and that for this reason he had decided upon leaving his fortune to herself, being quite sure that it would be easy hereafter to proceed to an equitable distribution without the world knowing anything about it.

Matters being thus understood, William Roupell disposed with a high hand, under his mother's name and through the ascendancy he exercised over her, of a fortune that did not belong to him. He heaped mortgages upon mortgages, sales upon sales, forgeries upon forgeries. And during all that time he lived in grand style, dazzled by his magnificence the district he inhabited, obtained the votes of the electors of Lambeth, and became in Parliament one of the representatives of London. Unfortunately, however large were the resources of which he disposed, they proved unequal to the requirements and follies of a disorderly life. It ended in an abyss opening beneath his feet. He was obliged to flee, obliged to hide himself; he disappeared. I have already mentioned by what irresistible and avenging power he was torn from his asylum, and compelled to come and denounce himself.

It is impossible to imagine anything more strange than the trial at which were made the revelations of which I have laid before you a very abridged summary. On one side was a man who had purchased at an auction an estate offered for sale in consequence of a mortgage, and valued at £7000. On the other side was Richard Roupell, who claimed this estate as heir-at-law to Palmer Roupell, and asserted that neither

the mortgage, nor the sale, had been or could have been valid. To enable the latter to gain his cause it was necessary that William, his own brother, should prove the forgery of which he had been guilty. And it was to establish the fact of this crime that all the efforts of the criminal himself were exerted, while, on the contrary, the counsel for the *bonâ fide* purchaser exhausted all the arts of his profession to cast doubts upon the veracity of the principal witness. To sum it up, the dialogue between William Roupell and the counsel for the party opposed to his brother Richard, was to the following purport:—

"I am a forger." "How do you prove it?" "The proofs? here they are." "It is not possible, for such and such reasons." "Not only is it possible, but it is so." "I do not believe it." "I swear to it."

In what other trial were the parts ever inverted in such an extraordinary manner? What other case could be mentioned of a man displaying such an implacable eagerness to commit suicide? But, you will ask, what has been the result? The result has been that a compromise was effected between V. Waite, the defendant, and Richard Roupell, the plaintiff. I am wrong: that cannot be the end of it. The forgeries confessed by William Roupell are so numerous, so numerous are the transactions which his confessions render null and void, that it remains to be seen what will become of these transactions, which amount to enormous sums, and endanger the rights of a crowd of interested persons.

As for William Roupell, he is in the hands of justice on a charge of forgery. His punishment is certain; it will be terrible; and he was aware of it when he came to confront it.

Now, what are the social conclusions to be drawn from this hideous drama? I cannot, for my part, help seeing in it the condemnation of the English law touching the condition of natural children. No doubt William Roupell was of a perverse nature. The effect, however, that remorse produced upon his heart goes far to show that his disposition was not irrevocably corrupt, and might perhaps have escaped such deep stains in circumstances less abnormal, less calculated to germinate criminal thoughts. Forgery has been his way of protesting—a horrible and shameful protest—against the law, harsh to excess and apparently unjust, which had disinherited

him. I will grant all they can ask for to the moralists of the *Times*, when they insist that there are serious inconveniences and serious perils at the bottom of every illicit relation; but I am sure that this conclusion is not the only one suggested by the strange affair now under notice.

I am aware that the Athenians treated illegitimate children with extreme rigour; that the laws of Solon refused them the privileges of citizenship; and that Pericles went so far as to order 5000 of them to be sold as slaves. But that appears to me simply abominable, and I cannot conceive that it can ever be just to punish a child for a fault committed by his father. And even at Athens the cruel law to which I have alluded was too feeble to resist the influence of powerful citizens, when they were personally interested in setting it aside; so much so, that Pericles himself did not scruple to make it give way in favour of the child he had by Aspasia. It is needless to remind you that among the Romans, the Goths, and the Franks, natural children were allowed to inherit their father's goods. And it certainly never entered the head of nations of the Latin race that bastardy was a disgrace. Did not the famous Dunois, in his letters, take the title of *Bâtard d'Orléans?* Did the illegitimacy of Henri de Transtamare prevent him from succeeding to the crown of Spain? Did the Duc de Vendôme, the Duc de Berwick, and Marshal de Saxe, three of the greatest captains of France, so fruitful in great captains, lose anything by being illegitimate sons?

It is worthy of remark that those nobles of England who, in the Parliament of Merton, so haughtily rejected the idea of the legitimation of natural children, *per subsequens matrimonium*, dated, after all, at least to a great degree, from the conquest of England by William, natural son of Robert I., Duke of Normandy, and of Arlette, whose father was a furrier of Falaise. Now, not only did William inherit the domains of Robert I., but he loved to style himself *Willelmus, cognomento Batardus.*

Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, declares the English law, so far as it concerns natural children, very superior to the Roman law. With every respect for the memory of that learned man, the arguments which he adduces in support of his opinion, are worthless. He says, for example, that the right of legitimation is apt to divert people from the matri-

monial condition, to which one is attracted, he asserts, not only by the desire of having children, but by that of having lawful heirs. Is it not easy to prove more satisfactorily the contrary of what he wishes to prove? How was it that Blackstone did not perceive that, even from the point of view he takes up, legitimation by subsequent marriage creates for him who maintains an illicit intercourse an additional motive for escaping from it? The Scotch lawyers in this respect are far more logical than Blackstone.

Strange to say! The English law, opposed as it is to legitimation by subsequent marriage, is so sensible of the necessity of making allowance for human weakness, and of giving encouragement for the reparation of an error committed, that it admits, in certain cases, the legitimacy of a child born after wedlock, though evidently, certainly, incontestably, the fruit of illicit intercourse. For example, a child is considered as legitimate if born the day after the marriage, Nay, the law declares legitimate the child born three days after the marriage of a man who weds a woman with child by another man. These are conventional artifices which illustrate the genius of the English people. Franco-Gallic logic could not accommodate itself to such contradictions and compromises. The French law starts from the principle, that it is unjust that a father should have no means of saving his children, his innocent children, from the punishment due to his own faults.

LETTER LXXXV.

ASPROMONTE: EFFECT PRODUCED IN ENGLAND BY THIS NEWS.

September 4th, 1862.

On Saturday evening I happened to be in a house in which were assembled Englishmen belonging to various shades of political opinion, when the door was suddenly opened, and a message announced as coming from Rothschild's house. This news fell in the midst of us like a thunderbolt: "Garibaldi is vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner."

There was a moment of silence, but looks were expressive.

Garibaldi falling beneath a Piedmontese ball, after giving Italy to Piedmont! Garibaldi treated as a rebel in the country which thrills on merely hearing his name pronounced, and through which he could not pass, only yesterday, without drawing all hearts after him! Garibaldi dragged, covered with blood, to a fortress destined for criminals, and that in the name and by the orders of a prince on whom he had conferred two kingdoms! Before such a picture, who could fail to be moved to the very bottom of his heart?

If you have read the article with which the *Times* was inspired by these disastrous events, do not suppose that that article expresses the sentiments of the English at large; if you do, you calumniate them. The *Times* is thought to represent public opinion in this country. Sometimes it does represent it, sometimes it makes it; but frequently, after having in vain attempted to guide it, the *leading* paper lays down its arms, denies on the morrow what it affirmed on the day before, burns what it had worshipped, adores what it had burnt, and recovers, by the audacious humility of its sudden tergiversation, its empire for an instant in jeopardy.

For the present the *Times* scandalises with the flourish of its braying trumpets all who are afflicted by the mournful victory which Italy has gained against herself; but a few days hence, perhaps, when better instructed as to the real state of men's minds, the *Times* will wear mourning for the great warrior whose defeat it celebrates to-day.

No, no: England has not so far divorced herself from all sentiments of generosity and straightforward dealing as to "rejoice" over the discomfiture of a man, the victim of a magnanimous error, who will remain the honour of his country and his age. Read the London papers, from the *Daily News* to the *Morning Herald*, from the *Morning Advertiser* to the *Morning Star*, and you will see if the sentiment they reflect is one of "satisfaction." Never, I venture to affirm, did a great people more keenly feel for the fall of a great man. This people will never believe, after the manner of the *Times*, that Garibaldi out of pure heedlessness plunged his country into the horrors of civil war, solely because his opinion differed on such or such a point from that of the prime minister.

One is really amazed at the audacity with which serious men thus try to diminish the importance of the question at issue, in order to falsify history. Garibaldi desires the unity of Italy, because he feels that if Italy be not ONE, she is nothing; and he desires the unity of Italy for the Government against the Government, for the king against the king. What is really new, unheard-of, and profoundly mournful in this tragedy is, that Garibaldi has been hunted down, hemmed in, and laid low by those whose cause he had espoused with indefatigable heroism; by those for whose benefit he burned to consummate what he had commenced; by those for the sake of whose power he had consented to sacrifice even the peaceful enjoyment of a splendid reputation. For whom did he demand Rome? Was it for himself? As the *Morning Star* observes, he did not take up arms against his country, like Coriolanus; he had no idea of unmaking a king whom he had made, like Warwick; he was not pursuing an end of personal aggrandisement, like Wallenstein; he was not striving to recover a throne, like Murat. He has fallen, pierced by the hand of an Italian, for having wished to render a last service to Italy, to give her a supreme pledge of love; and his crime, with regard to Victor Emmanuel, was the having wished to add to the crown which Victor Emmanuel owed to him, the jewel without which that crown was in danger of becoming a derision.

The English will be, I fancy, not slightly astonished when they read in the *Times* that, if Garibaldi had carried his point, his success would have been that of the power of the sword over a popular government; for, only a few days ago, the *Times* itself taught its readers that the immense strength of Garibaldi consisted, not in the power of the sword, but in a boundless popularity; that the people opened out their arms to him on all sides, and welcomed him with transport; that the gates of cities opened of themselves before him; that public functionaries sent in their resignation rather than impede his progress; that officers had laid down their epaulets rather than be obliged to combat him; that the secret of his successful landing in Calabria was the connivance of the sailors commissioned to bar his way; that he had needed no soldiers to render himself master of Sicily; that he had needed no soldiers to make himself master in Naples;

and that the people obeyed his voice as the waves of the sea obey the blast of the north wind. A strange military tyranny, in truth, is that which is announced by such symptoms and exercised by such means! Meanwhile, what was the popular government doing that was menaced by this "tyranny?" It was obliged to place its popularity under the protection of its cohorts! It was proclaiming Sicily in a state of siege—such confidence had it in Sicilian sympathies! It was proclaiming Naples in a state of siege—so sure was it of the sympathies of the Neapolitans!

All this, be well assured, is keenly felt in England.

Thus, the sympathy awakened in this country by Garibaldi vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, is ardent, and, I do not hesitate to affirm, general; so general, indeed, that, at the moment of my writing, public opinion, more sovereign in England than the Sovereign, has already compelled the hostile or wavering papers to recall their judgment of yesterday. Nothing, for instance, is more surprising than the change suddenly exhibited in the language of the *Daily Telegraph*, under the evident pressure of the public.

Needless to add that no one here thinks it possible that the life or liberty of Garibaldi should be in the slightest danger; and the *Morning Star* declares without any periphrasis that, if the vanquished of Aspromonte set his foot on the soil of England, he would receive "a welcome which no foreign king could hope for from the English people."

The character of the first impression received has, no doubt, been manifold. While deploring the fate of an heroic man whose imprudence they had blamed, many individuals have experienced an involuntary feeling of relief at the idea of the civil war being thus stifled in its cradle, at the removal of sinister complications, and at the absence of any excuse for the French Government to send troops to occupy the Neapolitan provinces—for it was *that* which was feared above all things in England, and it was because Garibaldi's enterprise seemed likely to create this danger that it met with a disapproval not less decided than respectful. But now, that there has been time to recover from the first shock, the aspect of affairs, looked at dispassionately, gives confidence to no one.

It is generally admitted that the Aspromonte incident resolves nothing, concludes nothing, and that the Roman

question remains absolutely what it was: a knot which the sword of Colonel Pallavicino has certainly not severed.

Many even begin to fear lest Garibaldi's defeat should render the solution still more difficult by diminishing the popularity of Victor Emmanuel, by casting an odious gloss on the conduct of the Rattazzi Ministry, by causing the weight of the Piedmontese rule to be more and more felt in Sicily and Naples, by leaving henceforth face to face, without a conciliator, the Italian Government and the restless spirit of revolution. What force will henceforth replace for Victor Emmanuel the strength centred in the cry: *Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!* uttered by such a man as Garibaldi? And what power will there not be acquired over the mind of the masses by the language of those who, from the beginning, bade them distrust the interests of Piedmont?

This it is which harasses the minds of those men in England who sincerely desire an Italy independent, one and indivisible.

And these have reason to feel uneasy, for the man who conquered at Aspromonte is—Mazzini.

LETTER LXXXVI.

GARIBALDI VANQUISHED, BLAMED, AND ADMIRED.

September 5th, 1862.

THERE used to be in Paris, on the Boulevard Montmartre, if I rightly remember, a well known print-shop, which probably still exists, the brilliant window of which was, in my time, a sort of magic lantern of public opinion. The favourites of glory played there in effigy their part as shadows. Contemporary celebrities, as I well remember, were placed in the post of honour until, after human vicissitudes had banished them to the second and third rank, they disappeared altogether.

I have no doubt that the same thing has prevailed in all countries. Trade has instincts which seldom lead it astray,

and when it appeals to purchasers, it is safe to refer to the politics of its stalls. Well, in England, Garibaldi's defeat—a thing worth remarking—has left his portrait where his victories had placed it. Nay, the picture of the hero with the red shirt has never more warmly enlisted the sympathies of the passer-by than at the present moment—a symptom as significant as any other.

In fact, in all this history of the fall of Garibaldi there is something that goes straight to the heart. He, whom Italy, with a voice of deep emotion, proclaimed her saviour, is a captive at Spezzia. The fatal bay in which the English poet Shelley was drowned, has become the witness of a second and more famous shipwreck. But why speak here of shipwreck? They do not fall who, when prostrate on the ground, seem taller than when erect. They do not die, who enter upon immortality through death.

As for condemning such a man as a rebel and a traitor, that would be, from the Italian point of view and for the Italians, a thing so devoid of sense that, in England, the country of good sense, it is beforehand and unanimously declared impossible. Is there an Italian tribunal that could convict Garibaldi without convicting Italy, whom he has made what she is? For, in point of fact, the impulse that sent him into Calabria differs in no respect from that which led him to Palermo. When he wrested Sicily and Naples from Francis II. to give them to Victor Emmanuel, did he not invoke the same principle as he has done to-day? Did he not hoist the same flag? Did he not pursue the same end? Had he not recourse to the same means? The demand for the unity of Italy is either just or unjust. If it is just, how could Garibaldi have been guilty of anything worse than impatience or imprudence? If it is unjust, how can Victor Emmanuel be held innocent? Were the virtues which have illustrated the name of the hero of Varese of the kind of which Montaigne speaks: "The passage of a river makes them a crime?" If it be true that the inviolability of established governments is a principle superior to the right possessed by nations of belonging to themselves, M. Rattazzi, it must be confessed, has been in no hurry to make the discovery. But there is always room for repentance; and we must hope that, as soon as Garibaldi has been condemned, M.

Rattazzi will advise the King of Piedmont to recognise the error of his ways, and to lay aside that crown of the King of Italy which he holds from a revolutionary adventurer! The restitution of Naples and Sicily to Francis II., the restitution of their capital cities to the archdukes, the restitution to the Pope of the provinces violently wrested from his states—all this is implied by any sentence directed against Garibaldi. It would be the condemnation of Italy by Italy, and of Victor Emmanuel by himself. For the founder of Italian unity there cannot possibly be but one judge—the conscience of mankind; one tribunal—posterity.

If I am not mistaken, you yourself have already pointed out these considerations. Well, while you were saying all this in France, everybody was insisting upon the same thing in England.

And the unanimous sympathy of the English in favour of Garibaldi is the more remarkable, because his expedition has been generally blamed. Was this blame well founded? I think not.

The conduct of the Italian hero would, certainly, have been destitute of common sense if he had had any expectation of being able, at the head of a handful of badly-armed young men, to overcome the Piedmontese troops; to step across their dead bodies; to enter Rome sword in hand, and to expel the conquerors of Solferino. But everything demonstrates that he had no such projects. He wanted to stir up a powerful agitation which might influence the deliberations of diplomacy in a manner favourable to the Italian people: nothing more. There are problems, the solution of which cannot be achieved without bold decision. Alexander was not counted among heroic fools for having conceived the idea of severing the Gordian knot. The electric shock experienced by all Italy, merely on recognising the sound of Garibaldi's voice, is enough to cast at least some doubt on the, so noisily denounced, imprudence of his calculations. And assuredly if, when he crossed the straits which separated him from Naples, he recalled to mind what marvels had thus far justified the temerity of his great heart, he must have felt he had the right to say to the pilot: "Fear nothing. You bear Garibaldi and his fortune."

Whatever be the value of my opinion on this point, I must

confess that it is not that of anyone here. The English have only one voice to blame what, in their eyes, was inconsiderate in Garibaldi's enterprise. But that very circumstance makes it still more remarkable that they should admiringly proclaim the devotedness in which the enterprise took its rise. It is interesting to study the effect produced by Garibaldi's defeat on a people who pride themselves, above all, on being practical, and shrink from anything like sentimental considerations. Not to succeed is everywhere, alas! a great crime, and under that head England is not entitled to claim any superiority over other countries. The vulgar worship of success has here, as in France, numerous followers, all-powerful priests, loud-sounding pulpits. And yet Garibaldi, conqueror at Aspromonte, would not have received more impassioned homage than has been addressed to his misfortune. A noble spectacle, that may serve as a consolation under many disappointments!

There is still another point of view from which it is particularly important that France should regard the effect produced in England by the recent events in Italy. Up to the present time there has been here a numerous class of individuals in whose eyes the prolonged occupation of Rome found favour, because of the motives of public order which they ascribed to that occupation. Though deeming it contrary to the rights of nations, to the interests of Europe, and more especially to those of Italy, they excused it on the ground that the Italian Government was not yet firmly seated; that it had to stand the spirit of revolution, and might at any given moment be compelled to receive its orders; and that it was hazardous, in such circumstances, to abandon Rome, which would have been equivalent to leaving the Pope, quite unprotected, at the mercy of revolutionary passions. Not that the fate of the Pope inspired those who spoke in this manner with any very keen solicitude; but their antipathies, as Protestants, were tempered by their Conservative tendencies, and in any case they saw no decisive reasons for opposing with vehemence the policy of the French Government in Italy. They themselves would not have taken the trouble to protect the Pope, but it appeared to them natural enough that a Catholic power should think itself bound to do so.

Well, the French Government must no longer count upon those feelings, if it continue to maintain a garrison in Rome. In the eyes of the most moderate persons in this country, the question of the occupation of Rome has entirely changed its aspect since the affair of Aspromonte. Let another fortnight pass over, and those who advised the English people to have patience, will be the first to blow the flame. Already their language is such that, unless one strives to be wilfully blind, it is impossible to misunderstand its meaning or despise its tendency.

Why, say they, should the French remain any longer in Rome? If the object of the imperial policy was, as its organs have so often affirmed, to protect the Pope by standing between him and the revolution, that object no longer needs to be pursued.

By taking up arms against the idol of the Italian nation, the Piedmontese Government has given a more than sufficient pledge of its intention to maintain order; and as for its power, it would be increased a hundredfold by the evacuation of Rome. If anything were calculated to place the Piedmontese Government in danger, to change into a defeat its victory at Aspromonte, to deprive it of its popularity, and give it up, disarmed, to the vengeance of resuscitated democracy, it would precisely be the refusal to render unto Italy what Garibaldi called upon her imperiously to demand and the King of Piedmont promised as the reward of sustained moderation. If, then, the situation be prolonged, it will become evident that we have been deceived as to the real object of the occupation.

All the serious and important organs of public opinion express themselves in this manner. Thus far the *Times* and the *Daily News*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, give one another the hand. On all sides complaints are made, at the bottom of which I hear a menace. People begin to talk of the absolute necessity of at last claiming for the principle of non-intervention the respect which is due to it. They insist that Lord Palmerston ought to see to this, and they hope he will do so. The matter deserves to be thought of. Is the prolonged occupation of Rome worth the sacrifice of the English alliance? That is the question.

LETTER LXXXVII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

September 6th, 1862.

THE sympathy felt for Garibaldi, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, is as general as it is profound. At the first report of the disastrous event at Aspromonte, the *Times* hastened to utter the old war-cry, *Væ victis!* But public opinion was not to be so easily misled. As late as yesterday, in the eyes of that journal, Garibaldi was only a famous rebel, a criminal of imposing proportions; he had deliberately made a compact with civil war; from hatred to a minister—will it be believed?—he had dared to disobey his king; his victory would have been the triumph of the demagogic element over the Constitution, and his defeat, which enabled the Turcarets of all nations to breathe freely, ought to be a subject of public congratulation.

Thus spake the *Times* yesterday. To-day, how different is its language! It is not far from proclaiming Garibaldi absolutely inviolable. It calls him by his true name, the founder of regenerated Italy. It is indignant at the bare idea of such a man having to appear before a judgment-seat. It affirms, almost with emotion, that there is not a nerve in the human frame that would not shudder at such a monstrous trial. It defines the crime of treason as an offence against whatever has received consecration from time, and is astonished that any one can think of applying that word to an effort made to complete an unfinished revolution. Lastly, it represents the hero of Varese saying to the tribunal that blushed not to summon him before its bar: "On such a day I made Italy. Let us go and render thanks to Heaven!"

In fact, the circumstances which have led to Garibaldi's overthrow wear an air of heroic grandeur to which, in a country where thought is free, every conscience has been compelled to render homage. The first article in the *Times* proved to be a note frightfully discordant in an immense concert, and, at this moment, the English are all but unanimous in

expressing their admiration of that great lion vanquished by a troop of foxes.

For there is not a single point, even in the details of his defeat as they now begin to transpire, which does not bear witness to the treachery of his adversaries. I fancy you may not be quite aware of all these details, and yet they deserve to be known. Garibaldi had reached Aspromonte, aiming at Rome or death, but shunning civil war. A flag of truce is sent to him, and he, respecting the flag which speaks to him from afar of his king, his own comrade, and of peace, gives the word of command to halt. The *bersaglieri* availing themselves of that fatal delay, scale the heights, and the Garibaldians, unsuspicious of treason, find themselves hemmed in on all sides. In the name of Pallavicino, his commander, the bearer of the flag had besought Garibaldi to delay the march of his followers, a request with which the latter joyfully complied, as it gave him the hope of avoiding the effusion of a single drop of Italian blood. But unhappily that delay gave the *bersaglieri* all the time that was needed to surround the hero. The defile of Tiviolo, which the Garibaldians must have cleared in order to escape the cruel necessity of a fratricidal collision, was occupied, quick as thought, by the royal troops. Then Pallavicino, forgetting that he had been the friend of Garibaldi and his pupil in the art of war, summoned the noble warrior to surrender—a summons that was an insult—and gave the signal for the attack. Civil war was thus let loose, not by the Italian hero, but by a servant of the crowned lieutenant of Napoleon. Garibaldi, *pro patriâ non timidus mori*, was struck by the first volley, and immediately afterwards received a bayonet thrust. He was wounded only in the leg—for what Italian would have dared to aim at his head or heart?—but he could not fight. His volunteers, nevertheless, stood firm. They had learnt how to sacrifice their lives—the *bersaglieri* had learned how to kill. The latter were to the number of 1800, but an army of 18,000 spread over the neighbourhood assured them decisive support. If this narrative be true, the promotion so speedily conferred upon Pallavicino is, on the escutcheon of the house of Savoy, a stain like that upon the hand of Macbeth: all the waters of the sea will never wash it out.

And our own indignation is increased twofold when we

reflect that if Garibaldi did take up arms it was, after all, with a view to add to the power of that prince whom he had already made so powerful; to emancipate him from the insolent protection of a foreign despot; to make him free upon the throne on which he had placed him; to realise the concluding words of the programme which he drew up as his dying testament at the moment of carrying out his supreme resolution: "Long live Italy! Long live Victor Emmanuel at the Capitol!" Garibaldi treated as an enemy, proclaimed a rebel, hemmed in, betrayed, struck down, imprisoned, condemned, in the name and by the command of Victor Emmanuel, for having striven, after bestowing upon him two kingdoms, to crown him on the Capitol, is one of those instances of ingratitude which not even Shakespeare could have foreseen when he wrote *King Lear*.

But if, in this affair, all is odious on the one side, how sublime is it all on the other side! Garibaldi had successfully achieved an enterprise which made him the equal of the greatest figures in history. He had needed no more than the prestige of his virtue to wrest Sicily from Francis II. He had entered Naples in an open carriage, almost alone, a whole army fleeing before him; more powerful than Warwick, the maker of kings, he had created a nation; his services were so great that no recompense could be devised capable of measuring them; he was the idol of his own country; the entire world loved and admired him; since his retirement to Caprera, Cincinnatus was no more thought of, and what Châteaubriand said of Napoleon at St. Helena, might have been applied with still greater reason to Garibaldi on his rock: he was seen there from every part of the earth. What was there left for him to desire? What could be imagined capable of tempting his ambition from a personal point of view, even supposing that a selfish ambition could have reached to a soul so lofty? Besides, he had need of repose. The hardships of warfare had exhausted his strength. The fact of his health being seriously impaired warned him to bear in mind that the vexations of his life counted as so many years. It seemed that he had nothing more to do than to slumber peacefully amid his glory. But no: the idea of duty was wakeful in him. Observing that his work was incomplete; that the approaches to the throne raised by his hands were polluted with intrigue; that Venice

was in danger of being for ever occupied by the Austrians; that Rome continued to be patrolled by French troops; that the government of Turin, under Rattazzi, was more completely submissive to the influence of the Tuileries than the Archdukes had ever been to the influence of Vienna; that torrents of blood had been shed and mountains of gold sunk, without other result for his country than the substitution of one yoke for another; and that Italy, exhausted by looking for a *dénouement* that seemed no nearer, was likely to die of the slow poison of diplomacy, Garibaldi felt that all was not yet over with him while so much still remained to be done for his country. Taking, therefore, the magnanimous resolution to sacrifice to the definitive emancipation of the Italians, not only his life, but, if it were necessary, his glory also, he rose up in arms. Read history through as often as you please, you will find in no other country, in no other age, another example of such sublime devotedness.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

September 7th, 1862.

In the preceding letter I attempted to bring out in relief the truly sublime character of Garibaldi's last exploit. This side of his conduct has escaped no one here; but what, to my great surprise, seems to have escaped everyone, both here and elsewhere, is, that his conduct was not less intelligent than heroic.

From the *Times* to the *Morning Advertiser*, from the *Standard* to the *Morning Star*, from the *Saturday Review* to the *Weekly Dispatch*, there is not a single English journal that has not declared Garibaldi's enterprise to have been foolish; not one that has not declared success to have been impossible; not one that has not set forth, with a shudder, the dangers it brought down upon Italy, and lamented that in Garibaldi's case a sounder judgment had not directed the inspirations of a heart so magnanimous.

For my part, I confess that I cannot subscribe to the decrees of a sagacity which appears to me to be not less false than vulgar. There is a great policy and a little policy, a great and a little prudence. Well, even after Garibaldi's defeat—nay, especially after his defeat—it strikes me how profound a calculation could spring forth from the mere impulses of an upright soul.

In what did Garibaldi's plan consist? Had he any intention of measuring himself, at the head of a handful of enthusiastic young men, with the troops of the king of Piedmont, and, after passing over their dead bodies, of hastening to attack the French in Rome, for the good of Italy, though without her consent? No. What Garibaldi desired to do was to create, from one end of Italy to the other, a powerful agitation which, by transferring the question from the darksome laboratory of Foreign Offices to the public streets, would baffle the manœuvres of diplomacy, constrain the dynastic interest of the House of Savoy, either to mingle with that of the people, or to unmask themselves, and force the imperial policy into a dilemma calculated to work out the problem of the freedom of Rome. He had no idea of conquest; his object was to compel the enemies of his country and their accomplices, either to give way before the dread of a collision, or, if they preferred to confront him in arms, to gain a victory which would be for ever to be deplored by them.

What would have happened, in fact, if Garibaldi, according to his plan—and I shall presently show that there was nothing chimerical in this plan—had succeeded in reaching the walls of Rome? The state of habitual feverishness of the inhabitants of the Eternal City, the secret but indisputable and terrible agitation that is at work there, the impatience with which the hour of deliverance is expected, the thousand symptoms which attest it, the mingled feeling of love and veneration entertained for the Liberator by the hardy race of the Transteverini, all combine to make it certain that at the first tidings of Garibaldi's arrival Rome would have sprung to its feet. Under these circumstances, was it a part of Garibaldi's plot to march upon the French with fixed bayonets, with defiance on the lips and menace in the eye? to fling himself at all hazards against the savage susceptibilities of men of the sword? to inflame the courage of the conquerors of Solferino

by the gravity of the danger, in placing them between an insurrection and a battle? Nothing of the kind. Was he not himself careful to announce his wishes to the world? It was not as an enemy of France that he proposed to present himself: far from it. In the terms of his own declaration, he would have walked up to the French, his sword sheathed and his arms stretched forth, invoking the sanctity of a right impossible to be gainsaid, reminding them of their recent brotherhood in arms, calling upon the liberators of Italy not to soil their glory, placing them, in short, under the alternative, either of listening to the voice of an entire people impatient to belong only to itself, or of replying by a massacre to the appeal of a great nation and of a great soul.

What would the French have done under circumstances so truly epic? Garibaldi, we may be sure, knew as well as any one what a soldier is capable of doing under the blind and harsh law of discipline, but he also knew that the human conscience does not altogether perish beneath the uniform, and that two Revolutions were accomplished in France, because the soldiers, suddenly enveloped in an atmosphere that entirely changed, as it were, their moral respiration, felt their arms fall from their hands.

It was, not, however, unreasonable to foresee the contingency that such an expectation might be disappointed. But even then, the worst that could befal Garibaldi would be to die the death of a martyr, in the accomplishment of the most sublime action ever inspired by the love of one's country combined with the spirit of duty. For his adversaries, on the contrary, the consequences would have been dreadful. What a cry of horror would not Europe have uttered! With what implacable hatred would not every Italian heart have been penetrated!

Now, to prevent these consequences, there was only the alternative of evacuating Rome, or of barring the road to Garibaldi. And if we consider that the former course was the only one conformable to principles, the only one of a nature to calm the disquietude of Europe and to put an end to the agony of Italy, the only one capable of preventing complications the result of which would have been incalculable, Garibaldi may assuredly be excused for having supposed that that alone would be adopted.

As for the other hypothesis, how could it have checked the hero of Varese? Was it to be imagined that Victor Emmanuel would exhaust his strength, would cast to the winds his popularity, would compromise his honour, without any other object in view than to combat the most faithful of his servants at the command of a foreign Government? That implied such a mixture of ingratitude and baseness that many persons believed, until the truth was revealed at Aspromonte, that Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel were acting in concert!

And, on the other hand, might not the conqueror of the King of Naples, the liberator of Sicily, the man who so thoroughly possessed the secret of successful adventure, the heroic gambler whose audacity Fortune had so often served and crowned, might not Guiseppe Garibaldi believe, without folly, in his own ability to make his way to Rome in spite of Rattazzi? Let it not be said that he presumed too much on his own influence. His self-reliance was perfectly justified by the wonderful result of his previous adventures. At his voice did not all Italy start as at the voice of a prophet? Did not Sicily become his as soon as she saw him? Was he not received in triumph at Catania? Did not volunteers flock to his banner from all quarters, eagerly staking on that great match all that was dearest to them in this world? Did not the crews of the ships commissioned to stop his passage across to Calabria allow him to pass, in spite of the orders of the Government? Was it not notorious that many public functionaries had sent in their resignations, and that many officers had torn off their epaulettes, rather than combat Italy in his person? He was alone, or nearly so, when he set foot on Neapolitan soil, and the nation was so thoroughly with him, and in him, that the Government had to recur to the measures customary with tyrannies in the hour of danger—cities and provinces declared in a state of siege, the liberty of the press suspended, the liberty of the person violated, a system of terror established in every direction. It is true that the hero has succumbed in a skirmish, and the wiseacres glory over it. They would have had quite as good reason to boast of their sagacity and foresight if Garibaldi, instead of being struck by a ball fired by a sacrilegious hand, had fallen from his horse! Since when has history permitted an accident to sit as umpire over the merit of vast combinations? The cannon that killed

Turenne, that cannon "loaded from all eternity," no doubt disconcerted the plans of that great man; but what conclusion against his genius is to be drawn from that? But possibly it may yet be seen that Garibaldi's defeat will be found in the end to have been of the highest service to his cause. Let those who question this, read all the liberal journals of France and every journal in England, and they will see that the disaster of Aspromonte is presented as an incident which henceforth converts the evacuation of Rome into an absolute necessity. Napoleon may yet use delays, but he can do nothing but delay. Rome is the debt the payment of which Victor Emmanuel is now entitled to demand, as a compensation for the sacrifice of his friend, and for compromising his own honour. Yes, the time will come, thanks to Garibaldi, when the French will be compelled to leave Rome to herself, that is, to Italy. On that day Garibaldi will have received the only recompense that is worthy of him, and the only one to which he ever aspired. The restitution of Rome will be his glory; and history will say that Garibaldi, after having given to the King of Piedmont Sicily and Naples as the fruits of his victories, gave him Rome as the fruits of his defeat.

LETTER LXXXIX.

A REMARKABLE TRIAL.

September 27th, 1862.

ANOTHER remarkable trial! Another terrible mystery to fathom after the judge has pronounced sentence, and before the hangman plays his part! Another tragical proof of the uncertainty of human judgments! Another decisive argument against capital punishment!

A crime has been committed at Glasgow: by whom was it committed? By one of two persons: the choice lies between a woman and an old man. The jury have unanimously made their choice. If, through the darkness which enshrouds this crime no new light shine forth, it is the woman who will die.

But public opinion, far less unanimous than the Glasgow jury, is deeply moved and excited, murmurs against this verdict, and insists upon its right to intervene. The probabilities on one side and those on the other balance each other with a precision horribly mathematical. The *pros* and the *cons* cancel one another so completely, the balance in which have been weighed the lives of this woman and of this old man has held itself thus far with an equipoise so terrible, that many tremble lest the innocent should suffer and society avenge one assassination by another. This at least is certain: the city of Glasgow, nay, all Scotland, is in such a state of ferment as would hardly have been produced by a great national event.

And why not? Is the fact of a town taken by assault, or that of a battle lost, or that of a kingdom changing its masters, equal in importance to the danger which the death of one innocent person may bring upon all mankind? For it is really all mankind, it is our common humanity in all its greatness, which is represented and personified by every individual who suffers from an unjust act, however humble, however obscure that individual may be.

Allow me then to relate this doleful tale to your readers. The subject is one which will afford matter, not for curiosity, but for meditation.

On Friday, the 7th of July, an inhabitant of Glasgow, named Fleming, set out with his family for a country house, leaving behind him only his father, an old man, eighty-seven years of age, and a woman servant, Jessie Macpherson. On Friday night, towards four o'clock in the morning, the old man, if he is to be believed, heard shrieks as of a woman being murdered. But these shrieks soon ceasing, he thought no more about it. In the morning, at twenty minutes before eight, the front-door bell rang. It was the milkman going his usual round. The old man went down stairs, opened the door, which was fastened inside by a padlock, said that he would not take any milk that day, and, closing the door, went over the house according to his daily custom. For he was a man of an inquisitive character, fond of going to and fro, and who liked to see everything for himself. He could not find the servant—she had disappeared. How could she have gone out? The front-door, as already remarked, was fastened within by a padlock. The back-door, according to Mr. Fleming's subsequent asser-

tions, was at that moment fastened, and from the inside like the other. Fastened also was the door of the servant's bedroom. The kitchen-floor was damp. Some of Mr. Fleming's shirts happened to be there, spotted with blood. He put them aside.

Three days elapsed. The servant did not reappear, but the old man did not trouble himself about her. Neither did he make any communications to his neighbours, with whom he was generally wont to converse freely enough. He prepared his own meals, and made his arrangements to wait upon himself.

On the Monday, the son arrived, and he, on being informed of the mysterious disappearance of Jessie Macpherson, opened the door of her bed-chamber by means of a second key. A frightful spectacle then presented itself. The dead body of the servant, horribly mutilated, was stretched in front of the bed, the head turned towards the door. There were wounds on the face, and others on the head. The former, according to the subsequent testimony of the medical men, had been carefully washed; but not so the latter, which, being deeper, had probably been the cause of death and the completion of the crime. Thus, the first glance at the corpse told, or seemed to tell, that the victim had been first struck, then attended to, but afterwards struck again with redoubled fury until death ensued. Had there been at the scene of assassination two agents, moved by opposite impulses, the one prompt to succour, the other bent upon murder? So the corpse seemed to say.

The house was carefully searched, and it was discovered that property belonging to the deceased had been carried off, as well as plate. The police were called in; all the neighbourhood flocked to the spot; and suspicions being naturally directed against the elder Fleming, who had remained three days shut up in his house with a corpse, he was arrested.

Shortly afterwards, the steps taken by the police led to the discovery of the plate stolen on the night of the 7th July. It had been pledged at a pawnbroker's by a woman named MacLachlan, who was known to have been the friend of the murdered servant girl. The inquiry was actively pursued, and it was soon ascertained that on Friday, the 7th July, Mistress MacLachlan, on leaving her house, had said that she was going to see Jessie Macpherson, with whom she passed the night of the 7th, not returning to her own home till nine

o'clock on the morning of the 8th. In the next place, it was proved that when she returned home she wore a dress which nobody had ever before seen her with, and which she lost no time in sending to a dyer's. Nor is that all. That same day she paid her rent, redeemed several articles which her extreme destitution had compelled her to pawn, and made several purchases. Lastly, and conclusively, there were found in a field in which she had been noticed, fragments of clothes stained with blood, which were identified as having belonged, some to the deceased, and the rest to herself.

This was more than enough to justify her being accused. From that moment suspicions were turned aside from the aged Fleming and directed against her; and she was arrested.

In the examination which she had to undergo in private before the magistrate,—which examination precedes, in Scotland, the committal of an accused person, she explained in a very unsatisfactory manner the various circumstances that had risen up against her. The plate, she said, she had received from old Fleming, who had desired her to pawn it, giving her for her trouble £4 sterling. As for the clothes of the deceased which were found in her possession, they had been sent to her by Jessie Macpherson herself to be mended, and she had only endeavoured to get rid of them because, on hearing of the murder, she had naturally felt herself compromised by the mere fact of being their depository. Ridiculous line of defence! What jury could have been satisfied with it? The one on whose decision Mistress MacLachlan's life depended, did not hesitate to pronounce against her.

But sentence of death was not yet delivered when an extraordinary incident all at once changed the aspect of the case. It turned out that the declarations made by the accused were not in reality her own. They had been suggested to her by her counsel. They constituted a line of defence which had in some measure been imposed upon her. Her own account of the matter, the spontaneous account which she gave previous to the trial, and without knowing anything of the circumstances which were then brought to light, was that, on the night of the 7th July, Fleming, senior, being in the kitchen with herself and Jessie Macpherson, had made indecent overtures to the latter; that these overtures had been repelled with rudeness; that the old man, who was still hearty and vigorous,

had flown into a great rage; that a violent quarrel had ensued between him and the servant; and that, taking advantage of her (Mistress MacLachlan's) temporary absence, Fleming had repeatedly struck the unfortunate Jessie with a sharp instrument. The accused asserted that, on her return, she had hastened to assist the deceased. She had washed her face. She had offered to go in all haste for surgical aid. But then, according to the same statement, the old man, terrified, distracted, and out of his mind, had finished off his victim, in order to put an end to all idea of calling in a doctor, and had said to the involuntary witness of these horrors: "If you reveal this secret, you are lost without remedy. What has happened has been seen by nobody but you and myself. Think of your social position, and think of mine. If I affirm that it was you who killed this woman, I shall be believed; but who would believe you if you dared to point me out as the murderer? Your only safety is in silence. Take away these things, take away this plate, so that the cause of the murder may be attributed to a robbery. You have a husband, you have an infant in the cradle, you are in misery: this will help you to live, and we shall both of us be saved."

This version, given by the accused voluntarily and off-hand, is not in itself absolutely devoid of probability, when we reflect that it is the only one which renders intelligible several circumstances otherwise impossible to explain. If, in fact, it was Fleming who committed the crime, it is conceivable that he may have wished to conceal the result as long as possible, to give MacLachlan time to remove all traces of it. This supposition is, moreover, the only one which agrees with the appearance presented by the dead body. Between the first and the last blows inflicted on the deceased, who washed her face? Who endeavoured to dress the wounds? Was it possible that the same hand could have administered aid and consummated the murder? Immediately afterwards, the kitchen had been cleaned and set to rights; the body had been dragged from the kitchen to the bedroom; the instrument of death had been washed; the blankets stained with blood had been carefully turned down; how is it to be understood that, if MacLachlan were guilty, she could have passed her time in doing all that? And for what object? How can we understand that, instead of availing herself of the

darkness of night to cover her flight, she should have waited till daylight? How could she have got out of the house before twenty minutes to eight without the old man's connivance, since at that time both the doors by which she could have escaped were fastened from within? A very striking passage in the statement made by the accused is this: "After Mr. Fleming had opened the door to the man who brought the milk, he came back without anything in his hand, having refused to buy any milk that day." How is it possible that M'Lachlan could have guessed such a fact? She must, therefore, have been in the house when the milkman rang the bell; and if she was in the house at that hour, what are we to conclude? It is worthy of remark that there is not one of the circumstances revealed by the trial which does not harmonise with the assertions contained in the account given by the accused previous to the trial.

But, on the other hand, is it probable that an old man of eighty-seven, however hale he might be, would be led on to a murder by the motives alleged by MacLachlan? If it be true that at four o'clock in the morning of the 8th he heard the cries of a person in distress without taking any trouble about it; if it be true that he remained three days without appearing to notice the absence of the servant-maid, might not such conduct be ascribed to that apathy which is one of the characteristic traits of old age?

Supposing the murder to have been committed by MacLachlan, her remaining such an absurdly long time on the spot that witnessed her crime requires to be accounted for. It is also necessary to account for the care she took in effacing all traces of it in the house itself, without being driven to do so for her own sake, and at the risk of being discovered. Another singular circumstance likewise needs explanation, and that is the two doors being, both of them, secured inside at a quarter before eight in the morning, at which hour the old man was up and had already gone through the house. And yet how much presumptive evidence was there against MacLachlan! Fleming was in no want of money, whereas she was in great distress. Before going to see Jessie Macpherson, she had announced her intended visit to her neighbours, which excludes the idea of premeditated murder, though it does not absolutely exclude that of a murder committed under a strong tempta-

tion. After all, it was she who wore the garments of the deceased. It was she who benefited by the sale of the silver. It was she who was condemned by the maxim *Fecit cui prodest.*

"Devine si tu peux, et choisis si tu l'oses."

In any case public opinion is divided. If there are some who believe in the guilt of the accused, there are others who violently attack Lord Deas for having asserted, while pronouncing sentence of death, that MacLachlan's statement was a tissue of falsehoods. Some even go so far as to reproach the judge with having allowed himself to be carried away by his desire to save the aged Fleming. They remark that not a single witness was called to speak to the character and habits of that old man, henceforth so mournfully famous. They express their astonishment that none of the house servants were examined as to his demeanour towards themselves, and towards the murdered woman. They seem to say, like Montaigne: "However good may be a judge's intentions, if he does not keep a close watch upon himself, which few persons trouble themselves to do, a bias to friendship, to kindred, to beauty, to revenge, and not only such weighty matters as these, but even that fortuitous instinct which makes us like one thing better than another—may turn the scale."

Such being the case, is it possible that a rope should be fastened round the neck of this woman? Is it possible that a punishment should be inflicted which is *irreparable*, when at this very moment people are crowding from all parts to sign a petition begging for further investigation—which is equivalent to calling in question the *infallibility* of the judge!

Will the investigation thus demanded be granted? Will something unexpected yet clear away the darkness of this drama? In the meantime—and I wish particularly to draw your attention to this—the verdict of the jury, the conduct of the judge, his summing-up and final sentence, are freely examined, commented upon and analysed by the press.

In France, we fancy that justice would cease to be respected on the day that its final awards became matter for discussion. The English have a far more exalted idea of the majesty of justice, and of the tutelary power of freedom. They do not hold the opinion that a power becomes infallible.

simply because it is proclaimed unamenable to discussion. They do not believe that it is good to place above all control an authority upon which depends the fortune of every citizen —ay, more than his fortune, his life—more than his life, his honour! Their Constitution ranks among the prerogatives of the Crown the prerogative of pardon; but they have felt that the exercise of that prerogative, if it is to be something better than a despotic caprice or fancy, requires to be enlightened and sanctioned by public opinion. They have, consequently, reserved to themselves the faculty of pointing out, for the exercise of that right, the judgments that ought to be revised or set aside. Are they wrong in doing so? Ah! it would be difficult to imagine anything more useful, or more noble than the power of the press extended to the examination of judicial decisions. It is applying the sovereignty of the people to the discovery of truth. It is placing innocence under the protection of universal suffrage. It is the entire nation aiding royalty to make a good use of the most majestic, the most august prerogative, that of commissioning Mercy to rectify the errors of Justice.

LETTER XC.

A BATTLE IN HYDE PARK.

October 5th, 1862.

I RESIDE a few steps from Hyde Park, whence I have just returned. What a sad, what a disgusting spectacle! What an odious battle! In that immense park,—usually intended for peaceable promenaders, and which, even at the season when life is overflowing in the capital, is animated only by brilliant cavalcades and the innocent rivalry of dashing equipages,—scenes have been enacted this day which make one shudder. Imagine well nigh 90,000 men gathered together and all terribly excited; furious encounters; hand to hand combats; heads broken by cudgels; terrified groups of runaways rushing against one another; women knocked down and trampled under foot; morning coats, soldiers'

uniforms, working men's jackets, paupers' rags, all mingled together, all swept away in the same whirlwind; and by the side of individuals half murdered for having shouted, "Garibaldi for ever!" other individuals half murdered for having shouted, "The Pope for ever!" Such were the scenes presented to view in Hyde Park, barely an hour ago.

And why? Because, probably, our so much boasted civilisation has not yet done with the demon of religious wars; because the number of idiots who deem it a holy work to cut their neighbours' throats for the glory of God, is still very considerable; because brutality is the child of ignorance, and because ignorance belongs to the brood of superstition; because the Papacy is represented in London by a mob of brutalised Irishmen, who even in the dens where the scum of the population boils over, form the scum of that scum; lastly—and this is at once the most important and the most melancholy reason—because it depends upon one solitary man in Europe to keep minds in suspense, to prolong indefinitely the uneasiness that arises from a situation where all is darkness, to change through impatience this feeling of uneasiness into fury, and to make the protracted occupation of Rome a source of agitation for the whole world.

Even on Sunday last the black speck that ushers the storm was seen in Hyde Park. An orderly meeting of English workmen, who had assembled to express aloud their sympathies for the hero of Aspromonte, was furiously assailed by a host of ragged Irishmen, armed with heavy bludgeons. Blows were exchanged, much passion was displayed, and many wounds inflicted. This was the prelude. Sinister reports had also been in circulation the whole week. A more serious engagement was announced. That efforts were made to prevent it is certain, but men's minds were greatly irritated by the rumour spread among the working classes, that the Irish had boasted in their own haunts, that they could prevent by force the manifestation of sympathies contrary to their own. Instead, therefore, of assembling to-day in Hyde Park to the number of five or six thousand only, as on Sunday last, the English workmen had gathered together to the number of forty or fifty thousand, without reckoning those who were drawn thither by curiosity. On their side, the Papists had counted up their forces, had provided themselves

with weapons, and held themselves in readiness. Who was it who had marshalled this host? They certainly appear to have acted in conformity with some previous system of organisation. In serried ranks, shoulder to shoulder, after the manner of a regiment on the march, they proceeded to the spot to which confusion and strife accompanied them. A mound formed of rubbish, which, on the previous Sunday, had served as a platform for the orators of the meeting, and afterwards as a field of battle, was the point towards which, this day also, the steps of the assailants were directed. It was thither chiefly that the "defenders of religion" hastened to uphold their cause with sticks, stones, and fisticuffs; and there, more than elsewhere, bones were broken and faces covered with blood.

Never was a citadel attacked with greater impetuosity, or defended with greater obstinacy. Never was a strategic position more frequently taken and retaken. It seemed as if the fortune of pontifical Rome was attached to the possession of that heap of rubbish, to which, doubtless with a view to render it historical, has been given the name of Redan! Military honour happening thus to be interested in the affair, soldiers of the Guards regiments joined in the *mêlée*, and took part in the assault amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. Needless to add, that numerous detachments of the police were dispatched to the scene of disorder, where they exhibited great intrepidity and self-possession. But their interference availed not to prevent bloodshed. It is said that some lives were lost. A large number of persons were conveyed to the hospitals in a condition that causes serious apprehensions as to their ultimate recovery. At least, so I heard while returning to my home, after having witnessed the riot from a spot sufficiently distant to avoid any chance of being mixed up in it. If it be true that Cardinal Wiseman's carriage was seen driving through the Park, his Eminence, as well as every intelligent Catholic, must have deplored the mode in which the Church was being upheld.

The English workmen, Garibaldi's partisans, would no doubt have acted wisely if they had abstained from this open-air meeting, especially since it was almost certain that a savage conflict would be the consequence; but, after all, they

were in the right. Not only are open-air meetings authorised in England, but it may even be said that they form an essential part of public life. There is not a park here, not a public garden, no large open space, where you do not, on Sundays, find groups gathered around some well-meaning preacher, who, mounted on a chair, explains the Bible to the passers-by, and preaches to them religion after his own views. It is a relic of the practices engendered by the spirit of the Reformation. "Every man is a priest," said Luther. Room, therefore, for whosoever deems himself capable of preaching, and room for whosoever feels any curiosity to hear him preach! If the Irish had desired to oppose manifestation to manifestation, nothing prevented them from doing for the Pope what the English workmen had resolved to do for Garibaldi. There would have been no want of room in Hyde Park. They could there have erected, to their own satisfaction, altar against altar. No one, assuredly, in this free country, would have quarrelled with them had they voted the martyr's palm to the Pope, or to Napoleon the title of Saviour of Religion—of religion placed by him, as all know, under the edifying protection of his bayonets. They could even have asserted, without any one thinking for a moment of stopping their mouths, that the States of the Church are the best governed on the face of the earth. But no: to these wretched slaves of a gross fanaticism it seemed far more simple to refute with their bludgeons the arguments of those who differ in opinion from themselves. Is it their fault? I deny it. The real culprits are those who, exercising over this ignorant mob an unbounded influence, inflame their passions instead of enlightening their minds.

Is it necessary to point out what will be the effect produced in England by this deplorable event? The cause of the papacy will certainly not be promoted, in a Protestant country, by savage onslaughts and attempts at murder. Fisticuffs are scarcely an apostolic argument. At all events, it is not one of those which were most in favour with the early Christians. They knew how to die, but did not know how to slay; and that constituted their strength. Had the Catholic gladiators of Hyde Park sought to promote the interests of Protestantism, they could not possibly have acted better than they did.

Another result to be foreseen, is a two-fold increase of irritation as regards the occupation of Rome. For to that question—of which the eternally-looked-for solution is eternally postponed—must be referred the disturbances which have just taken place.

LETTER XCI.

AN EVENTUAL MARRIAGE, AND MR. URQUHART.

October 16th, 1862.

You are aware that the Prince of Wales is of an age to marry, and that he is about to attempt this "high emprise," for which the lively wit of Rabelais found so many *pros* and *cons*. Some weeks ago it was solemnly announced to England that there were two candidates for the hand of the Prince of Wales, namely: the Princess Alexandrina of Prussia, and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The former, it was said, was supported by Queen Victoria, and the latter by the King of the Belgians, who was declared to be most likely to gain his point. The affair has now ceased to appear doubtful, and the star of the Princess Alexandrina has decidedly paled before that of the Princess Alexandra.

Now, in a certain small circle in which people pique themselves on knowing the history of human affairs as they occur behind the scenes, I have heard remarks made on the eventual marriage alluded to, which your readers will thank me for communicating to them, especially as they are such as are not usually met with in newspapers.

On the 26th of August of the present year the *Times* gave the following news: "The *Dagbladet* of Copenhagen confirms the announcement of an early alliance between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, heir presumptive to the Crown of Denmark. Prince Christian quitted Copenhagen some days ago, with his wife, two of his daughters, and the Princess. He proposes, after having visited his elder brother at Louisenlund, to go to Ostend. It is generally supposed that his Highness will

thence proceed to Rheinhardtsbrunn, in Cobourg-Gotha, where Queen Victoria will reside some weeks."

Before I proceed any further, I should like to ask a question? Is the *Times* quite certain that Prince Christian is looked upon, in Denmark, as heir presumptive to the Crown? The truth is, that he has been chosen in place of the heirs, and that in virtue of a treaty imposed by England. Will the fulfilment of this treaty be enforced? It may be questioned; and the doubt exists in the minds of many persons who are, or pretend to be, initiated into the mysteries of diplomacy. But in whatever manner the question be solved hereafter, the dilemma which lies before England at the present moment is this: Either Prince Christian will renounce his claim to the throne, in which case the English people will not have much reason to boast of the alliance; or he will adhere to his claim, in which case the alliance will become a peril for England, because of the Schleswig-Holstein question, and of the war between Denmark and Prussia which threatens, sooner or later, to arise out of it. The *Times* ought to be aware of that: a paper so essentially the organ of diplomacy! But let us proceed.

On the 4th September the *Times* wrote: "There is much talk—and in this instance public rumour shows itself well informed—of a marriage between the heir to the Crown of England and a Danish Princess. It is said that the Prince has met the Princess—as, indeed, he might have met any other lady as worthy of fixing his choice—but it is added, that he admires and loves the Danish Princess more than any other person, and that, in the tour he is about to undertake, they will have an opportunity of knowing each other a little better. Up to the present moment no proposal has been made, and consequently no proposal has been accepted. The Prince and the Princess are to see each other at Brussels, and we hope to receive, before long, good news from that friendly Court."

It is worthy of remark that when the *Times* wrote this, the Prince and the Princess had never seen each other. The admiration and affection mentioned by the *Times* could not, therefore, have been yet engendered. There was in that, whether purposely or accidentally, a false assertion. The only thing true is, that the marriage was not in any manner decided upon.

But if nothing was concluded, all was liable to miscarry. And yet, through the agency of some mysterious influence, it so happened that a great noise was all at once made about this event, before it was an event. A negotiation scarcely opened was given out as fairly and fully concluded. The Prince of Wales was declared, beforehand, to be in love; the papers married him off, without further delay; photography took part in the affair; the two portraits, placed side by side, and united by the inscription: "Our future King and our future Queen," attracted everywhere the notice of the passer-by. Fancy what would have happened if, by any mishap, the marriage did not come off! It must be admitted that this indiscreet publicity would have placed the Princess Alexandra in a very singular position! And might not the Prince of Wales himself have been thrown into a very disagreeable embarrassment?

However that may be, on the 4th of September the Queen of England left Brussels; on the 7th the Prince of Wales entered it; on the 8th the Princess arrived; on the 16th the Prince took his departure from Brussels, as did also the Princess and her father; and on the 17th the Prince of Wales arrived by himself at Rheinhardtsbrunn. On the previous day the following paragraph had appeared in all the London papers: "An authenticated communication informs us that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark has been privately arranged at Brussels; that it is solely based on mutual affection and on the personal merits of the Princess, and that it is in no way connected with political considerations. The late lamented Prince Consort, whose sole object was the welfare of his children, was long convinced that this marriage was very desirable. The knowledge of this fact is a source of profound satisfaction for the Queen, and will also cause much satisfaction to the country."

The author of this communication, whoever he may be, has certainly said what he did not mean to say, when he asserts that Prince Albert's *sole* object, when alive, was the welfare of his children. But let that pass. It would seem, however, that there was something strange in the circumstance that the Queen should leave Brussels just as the marriage of her son was being arranged there; neither is it easy to under-

stand how it was that the Prince of Wales, when he was going to rejoin his mother at Rheinhardtsbrunn, did not make a point of conducting thither his bride and his future father-in-law. It is probable that all this, if everything were known, could be explained naturally enough; but, as everything is not known, conjectures have their way in the little circle to which I alluded at the commencement of this letter. There are therein a dozen of the initiated, with Mr. Urquhart at their head, for whom, to hear them speak, the diplomacy of Courts has no mysteries, and you can form no idea of the commentaries beyond human ken into which they have plunged with reference to this affair. They suppose the Queen to be little in favour of this match; they suppose it to be much more to the taste of the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince Christian's aunt; they suppose, in the communications addressed to the papers, a design to prepare public opinion beforehand to hail as a fortunate event what they themselves regard as a danger; they suppose—what do they not suppose?

The *Times* of the 4th of September said: "Rumour assigns to the Princess Royal the principal part in the arrangement of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. In fact, nothing can be more proper and natural than that a woman, prompted by the affectionate sentiments of a sister, and enlightened by the experience afforded by her age, her sex, and her position, should interest herself actively in her brother's happiness, instead of confining herself to offering him the aid of her prayers and good wishes. She was in a position to seek for what was likely to suit him far better than he could have done it for himself, and she appears to have succeeded. This alliance—for in our days every marriage is called an alliance—is perhaps the last that would have commended itself to the minds of the friends by whom the Princess is at present surrounded. But she thought only of the pleasure of seeing her brother and her brother's wife forming at the earliest possible date the first couple in the kingdom."

Rumour, which, throughout this affair, seems to have been the Egeria of the leading paper, may this time have been mistaken. It is little likely that the Princess Royal, married in Prussia, would have sought in Denmark for a wife for her brother, at a time when war is imminent between Prussia and

Denmark. How, indeed, can she be supposed to have striven to introduce her brother into a family against which the family of her own husband may to-morrow be taking up arms. As to the motive which the above article ascribes to the Princess Royal, that is to say, the desire of seeing her brother married as soon as possible, such a motive, in the absence of any other, is simply ridiculous.

But though the marriage of the Prince of Wales may not be his sister's handiwork, it does not at all follow that it should be the handiwork of the Duchess of Cambridge, which is exactly what Mr. Urquhart—the high priest in the temple to which I was just now pointing, would have his followers believe.

He is a strange personage this Mr. Urquhart! Cleverness he has as much as any one, and I may add that no one understands better than he does how to find in public documents what is in them, and also—what is not in them. But he is afflicted with an infirmity of a peculiar character. He is haunted, tormented, possessed by the idea that Lord Palmerston is sold to Russia; and it is a black intrigue of Lord Palmerston's he has discovered at the bottom of the Prince of Wales's marriage, which, according to Mr. Urquhart's organ, the *Free Press*, cannot fail to precipitate England into terrible complications, to the great advantage and gratification of Russia.

I need not tell you that Mr. Urquhart is a star round which very few satellites revolve, and that the English do not look so far ahead for troubles. It is more to the purpose that the Princess Alexandra is represented as an accomplished person; that her marriage with the Prince of Wales has the openly expressed approbation of such statesmen as Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone; and that the alliance is decidedly popular. But Mr. Urquhart cannot do without something to be indignant about from time to time,—"indignation," to use his own words, "being the salt which prevents a nation from rotting."

LETTER XCII.

THE VANQUISHED OF ASPROMONTE AND THE ENGLISH.

October 16th, 1862.

I KNOW not if you have been struck like myself by the grandeur of this spectacle. England, beyond all others the country of accomplished facts, the classic land of success accepted and adored,—England seized with affection and admiration almost unbounded for Garibaldi vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner! England forgetting to be what she especially piques herself on being, a *practical* nation, in order to render homage to a man *who has not succeeded!* In the eyes of posterity, it will be the supreme title of Garibaldi's glory, the brilliant originality of his part, that he did not need *success* to be admired, in a country where a fallen man is seldom a hero and where triumphant force never yet wanted an altar.

Shall I tell you of all the meetings that have been held in his honour? Shall I mention the one at Sunderland? or the one at Glasgow? Shall I repeat the many glowing words called forth by the enthusiasm even of men whose profession it is to preach the peaceful worship of the Gospel? And all has not been confined to speechifying. England has resolved to contribute, through one of her children, to the recovery of the wounded man. The dispatch of Dr. Partridge to Spezzia is a characteristic fact. Subscriptions have been opened, and immediately filled. There is not a single workman whose mite there would be any risk in asking for, if it were for Garibaldi; and, were it necessary, he too could collect his Peter's pence.

However, it would be an exaggeration to say that the enthusiasm admits of no exception. Like ancient Greece, England has her boors whom the wisdom of Aristides annoy, and who are bored by hearing him styled "the just." But even these are very careful not to run counter to public opinion in too direct a manner. Their mode of combating the great Italian is by turning aside upon another

the blows intended for himself: they strike him on the head of Mazziñi. They affect to consider him as a noble but simple creature who has been, and will again be deceived, if necessary, by promoters of dark intrigues. They pity him, in a well-simulated tone of compassion, for not having succeeded in preserving himself from the snares of European revolutionists. They insinuate that the committee which has done the most for Garibaldi was composed of persons notoriously associated with Mazzini: namely, Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Taylor, members of Parliament; Mr. Ashurst, one of the leading attorneys in the City, and a brother-in-law of Mr. Stansfeld; and Mr. MacAdam of Glasgow, to whom Mazzini is in the habit of writing whenever he wishes to have a letter published.

These tactics are able. Mazzini has been so frequently and so violently attacked in England; Galenga, his most cruel enemy, has waged against him in the columns of the *Times* such unrelenting and bitter warfare; the public has been so accustomed to associate the name of the ex-triumvir with ideas of terror; he has, in short, been rendered so unpopular on this side of the Channel, that the best means of doing Garibaldi an evil turn is by giving a Mazzinian hue to the cause he is defending. And yet it would seem that in the recent events Garibaldi and Mazzini have not obeyed the same inspirations. Both of them unquestionably desire the unity of Italy, and it is certainly not surprising that the partisans of the latter should take a warm interest in the former; but, if I am rightly informed, Mazzini's plan was to direct against Venice the efforts of the Italian democrats, while Garibaldi, in threatening Rome, took counsel of no one but himself. For all that, it is a skilful calculation to represent Garibaldi as the blind instrument of Mazzini's designs.

How artfully has the *Times* coupled the two names together in commenting upon Mazzini's last proclamation! What a good chance for the *Times* was the publication of the manifesto in which the celebrated agitator declares that there is nothing more to be expected from Victor Emmanuel; in which he summons the Republicans to break definitely with a principle that is, according to his views, both intolerant and intolerable; in which he denounces constitutional monarchy in Italy as containing the most serious obstacles to Italian

independence; in which he recalls to mind that Italy is indebted to the revolutionary principle, whether acting spontaneously or through the medium of Garibaldi, for Florence, Naples, and Sicily; whereas she is indebted to the monarchical principle as personified in Victor Emmanuel and at present administered by Signor Rattazzi—for what? for the abandonment of Nice, for the loss of Savoy, for the proclamation of martial law, and for the fall of Garibaldi, struck down at Aspromonte, by an Italian bullet.

Allow me to draw your particular attention to the following passage in the *Times*' article: "The city of Naples has been taken; the city of Florence has been revolutionised by an insurrectionary movement, independently of the royal troops. Why should not Rome be taken in the same fashion? That a similar mode of reasoning should have been adopted *at the same time by Mazzini and Garibaldi,* shows better than anything else could do, to what danger Italy is exposed, and how necessary is a strict vigilance on the part of the Government."

What did I tell you? The plan of the campaign against Garibaldi is here clearly enough sketched out. Garibaldi and Mazzini, it is all one. If Mazzini is the Mephistopheles of democracy—so says the *Times*—Garibaldi is the Faust. It is in vain that the hero of Varese inscribed on his banner: "The Unity of Italy and Victor Emmanuel:" how could he fail to be looked upon by the men of order as one of their most dangerous enemies, and by the revolutionists as one of their most powerful instigators? Behind Faust stands Mephistopheles, who urges him onward to the overthrowal of thrones and the upheavement of Europe?

After this fashion does the *Times* endeavour to estrange its readers from Garibaldi; and you may rest assured that it knows perfectly well to what class of individuals it addresses itself.

You will not now be surprised that Garibaldi's letter to the English people has not found favour in the eyes of the *Times*. What a style! Could not Garibaldi praise England, thank her for her moral support, and express to her his gratitude, without indulging this excess of warmth, and using such impassioned language? Why these vehement effusions, the form of which seems to be borrowed from the vocabulary of demagogues?

The *Times* had here in view a public it knows right well. Very great, indeed, is in England the number of persons who pass their life in guarding against emotions. Deep feeling makes them sick; they turn it into ridicule; they call it sentimentalism. If you are a writer, beware of eloquence —for they will call you a declaimer. If you speak in public, let your speech be as little impressive as possible; and in the matter of gesticulation let your model be *a statue*, for otherwise they will suspect you of being an orator. Prithee, let not your pulse have too many pulsations. Surely, no one appreciates more highly than I do the imposing character of English gravity. The virile dignity of their bearing, the earnestness of their pursuits, the sober tone of their language, the power of self-control they possess, are qualities before which I readily bow; but still they need not be carried to excess, and should not lead to the regarding as childish, affected, or insincere, whatever is the free, spontaneous impulse of the heart. Besides, it would be absurd on the part of any people to pretend to measure all other peoples by its own standard. Each nation has, and ought to have, its own peculiar genius. The eloquence of the South may well differ from that of the North. An Italian may be pardoned for expressing his feelings with greater vivacity than a Saxon; and when I see the *Times* rebuke Garibaldi for having testified his gratitude to England in impassioned terms, methinks I see a fog picking a quarrel with the sun.

It is superfluous for me to inform you—as your readers are already aware of it—that a general meeting in honour of the vanquished of Aspromonte was to have been held in the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor had at first agreed to lend it for that purpose, but afterwards withdrew his consent. Futile, indeed, was the motive assigned to cover this backward step: Garibaldi having been *pardoned*, there was no further necessity for an imposing manifestation to secure his safety! As if there had been any question of Garibaldi's safety! As if Garibaldi needed any aid to secure his safety! As if all the organs of public opinion in England had not every morning said again and again to their readers, that to place such a man upon his trial was an impossibility; that there never could be found counsel to accuse him, or judges to condemn him, or even to acquit him; that he had to answer for his

actions only to the consciences of mankind, and that his tribunal was posterity! The object of the meeting, therefore, was not, and could not be, to protect him against the wrath of Signor Rattazzi. The question was placed higher, much higher. What was wanted was an opportunity for England to express in sonorous tones, what is the opinion of England with reference to the actual situation of affairs in Italy. But this is precisely what was feared by certain drawing-room philosophers and Club sages, who do not understand that England's greatness consists in the power of saying aloud whatever she thinks. According to these profound statesmen, some harsh-sounding words on the occupation of Rome, or other similarly delicate subjects, might have escaped from some indiscreet orator, and then—*caveant consules!* But even if that had happened, what then? Would the fact of the Lord Mayor having sanctioned the use of a hall in which so many meetings for such different objects have been held, have in any way compromised the responsibility of the Government? The worthy Mr. Cubitt is not, that I am aware of a Minister, nor is the dignity of Lord Mayor one of those which any one would care to call to account with knitted brows.

LETTER XCIII.

THE FRIENDS OF THE SOUTH IN ENGLAND; THEIR EXTREME PARTIALITY.

October 18th, 1862.

ARE the Federals really entitled, this time also, to shout, "Victory! Victory!"? Is it indeed true that on the 3rd of this month the Federal General Rosencranz defeated, at Corinth, the Confederates, commanded by Generals Price and Van Dorn? Is it true that there was great carnage? Is it true that the Confederates took to flight, leaving in the hands of the conquerors two batteries and some hundreds of prisoners? Such is the news announced to-day by the telegraph. But its language may be clear as daylight and brutally affirmative

as possible: that terrible "Is it true?" will not the less go the round of a considerable portion of the English press. Had some private letter, however, said: "The Federals are utterly routed; the Confederates have done wonders. Washington trembles!" no doubt would then have been permitted. But for the Federals to have gained the day! Who could believe that? I know not if the incredulity displayed by the English friends of the South every time that there is talk of a Federal victory, be real or affected, but it is inconceivable with what art, with what subtilty, with what analytical talent, they pull to pieces any news opposed to their hopes! They excel in rendering obscure what is clear, in denying whatever is open to doubt, in equivocating about what is certain, in changing a success into a defeat, and shouts of triumph into shrieks of agony. But how credulous they become, these grand sceptics, as soon as the scale leans towards the Confederate side! How skilful are they then in assigning gigantic proportions to the successes of the South! How adroit are they, in such a case, in handling hyperboles! *Médecins tant pis* with regard to the Federals, they are invariably *Médecins tant mieux* with regard to the Confederates. They mutilate so well the victories of the former, and enlarge so well the victories of the latter, that it would be all up with history if it were its fate to lie down in the Procrustean bed of their conclusions.

On Tuesday last, having left home rather early, I met in the street two Englishmen of my acquaintance, both of them partisans of the South. They appeared to be extremely animated. "Well," cried they, as soon as they perceived me, and with a voice trembling with emotion, "have you read the *Times?*"—"No."—"What! you have not read to-day's *Times?*"—"No.—What is the matter, then?"—"What is the matter? A series of horrors to make the hair on your head stand on end. Read! read! and after that be a Northerner, if you dare!" I immediately entered a newsman's shop, purchased a number of the *Times*, and therein read a letter, not signed, which "An Englishman" had sent to that paper, purporting to have been written to him by a lady at New Orleans. The letter was thus dated: "1st September, 1862, fifth month of the reign of Terror." It contained a very vehement denunciation of General Butler, who was

represented as a tyrant, and to whom were imputed acts of an excessive rigour. A lady had been confined in Ship-Island for having smiled at the moment that Captain Kay's funeral procession was passing beneath her windows. A Creole lady, denounced by one of her negroes as having arms concealed in her house, had been condemned to a year's imprisonment in the place named above, but was afterwards left at liberty on the condition that her son took the oath of allegiance. A judge, named Andrews, had been condemned to two years' imprisonment with hard labour for having displayed a clasp in the form of a cross, which he said was made of a Yankee's bones. Here are other facts of a more general nature: while Butler disarmed the population of New Orleans that was hostile to him, he armed the coloured population; he imposed the oath of fidelity on every one who asked permission to leave the city; he openly declared, that rather than evacuate it, if he were forced to extremities, he would reduce it to ashes; he taught the negroes the drill and the use of fire-arms; he encouraged slaves to complain against their masters, &c., &c.

I am certainly not one of those who look upon justice as an affair of expediency, who recognise that warfare has a right to be barbarous, who concede to the fear of danger the privilege of being implacable, who start, in short, in their appreciation of measures adopted for the safety of a people, from the murderous sophism; *Salus populi, suprema lex.* I am profoundly convinced that whatever is iniquitous betrays a want of intelligence, and that the most brilliant victories will never compensate for the evil done to a cause by the employment of brutal or ferocious measures. But in order to know when the limit of justice is past, every element of the question under examination must be taken into account. Now, what do we see in this very letter which has so deeply moved the partisans of the South? Does it not bear witness, on the part of those whose ideas and feelings it represents, to a hatred beyond all bounds, to a furious opposition, to a determined course of insults and provocations? Does not the lady who writes it give credit to the women of the class to which she belongs for their indomitable attitude, for their eagerness to kindle a revolt, for their zeal in imparting a fanatical tone to the war? Does she not herself say: "You will call this enthusiasm, but how can it be otherwise? Enthusiasm belongs to our nature,

and it is not the present state of things that is likely to diminish it." It is assuredly quite excusable not to have any liking for General Butler; but to laugh when the dead are carried past—as a hint to the living—to wear, by way of ornament, the bones of a Yankee and boast of it—to keep in the house an arsenal, so that when the moment arrives for the attack, the enemy without the walls may not be without auxiliaries within—this is scarcely a mere childish folly in a city so menaced as is New Orleans, especially when such facts are associated with a vast system of excitation to fury.

Besides, where is the proof that the facts alleged in this letter are devoid of exaggeration? "*Le style, c'est l'homme,*" says Buffon; which signifies, I imagine, that when a woman holds the pen, "the style is the woman." This being the case, the letter in question is written in such a manner as to give an idea of the narratrix which renders the narrative somewhat suspicious. Would the lady who takes General Butler so rudely to task be incapable of saying anything that is not to be thought an article of faith? But if she is convinced that General Butler is a monster, she is not less so that the population of the North is a rabble. She asserts that in the North the leaders themselves are obscure individuals raised to power by the *populace;* that hardly one of them knows who was his grandfather, and that many of them have never even heard of their father. She sees in them only poor creatures, as incapable of defending the national honour as their own. She describes them, without any beating about the bush, as the scum of Europe. It is with difficulty that she admits that they were born of a woman. She will not allow that the "gentlemen" of the South have ever been, or ever could be, beaten by that vile mob of artisans and traders who are called the North. She ascribes the entrance of the Federals into New Orleans to treason; to the mutiny of the common soldiers, mere nobodies, against their officers; to the fact that the "gentlemen" could not be at one and the same time in the forts and in the plain. She singles out as the abomination of abominations, the spirit of independence inculcated in the blacks. She has heard that at a meeting it was resolved to exterminate the whites in a body, and she asks for no further proof in confirmation of the fact. She compares the inviolability of the relations between master and slave to the

sacredness of the laws which regulate military discipline. She shudders with horror at the idea of a slave being authorised to lodge a complaint against the owner of his soul and body. One of General Butler's darkest crimes in her eyes is his not having any family portraits to hang up in his dining-room. "He is one of the common people," she says. It may easily be imagined under what colours facts are likely to be depicted by an imagination thus constituted, and how necessary it is to be on one's guard against a narrator haunted by such-like prejudices, when a prey to such outbursts of fury.

Here, however, the friends of the South do not care to look too closely. To deny under all circumstances what is said by the Federals, to believe under all circumstances what is said by the Confederates, forms their mode of reasoning.

The misfortune is, that they are in force in this country. There is no doubt that the torrent of opinion flows on their side, and it is according to their views one must speak, if anxious to command loud-sounding plaudits. Shall I candidly express my whole mind? I fear that Mr. Gladstone yielded to the temptation of courting popularity when, on a recent occasion, he gave so much praise to Jefferson Davis for having created "an army, a fleet, *a nation*."

Perchance he has since repented of that weakness. Either I am mistaken, or the eulogies emulously heaped upon him by his rivals and opponents, have warned him of his error. With what effusion, for instance, did not Lord Hardwicke, at Southampton, congratulate the Chancellor of the Exchequer on having had the courage at last to declare that Jefferson Davis had made "a *great* and *independent* nation," thus improving upon the text! And with what eagerness did not Sir John Pakington, who, in a higher degree than any other member of the Conservative party, personifies its general tendencies, quote Mr. Gladstone's words, and add, by way of comment: "The time is come when not only England, but also France and Russia, ought to offer their mediation and, in case of refusal, to recognise the South!"

It fortunately happens that these gentlemen have been a little too hasty in prejudging the intentions of the Cabinet. At Hereford, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Secretary of State for War, threw a pail of cold water upon the flame which

Mr. Gladstone had kindled at Newcastle. And what is yet more significant is that no allusion, direct or indirect, no provocation, serious or jovial, have wrung from the prudence of Lord Palmerston at the different banquets at which he has recently figured, a single word that could in any way pledge the Government on the subject of the independence of the South. Let the Federals make haste to conquer. All depends upon that. In England, as in France, as everywhere, "nothing succeeds better than success."

One thing appears certain, in any case, and that is, that the institution of slavery is drawing to an end: even before the Proclamation of President Lincoln was known, Neal Dow, in command of Port Philip, in Mississippi, wrote that slavery within the territory held by his troops was abolished, and some definite instructions were given on the subject. The negroes follow or join the Unionists where they have a chance of being well received. They would long since have proceeded in a body to New Orleans, had they been certain of there finding liberty.

Thus crumbles away the great argument of the advocates for slavery, which consisted in representing the negroes as enamoured of their own servitude, and resolved not to encounter the horrible misfortune of being—free!

LETTER XCIV.

MR. GLADSTONE AND SIR G. C. LEWIS ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

October 24th, 1862.

THE sensation produced in England by Mr. Gladstone's last speech still continues, though it has changed character.

How eagerly did the Conservatives seize upon these words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: "Jefferson Davis has created an army, a navy, a *nation!*" To hear them speak, it was now all over; the recognition of the Confederate States by England was about to take place; the policy of the Cabinet,

touching America, had uttered its last word by the mouth of the most eloquent of its members. "Down with the North! The South for ever!". So great was the joy in the Tory Camp, that it manifested itself in compliments, and unburdened itself in congratulations. It was a novelty somewhat startling to see Mr. Gladstone publicly approved by Sir John Pakington, and quoted with ecstasy by Lord Hardwicke, both of them members of the Cabinet which preceded and may be called upon to succeed Lord Palmerston's.

But it was not to the Conservative party only that this circumstance was a matter of gratification. I think I have already told you, and I repeat it, that the partisans of the South in England are met with everywhere—among the Liberals as well as among the Conservatives, in the *Daily Telegraph* as well as in the *Times*, at the clubs, in general society, and even—though in a very small minority—among the working men. Yes, it is decidedly to the side of the slave-owners, because they are free traders, producers of cotton, and are thought to be insincere Republicans,—it is to the side of the owners of human catlte that lean the wishes of England. The North has its partisans, no doubt; but they have uphill work before them, while their adversaries have only to descend the slope. The sympathies for the North are a dam; the sympathies for the South are a torrent. This is the reason why Mr. Gladstone's words went straight to the heart of the nation, and why they were interpreted with eagerness in the sense of an early recognition of the Confederate States.

But, lo! in a speech delivered at Hereford, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Secretary of State for War, has suddenly put a curb on the warm expectations which his colleague had unchained at Newcastle. Not content with declaring that the South had not established its independence, Sir George Lewis refused to admit that England could intervene before the entire exhaustion of the forces of the assailing power.

Is anything more needed to prove that at Newcastle Mr. Gladstone spoke in his own name alone; that the Cabinet has not yet arrived at any final conclusion concerning America; and that if it contains an aristocratic element favourable to the South, that element is not without a counterpoise?

It remains to be explained how Mr. Gladstone came to give

the one party such ill-founded joy, and to inspire in the other such baseless fears; for the above-mentioned words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer had generally been considered as a revelation of the views of the Cabinet.

If I mistake not, the explanation is furnished in Mr. Gladstone's own character.

Mr. Gladstone, in fact, is not merely a statesman. He is essentially a man of letters, an artist, an orator. Hence his fondness for applause. Like all men of letters, he gladly inhales the incense that burns in the perfuming pans of a friendly press. Like all artists, he is possessed of sensibility. Like all orators, he loves to behold in the enthusiasm of an excited audience the evidence of his own power. With a similar disposition, a man who had less elevation of soul would soon become a vulgar worshipper of public opinion. Mr. Gladstone is certainly not of that class. His uprightness saves him from the danger which ever lies in lending too complacent an ear to the applause of the streets. But it is not the less true that he sometimes shaves unconsciously the reef on which inferior natures would not fail to be wrecked. No one is more pleased than he to be the mouth-piece of public opinion, when distinctly expressed. No one is more ready than he to encourage wishes that are enunciated with much unanimity and clearness. No one would more heartily cry "Forward!" to the nation when making a forward movement.

And what renders this part more easy for him to play is, that he has no opinions formed beforehand. Not that he is sceptical—he is only undecided. And he is undecided, as I have already told you, through excess of penetration. His intellect, less vigorous than subtle, makes him see too well every aspect of a case; it shows him so thoroughly the good and the bad side of every conclusion, that he hesitates between the *pro* and the *con;* so that his firmness of judgment is in the inverse ratio to his sagacity. Is it surprising, then, that he should look beyond himself for a guide to decision and action, which he would seek in vain within himself? When, therefore, public opinion offers him a support, he is only too happy to avail himself of it, the general movement of other minds helping to encourage him against his own apprehensions, and to create in him a will.

Quite a different man is Sir George Lewis. Of a temperament essentially critical, cold, and argumentative, the Secretary of State for War is naturally more inclined to censure the impulses of public opinion than to submit to them. A rebel against the inspirations of enthusiasm, he is not the man to renounce his right of examination and control in presence of a mob, whether it applaud or disapprove. Where Mr. Gladstone displays the power of exciting, Sir George Lewis displays the power of restraining. Where the former acts in the capacity of a spur, the latter acts in the capacity of a curb. As is usual with men of indecision, the former, as soon as he ceases to hesitate, rushes forward. As is usual with unimpassioned men, the latter wills thoroughly what he does will, and yet marches to his goal with slow and measured steps.

In the present instance the two men, whose moral physiognomy I have just sketched, have acted precisely as might naturally have been expected of them. The one has spoken the language of impulse, the other that of prudence.

And Lord Palmerston?

Lord Palmerston has said nothing at all. In vain have all sorts of devices been adopted to force his hand. In vain did Lord Hardwicke, at Southampton, affect to repeat, with exaggeration, the phrase which, coming from Mr. Gladstone, had produced such an effect at Newcastle and elsewhere. Lord Palmerston, who was seated at the same table with Lord Hardwicke, imperturbably turned a deaf ear.

Lord Hardwicke had proposed a toast to the health of the ministers, but not to their political health. This jest Lord Palmerston seized upon with characteristic gaiety, remarking that his noble friend and opponent need not be at all anxious about the consequences of his toast; and that country air, rural pleasures, the absence of cares, and repose, all of them incompatible with official life, constituted the secret of preserving health; but what Lord Hardwicke tried to lure him on to say, he did not say. On the part of the Premier such systematic reserve is significant. It is clear that the Cabinet does not mean to commit itself on the American question.

But will not public opinion force it to take some decision? There would certainly be reason to fear this, were there not two motives for hoping for the best, namely: on the one hand,

the disposition of the English people to let Lord Palmerston act as he thinks right, his "pluck" and prudence inspiring every one with perfect confidence; and on the other hand, Lord Palmerston's inclination to wait for rather than to force *dénoûments;* an attitude and policy in thorough harmony with the character of a man who has no passion for anything, who takes life smilingly and things easily, who prides himself upon neither profound calculations nor transcendental views, and who owes the popularity which he enjoys in England to that quality which the English prize above all others, however vulgar it may appear—"a strong common sense."

LETTER XCV.

THE SOLIDARITY OF MANKIND PROVED BY THE DESTITUTION IN LANCASHIRE.

October 25th, 1862.

"Aures habent et non audient, oculos habent et non videbunt."

WHAT a terrible lesson would the distress in Lancashire be, were it in the power of men, enslaved as they are by their prejudices, to profit by the teachings of history! Assuredly if ever the world had a proof that the interests of nations, the most widely remote from one another, are one and indivisible, it is at this present moment. The working men of Lancashire and Cheshire are perishing of hunger because far, very far away, beyond the vast ocean, the two moieties of a nation are cutting one another's throats. They suffer, they are in agony, they perish, victims of faults not their own, victims of a madness which they scarcely comprehend. Had they for years together traded in human flesh; had they looked on with unpitying eye, thousands of times, while the blood of the negro spirted out beneath the whip of the overseer; had they torn thousands of children from their mothers to sell them as vile cattle; the atonement could not have been more complete or more cruel. The culprits are there, the innocent are here;

but the chastisement is here as well as there. On the other side of the Atlantic, artillery; on this side, famine.

And, what is the most horrible thought of all is, that on this side of the ocean also one may easily find those who are guilty. But punishment has not yet overtaken them.

If, after the principal European Powers had signed that famous declaration of 1856, the tendency of which was to protect the rights of neutrals and consecrate the principle, so long disputed, that "the flag covers the goods;" if, after signing that important treaty, it had been resolved that thenceforth the capture of private property upon the seas should be prohibited; if it had been further resolved that the right of blockade should be abolished, except in the case of a fortress being besieged by sea and by land, would destitution now be holding by the throat half a million of human beings in Lancashire and Cheshire?

Now,—let it not be forgotten—the absolute liberty of the seas was proposed by Mr. Marcy in the name of the Washington Cabinet; and the abolition of blockades was proposed a little later in the name of the same Cabinet by General Cass. On these conditions America would have renounced privateering, and would have affixed her signature to the declaration of 1856. But no: the English Government was quite willing that privateering should be suppressed, because privateering constituted in time of war the strength of the Americans, whose mercantile marine is large, while their naval forces are comparatively nothing: on other points the English Government was little prepared to yield to the arguments of General Cass and Mr. Marcy. Having at her disposal the most formidable navy in the world, England was little prepared to renounce the right of undertaking, when the time came, the police of the seas, and of bringing America's coasts under the sovereignty of her flag.

This is styled,—in political jargon,—being national, being sagacious, possessing sound sense. In fact, for an Englishman is it not the question to be English; for a Frenchman, to be French; for a Catholic, to be Catholic; for a Protestant, to be Protestant? and so forth. To be a man is nothing. The idea that political science is the science of principles belongs to little minds. Talk to me of those profound statesmen who understand how to raise themselves above that folly—justice!

Yet, what has resulted from the refusal of the English Government to lend their ear even for a moment to the proposals of Mr. Marcy and General Cass? Has England gained much by this wise, sensible, eminently national policy? Here are the results in a few words:—

The subjection of the sea to the rapacity of belligerent passions having closed the markets of Europe against American cotton, the most valuable, the most productive of English manufactures was suddenly stricken to the heart. In the last report of Mr. Farnall, Poor Law Inspector, for the Poor Laws, it is stated that of 352,240 artisans employed, previous to the war in America, in the cotton districts, there are 143,172 whose arms have been, as it were, absolutely broken by this war, while the number of those who are very partially at work is not less than 129,414. Count now the women, count the children, and as a statistical statement of the crowd of starving creatures in what are ordinarily the most industrious and most opulent districts of industrious and opulent England, you will arrive at the awful total of half a million.

And that is by no means all. These poor wretches, who are now without a morsel of bread, were earning previous to this war excellent wages, and on their wages depended a numerous population of petty tradesmen, who in their turn are ruined, decimated, and reduced to despair.

Nay, more. It is estimated that since the commencement of the American war the value of goods—to a large extent English—captured at sea exceeds twenty millions sterling. To lose in so short a time so large a sum, without taking into account what will yet be lost, is not being sagacious at a moderate price!

From the bottom of my heart, therefore, do I applaud the conclusions drawn by Mr. Cobden in the speech he delivered on Friday before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. With that practical genius which characterises him, he demands that an agitation similar to that of the Anti-Corn-Law League should be organised in favour of the freedom of the seas. Heaven aid him!

But, in the meantime, what is to become of the working men of Lancashire and Cheshire? This question, which would be difficult of solution anywhere, is especially so in

England; and that because there is no country on the earth where the maxim *Chacun chez soi, chacun pour soi* prevails more strongly.

The inhabitants of the cotton districts suffer undoubtedly from a misfortune that proceeds from general causes, and to which it consequently appears absurd to assign a purely local character. In reality it is a national misfortune, and national in its effects as well as in its causes. For all that, strange to say, the dominant idea here is that it belongs to the districts overwhelmed by the crisis to resist it as well as they can. The calm courage, the patience, aye, the heroism displayed by the Lancashire artisans are the theme of general admiration; the nation is proud of them; it says so by all who serve as its mouthpieces—members of Parliament, preachers, public speakers, and journalists; but the nation which admires these unfortunate beings does not think itself bound, as a nation, to succour them. That is the affair of the parish rates. Would you like to know what at this moment is the value of this limited succour? Fifteen-pence a head per week, on an average!

With fifteen-pence a week a being with a human form has to find food, clothing, and a roof to cover him! And winter is at hand! The poor creatures who are permitted to reckon on this miserable pittance are artisans accustomed, as I have already observed, to earn high wages, who have known, if not the enjoyments of luxury, at least the comforts of competency. They have laid up nothing, then, against evil times? I beg your pardon: the crisis has already lasted a long time; their savings have been consumed; their furniture has been turned into money; their goods and chattels have been put in pawn; they have fallen to the level of the "pauper," while preserving, as if to feel their distress more keenly, the soul of the freeman! To each of them is given fifteen pence a week, as if to die by a slow death was not dying! as if cherishing their agony sufficed for the observance of the principle solemnly recognised by the English nation, that a man, who, though willing to work, cannot find work, does not thereby forfeit his right to live!

In the number of my friends I am happy to reckon Mr. Monckton Milnes. He is a man of imagination, a wit, a man of the world, and, what is better than all that, he is an excel-

lent man. Well, at a meeting held at Pontefract on Tuesday last, in reference to these poor starving people of Lancashire, Mr. Monckton Milnes, who feels for their sufferings as much as any one, did not hesitate to declare himself opposed to every system of national succour.

It is a characteristic fact. That private benevolence should intervene, and be encouraged and stimulated, is Mr. Monckton Milnes' ardent wish. He demands with a sort of generous anguish that men who deserve to live should not be left to perish. But he is entirely opposed to the Government doing more than it has already done, unless it be forced, absolutely forced, to do so. The principle on which rests the legislation for the poor would be violated. It is for each parish to feed its own poor. And yet the nation intervened at the time of the famine in Ireland. No matter. Mr. Monckton Milnes insists that this precedent should not be quoted as an authority. And he gives a strange reason for this. The Irish famine, according to him, was a transient misfortune, whereas the crisis which overwhelms Lancashire threatens to bear permanent results. In fact, the results of this crisis will be permanent, if care be not taken. The dead do not come to life again.

LETTER XCVI.

MR. COBDEN AND THE RIGHT OF BLOCKADE.

October 26th, 1862.

On Friday last Mr. Cobden delivered before a crowded meeting at Manchester a speech destined, as I think, to mark an epoch. The object of the meeting was the examination of the present state of international and maritime law, with reference to the condition of the cotton districts in England.

It is terrible, indeed, their condition. Of 352,240 heads of families whom the cotton manufacture supplied with food, 129,414 have scarcely any work to do, while 143,172 have none at all. Women and children included, there is at least

half-a-million of human beings who live, if it can be called living, between alms and famine. About fifteenpence a head per week is all that parochial charity can do for these poor creatures, thanks to the English Poor Law. What anguish is represented in these figures!

So much for the effects. As for the causes, who knows them not? What has ruined, what starves, what reduces to despair, what slays in a manner more sure and more cruel than the cannon, these unfortunate artisans of Lancashire, is the war in America.

But could not the American war have broken out without producing such a lamentable result? Was there any necessary, or fatal, connection between this cause and this effect? Yes. And why? Solely because the international law in force at this day is a relic of the ideas, usages, and manners, which constituted the barbarous age; because it is still held, in spite of the so-much-vaunted progress of enlightenment, that when two nations engage in warfare, all other nations must be condemned to suffer from their quarrel; because it still seems right—monstrous idea!—that the interest of belligerents should be more considered than that of nations at peace; because in this age of steam, electricity, and all that tends to bring together the scattered members of the great human family, force has not yet ceased to command the respect which is due, but which is refused, to industry; because men have not yet come to understand that the sea belongs to all nations alike, as does the air, or the sun; because the supreme question of the freedom of the seas still awaits its definitive solution; because, in short, governments have not been wise enough to come to a mutual understanding to erase from the international code the right of blockade applied to trading ports.

To Mr. Cobden, who detests war, even more than his friend Mr. Milner Gibson, and almost as much as his friend Mr. Bright, the Lancashire distress furnished a sadly favourable opportunity for proving to what a high degree the right of blockade, applied by belligerents to trading ports is ruinous, unjust, and foolish. Who could better than himself drag such a subject into broad daylight? Still, if I must say what I think, the demonstration did not nearly answer to my expectations. Though of great length, his speech was far from

exhausting the subject. The question was looked at under only one of its aspects, and in a manner too narrowly practical. Like all men who excel in marshalling facts, Mr. Cobden is led to pay too little attention to principles, and even in preaching the worship of the most elevated ideas, he is himself deficient in elevation.

But that which would be a serious defect in France,—that country of generalisation,—is regarded as a good quality in England, where the genius of analysis is far more highly appreciated than that of synthesis. Mr. Cobden is aware of this, and it may have been this which determined him in his choice of the arguments by which, on Friday last, he combated the application of the right of blockade, in time of war, to the peaceful domains of labour.

His reasoning was to the following effect. I shall endeavour to summarise it, without weakening its force :—

"You are," said he to the English, "the first maritime power in the world; and because you are that, you believe it is for your interest to reserve to yourselves the right of blockading with your ships, in war time, the coasts of an enemy's country. But you do not see that you thereby invoke the help of a double-edged weapon, which it is impossible for you to hold without its wounding your hand. Let us suppose that you are at war with Russia. You derive from her hemp, linen, tallow, corn; what would you gain by shutting up in the country which supplies you with them, the commodities with which you cannot dispense without inconvenience? What happened at the time of the war in the Crimea? Did France and England, when united against the Russians, hasten to place the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof in a state of blockade? They took care to do nothing of the kind. The harvest had been bad in England, and still worse in France. It would therefore have been madness on the part of the two countries recklessly to cut off their supplies of grain. They understood it, and abstained from availing themselves of a right which would have been so prejudicial to them. The war broke out in the month of March, 1854, and it was not till the month of March, 1855, that a commercial interdict was placed upon the ports of the Sea of Azof and of the Black Sea. So true is it, that the right of blockade may become more fatal to the Power which exercises it, than to

the one which is subjected to it! And what reason is there to be surprised at this? What characterises the nature of the ties with which commerce binds together different nations, is reciprocity. A nation which, like England, holds, speaking from the commercial point of view, all other nations in dependence upon it, through that very fact is itself dependent upon all other nations. The more industrious it is, the more does it stand in need of raw material, markets, consumers: what interest, then, can it have in impeding navigation? And what blows can it inflict upon an enemy that will not recoil upon itself? Besides, the invention of railroads has come in time to call to order the maritime tyranny which formerly existed, and which has been too long exercised by means of blockade. If England and France were nowadays to go to war with one another, by what means would the former of these two Powers attempt to prevent the latter from receiving through Rotterdam or Hamburg the merchandise which it receives in time of peace through Marseilles or Havre? The blockade of all the coasts of France, were it really effective, would avail nothing. Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf, when they drew up their learned treatises, reckoned without the genius of Watt! The time has come to do away with these old-fashioned notions. Let us have the courage to give up the sea free to navigation, to industry, to peace. Let us have the courage to speak and to act, as if we belonged to our age."

Such was the substance of Mr. Cobden's speech.

You will observe that what he especially laboured to establish was the fact that the interest of England is not involved, as she imagines, in the maintenance of the right of blockade in the widest, most absolute, most strict acceptation of the word. This mode of tackling the question, in such a country as this, is really the best one. England is not naturally sentimental. Motives derived from pure philanthropy are not in general those which affect her most deeply. To convince her, you must show her clearly what she will gain by being convinced. Above all was this necessary in the present instance. For in touching the foundation on which England down to the present day has rested her maritime sovereignty Mr. Cobden undertook, to his honour be it said, a formidable adventure.

"*A naval Power like England*," said Lord Palmerston on the 3rd February, 1862, "should never abandon *any means of weakening its enemies at sea*." Long before Lord Palmerston, the famous Pitt, in defending the right of search, exclaimed in Parliament: "Rather than permit a neutral flag to cover an enemy's cargo, I would enwrap myself in the folds of our flag, and would seek glory at the bottom of the tomb."

Such is the opinion, such are the sentiments, such is the language of England. Judge of the courage displayed by Mr. Cobden in saying in public: "It is time to organise here, in favour of the absolute liberty of the seas, an agitation analogous to that of the Anti-Corn-Law League!"

That such a proposition should be made in England, and by an Englishman, shows better than any other thing could do, that there is a latent force in history which baffles the blind selfishness of individuals. Mr. Cobden's speech, defective as it may appear from an absolutely critical point of view, is something more than a speech, something more than an act: it is a sign of the times.

LETTER XCVII.

THE RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH OPPOSED BY MR. COBDEN.

November 1st, 1862.

ANOTHER speech by Mr. Cobden, and a very important one. This time it was at Rochdale, in the presence of those who have returned him as their representative in Parliament, that the celebrated organiser of the Anti-Corn-law League, opened his lips and spoke. The hall, capable of containing 3000 individuals, was crowded to excess. A large number of manufacturers were present, while the artisans were there in a mass. The Mayor of the town occupied the chair. A lively emotion was depicted on every countenance. Mr. Cobden was about to speak of the terrible scourge which has stricken down Rochdale, like so many other towns, alas! in the north of England.

A powerful intellect is Mr. Cobden's. He has not, it is true, the general aptitude or the eloquence at once charming and subtle of Mr. Gladstone, nor the fascinating genius of Mr. Bright, nor the gently persuasive serenity of Lord Palmerston, nor the biting and sardonic talent of Mr. Disraeli, nor the penetrating gravity of Earl Russell, nor the finesse of Mr. Milner Gibson; but, on the other hand, in what a sovereign manner does he handle facts! with what ability does he present them! And how well he knows how to draw from them all they contain of a nature to support his thesis!

Unfortunately, Mr. Cobden's intellect is far from being as expansive, as supple, or as elevated, as it is vigorous. He is, above all, a man of *one* idea. The idea itself is noble, grand, and just; but Mr. Cobden is frequently in danger of rendering it unpopular because he will not grant that other ideas, which are really of some value, are as important as people consider them. For my part, I confess that I have always found many objections to urge against the maxim: *Timeo hominem unius libri.* In reality, all questions mutually throw light one upon another, and I doubt if it is possible to be thoroughly master of one if the whole attention be concentrated upon one in too exclusive and systematic a manner. This is precisely Mr. Cobden's weak point. The interest of commerce and, in order to insure that, peace at any price—this is the circle out of which it is impossible to move him. It is useless to talk to him of the lamentable, but evident, necessity in which a people is placed to provide means for self-defence, when permanently menaced by neighbouring or rival nations; forts, cannons, ammunition, muskets, make him sick at heart; he will not have them at any price. It is vain to quote to him the celebrated axiom, *Si vis pacem, para bellum.* According to him the only course to adopt, if you wish to avoid war, is to ignore danger.

Once let it be admitted that human passions do not exist, and that we are all beings governed by pure reason, Mr. Cobden will prove to perfection that if nations will exchange their products they will have no need to exchange broadsides, and that the latter form of reciprocity is absurd. But when some one is taking an aim at you, what is to be done? Measure out cloth by the yard? As was pleasantly observed the other day in one of the London papers, the lion and the

sheep, in order to live together on terms of amity, would only, according to Mr. Cobden's theory, have to agree to give in exchange, the one the superfluity of his mane, the other the superfluity of his wool. No doubt, the sheep would be willing enough to lend himself to this amiable arrangement; the difficulty would be to persuade the lion!

In the speech delivered by Mr. Cobden at Rochdale, nothing could be more striking than the first half, nothing less conclusive than the second. And why? Because, in the first half of his harangue he had no occasion to go beyond his tether, which he had to do in the last half.

It is indisputable that the distress in the cotton districts of England proceeds from the right of blockade applied to trading ports; that the abolition of this insensate and tyrannical right was, long before the breaking out of the present war, proposed by the American Government, and rejected by that of England; and that, consequently, England is merely expiating to-day the short-sightedness of her selfish policy. It is equally certain that the recognition of the Southern States by England would remedy nothing, would repair nothing. Would the North cease to blockade the Southern ports, because of the recognition of Southern independence? Not the least in the world. Cotton, therefore, would not return to the path which was closed to it by the war.

If this recognition were followed up by a violent summons, addressed to the North to lay down its arms, on pain of being constrained to do so by force in case of refusal, then, indeed, there would be some sense in that recognition. But is England prepared to undertake such an adventure? This question, it must be admitted, was set forth by Mr. Cobden with great authority; nor had he much trouble in proving that the declaration of war by England against the Northern States, even at the present juncture, would be an act of folly. The fact is, that at a period when America contained scarcely more than two and a half millions of inhabitants, she was able to hold her own against England. How would it be, then, now? It is idle to object that the North has already a civil war on its hands; history teaches us what an increase of energy is given to a people under such circumstances by the horror of foreign intervention. When France drew from her despair power to overwhelm coalesced Europe, was not her

bosom torn by the most cruel civil war that was ever known? Was not La Vendée in arms, and furious? Did not revolt blaze throughout the South? Had not the fire broken out at Lyons, the second city in the kingdom? And from the one end of France to the other, was not the ground undermined by plots? Will it be urged that such prodigies are not possible a second time? Who knows?

In its struggle with the South, the North has displayed such an indomitable force of will, such an extraordinary extent of resources, that he must be a bold man who would trace, beforehand, a limit to the efforts of such a people, defending their lives and seized with fury. Mr. Cobden was right in the remark he made, that an armed intervention in America would have the inevitable result of putting an end to the factions which enfeeble the North, and of augmenting its force a hundredfold.

And then, if the eight or ten millions of people who inhabit the valley of the Mississippi, of the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, are resolute to continue the war, would it be very easy for an armed intervention to reach them, or to ascend a river like the Mississippi to impose peace upon them? It is little likely, in any case, that the cheapness of the enterprise would compensate for its dangers; and Mr. Cobden was scarcely guilty of a hyperbole when he exclaimed: "Seek for cotton sword in hand, great Heaven! It would cost less to put the entire population of the cotton districts on a dietary of turtle-soup, champagne, and venison!"

There is another point in this speech to which I think it is right to allude in terms of praise before touching upon that which appears to me to merit blame. Mr. Cobden roughly attacked Lord Palmerston; he reproached him with not belonging to the party at the head of which he figures; he recalled to mind, not without bitterness, that not one of the promises which had preceded the accession to power of the present Premier had been fulfilled; and he announced his intention of breaking with the Government, if the promised reforms continued to be regarded as a dead letter. It is certain that Lord Palmerston is, in fact,—strange to say—a Tory chosen to lead the Whigs. It thence results, according to the happy expression of Mr. Cobden, that the Conservatives

are in power without being in office. They have the advantages of power without having its responsibilities. It is a situation more than abnormal: it is a calumny upon representative institutions.

I postpone till to-morrow—not to occupy too great a space in your columns—the examination of another part of Mr. Cobden's speech.

LETTER XCVIII.

WHAT DOES NOT DISQUIET MR. COBDEN, DISQUIETS ENGLAND.

November 1st, 1862.

If you knew that the man who occupies a chamber next to your own, took pleasure in smoking a pipe over a barrel of gunpowder, I feel sure that you would be somewhat anxious about his movements. He might declare as much as he liked that he did not mean any harm, that he had not the slightest wish to blow up the house, that such a supposition was absurd, because, in that case, he would himself be the first victim: either I am much mistaken, or these fine declarations and powerful arguments would lose their effect, so long as there remained there the barrel of gunpowder and the lighted pipe.

Well, a French army of five to six hundred thousand men, ready to take the field, in a moment, at a sign from one man,—at a glance from his eye,—at the first contraction of his brows, seems to England a danger quite as great and not less imminent than the one of which I have been speaking. But this is what Mr. Cobden is incapable of comprehending, blinded as he is by his fixed idea: peace at any price in the interest of free trade.

There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when Mr. Cobden, as a very sincere Liberal, decidedly withheld his confidence from the Imperial régime. But Mr. Cobden has been in France, and was well received by the official authorities. Obliging hands threw open to him wide the gates of

the arsenals. He was allowed to visit the ship-building yards. He was enabled to examine, as closely as he pleased, the movement of the ports. He has been in communication with M. Michel Chevalier. He has conversed familiarly with the Emperor. What more need I say? He has brought back with him from his voyage across the Channel—what? A great thing, in truth: a commercial treaty between France and England; a commercial treaty in which is consecrated the principle so dear to Mr. Cobden, and the absolute triumph of which has been the dream of his entire life, that of free trade. It needed nothing more to upset all the notions of the English economist upon the empire. In Napoleon he has seen only a disciple.

At this moment, such is Mr. Cobden's confidence, that he believes that a free-trader who wears a crown is incapable of cherishing warlike ideas; so that England, if she would only listen to him, might at once, without delay, raze her forts, melt down her cannon, disband her troops, replace her ships of war by merchant vessels, and laugh at her volunteers. What he cannot pardon in the English are the precautions they take against the danger of an attack which they regard, if not as certain, at least as possible. What he cannot pardon in Lord Palmerston is, his sharing in this respect the distrust of his compatriots.

Even at the close of the last Parliamentary session, Mr. Cobden roughly took the Premier to task, and accused him of keeping up in men's minds a chimerical fear of invasion, of lavishing England's wealth on useless armaments, and of making use of ridiculous terrors as stepping-stones to popularity. Why should so many millions of pounds sterling be expended upon the army, the navy, the fortifications, the defence of the coasts? As if the idea of invasion were anything more than one of those windmills against which Don Quixote couched his lance! As if it were not madness to imagine the possibility of hostile designs on the part of the free-trader Napoleon! As if he had not a thousand times declared his pacific intentions! He, the Emperor of the French, ever draw a sword against England! Tell that to the marines! If Lord Palmerston pretended to believe it, it was because he had his own reasons for that. Did he not find in these skilfully-fanned apprehensions a con-

venient mode of covering the extravagancies of his policy, and of attitudinising as a great patriot?

To this effect did Mr. Cobden express himself at the close of the Parliamentary session, and he added, with bitterness, —"Lord Palmerston alone has cost the English people one hundred millions sterling. Whatever be the noble lord's merit, it is somewhat dear!"

This thesis Mr. Cobden resumed in the speech which he delivered at Rochdale. He combated, with animation not exempt from ill-temper, the anxiety awakened in England by the activity imparted, ever since the establishment of the empire, to the armaments of France; and as usual, the arguments which he marshalled in the front line of his battle, were figures.

After stating that in 1835, under the ministry of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, the military and naval establishments of Great Britain did not cost more than twelve millions sterling per annum, Mr. Cobden drew attention to the fact that, for these same objects, the expenditure is now nearly triple, that is to say, thirty millions sterling. And thereupon he triumphantly exclaimed:—"What more need be said? Were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, peradventure, bad patriots?"

No, sir. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were not bad patriots; but there is a thing of which you must be reminded, since you have so completely forgotten it.

In 1835, France was under a constitutional government. Parliament, which is made for speaking, spoke. The press wore no handcuffs. On the other side of the Channel there was a public opinion which could be interrogated, and which had the right of replying. At that epoch, a war could not have been declared until after long discussions in the papers and in the Chambers. It could not have taken place without the openly avowed approval of the country. Consequently, England had every conceivable means of feeling the pulse of the French people, of knowing beforehand what she had to hope or fear, of parrying the danger, or of preparing to meet it. She had nothing to fear from surprises, from unexpected attacks. She was not exposed to see a man, without other control than his own will, set the world on fire. Who does not remember the astonishing rapidity with which France

passed from a state of peace to a state of war, the day when the Emperor of the French conceived the whim of teaching the Austrians how the Zouaves kill their fellow-men? A few harsh words, dropped from the Imperial lips, and addressed to the Austrian ambassador, sufficed to give a shock to Europe; and the sequel proved that her emotion was not ill-founded, for hardly does the thunder follow more closely upon the flash. Would that have been possible in 1835? At that period, then, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were perfectly justified in sleeping in peace, which Lord Palmerston believes he cannot now do without failing in prudence.

Mr. Cobden denies that the English have any reason to be alarmed about the armaments of France; but he himself admits that, in 1835, the expenditure of the French government in its building-yards was only £343,032, whereas in 1859, it was £772,931. The increase is surely worthy of attention. It is true that, in the corresponding interval, the efforts of England have been still greater, since her expenditure in the dockyards has risen from £376,377 to £1,582,112. But what is the conclusion to be derived from that? That England does not shrink from any sacrifice to place herself in a state of defence, so keen is her disquietude, so profound her distrust? Doubtless. Only, that is not the question: the point at issue is, has she any reason, or not, for remaining on the alert? Now, in all England, there are probably only two men, Mr. Cobden and the illustrious Quaker, his friend Mr. Bright, who, on this subject, differ in opinion from Lord Palmerston.

The reason is very simple. A country where all is light cannot trust a country where all is darkness. A government that divulges, and is obliged to divulge, to the world its innermost thoughts, cannot confide in a government whose decisions are a mystery, and the seat of which may be said to be placed in the brain of one man. In vain does Napoleon lavish his specific assurances; in vain does Mr. Cobden offer himself as a guarantee for the sincerity of these assurances: there is here a fact which is more conclusive than any declaration or any comment—France is under the government of one man. The intentions of a sovereign who disposes as he pleases of 600,000 soldiers, let them be ever so pacific to-day, who shall dare answer that they will not be warlike to-morrow? This does not disturb Mr. Cobden, but it does

disturb England. She lets him talk, therefore; she even applauds him when he does not reproach her for her prudence. But those whom she follows, are those who say to her, after the manner of Cromwell:—"Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

LETTER XCIX.

A VACANT THRONE: CANDIDATURE OF PRINCE ALFRED.

November 5th, 1862.

THE revolution which has been effected in Greece has naturally produced a lively sensation among the Greeks residing in London. Their number is not very great; but they are in general very active, very energetic, very enterprising, thorough men of business, and therefore rich. Under this head, they form a class here whose influence is not to be lightly esteemed. The trade in corn and the trade in the exports of the Levant being partly in their hands, whatever is of a nature to affect the Eastern question interests them from the double point of view of merchant and patriot.

At the time of the Crimean war, there is no doubt their sympathies were for Russia, and they did not disguise the fact. To such a degree, indeed, was this the case, that the Exchange and Mark Lane were offended. The Greek merchants narrowly escaped being exposed to personal violence, with such vivacity did they express their wishes in favour of the power against whom the English people were engaged in hostilities. What will be their attitude when the revolution of Greece shall have decidedly settled down? That will depend upon the turn events may take.

It is certain, however, that the Greeks here show themselves as well disposed in favour of England as they are delighted to see Otho's throne at length vacant. It would be in no way disagreeable to them if the throne were occupied by Prince Alfred. They consider that the election of a prince of the house of England, besides guaranteeing the maintenance of constitutional liberty in their country, would secure

the moral, if not the material, support of a powerful nation for the new and brilliant destinies they are already dreaming for Greece. They think, too, that after having made the present of a crown to an English prince, the Greeks would be in a better position to insist upon the restitution of the Ionian Islands, which England persists in protecting, though they, for their part, have no wish to be protected and never cease saying:—

"*Mais moi*, si je veux qu'on me batte?"

Be that as it may, the idea of the candidature of Prince Alfred does not appear to be very successful in England. In the first place, the offer is not looked upon as a very flattering one. I have heard inhabitants of this monster city, which they call London, exclaim, with a shrug of the shoulders: "A fine present to make to the younger son of our Queen! A kingdom, the population of which scarcely equals that of some parishes of London!" But this is not the argument of serious thinkers. What seems to trouble men's minds is a vague fear lest England, with Prince Alfred upon the throne of Greece, might happen to become more involved than is desirable in the imbroglio of the Eastern question.

In fact, what England wishes before all, and is interested in wishing, is the preservation of this poor Turkish empire, which Russia is always threatening to swallow up. When an English traveller on the southern roads of Russia comes to a sign-post bearing the words: "To Stamboul," what he reads with a feeling of horror and affright is: "To India."

Now, the time may come when it will not be an easy matter to protect at the same time Turkey and Greece, the Crescent and the Cross. It is impossible that Greece, regenerated, should not aspire to deliver by force from the Turkish yoke the Greeks who people Albania and Thessaly; and it is not less impossible that Turkey should consent, unless constrained by superior might, to abandon those rich provinces.

This situation contains the germ of considerable complications. The proof is, that at the first news of the revolution of Greece, Turkey lost no time in despatching troops towards the frontiers of Albania. Add to this, that Russian agents will not fail to fan the flame. A conflict in which Russia, by taking the part of the Greeks against the Turks, would have

the appearance of defending the Cross against the Crescent, would forward immensely the realisation of the project which the government at St. Petersburg has never ceased, since the time of Peter the Great, to fondle with complacency, and to prosecute. But it may be imagined what, under such circumstances, would be the embarrassment of England, interested in placing herself on the side of her protégés, the Mussulmans, against the country to which she had given a king in a son of the Queen of England. Would it not be better to reserve for herself the power of acting as she thinks proper at the right time, and to remain with her hands free? Such is the aspect under which the question presents itself to those who reflect, and their number is great, in this country of liberty.

There are many other objections to the candidature of Prince Alfred: his youth, his religion, and the Treaty of 1831, by which the election of an English, Russian, or French prince is formally interdicted. But why enumerate all the motives, when one is enough? We may here repeat, as the *Daily Telegraph* did yesterday, the anecdote of Elizabeth visiting Falmouth, and dispensing the magistrates of the town from setting forth the thirty-three reasons on account of which, said they, they had given no orders for ringing the bells, the first one being that they had no bells. In short, Prince Alfred, if public opinion be consulted in this matter, will leave the Greeks to themselves, and, if a crown tempts him, will go and look for one elsewhere.

Besides, is there not a bevy of candidates? Is there not Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, the hero of Missolonghi, the most illustrious of the fellow-workers of Capo d'Istria, and who, though 71 years of age, has lost nothing, it is said, of the vigour of manhood? Is there not Prince Gregory Ypsilanti, nephew of Alexander Ypsilanti, the chosen one of 1820, and descending in a straight line from the Emperors of Constantinople? Is there not the Duke de Leuchtenberg, son of the Grand-Duchess Mary, and grandson of the Czar Nicolas of Russia? Lastly, is there not Prince Amadeus of Italy, whose candidature is actively promoted by a Greco-Italian committee, sitting at Palermo and Naples, although the candidate is still without a beard, having barely attained his seventeenth year? There is, assuredly, no lack of choice, if

the Greeks must positively have a king, after the somewhat discouraging experiment they have already made.

For we must render this justice to Otho, that never did a monarch more completely succeed in curing a people of the error of idolatry; and the touching unanimity with which his right to withdraw was recognised is almost an historical phenomenon.

I need not tell you that of all the princes I have enumerated, the one who would have the smallest chance of being acceptable to the English, is the Duke de Leuchtenberg. There are two reasons for that.

The first is the tie which attaches him to Russia, and this first reason renders it unnecessary for me to mention the second,—but perhaps you may prefer that I should speak out plainly. Well, then, the Duke de Leuchtenberg possesses, in the eyes of the English, a greater fault than that of being the nephew of the present Emperor of All the Russias; it is that of being the great-grandson of Josephine, and of belonging to the Bonaparte family. What renders the matter more serious, is a certain rumour, which speaks of the marriage of this tall handsome young man with the Princess Anna Murat.

But I leave to professed Dangeaux ("Jenkins") the trouble of entering into fuller details on this subject, and I come abruptly to the speech which Mr. Cobden has delivered at Rochdale.

You have placed before your readers some salient passages of this speech, and you were quite right to do so. Still, if you have not yet lost all recollection of a long letter which I addressed to you, at the close of the Parliamentary session, the perusal of Mr. Cobden's last harangue must have struck you much as a sudden meeting with an old acquaintance would do. The truth is, that the peace-loving agitator has simply repeated, and nearly word for word, what he said not very long ago in the House of Commons.

He reproached Lord Palmerston with having cost much, ay, too much, to the English nation; he reproached him with keeping up in the country fanciful alarms to cover a foolish expenditure; he reproached him with dipping, without scruple, into the pockets of the tax-payers, under the pretext that the country is in danger, and in order to attitudinise as a

great patriot; he reproached him with figuring at the head of the Liberal Party, him, a Conservative at heart and a Tory to the backbone; he reproached him— With what did he not reproach him?

On all that I have already expressed my opinion. I have therefore to spare you my comments, and confine myself to pointing out to you a passage in this speech which is worth some reflection.

Mr. Cobden is a *Unionist* in what concerns America. He believes in the ultimate triumph of the North, and he prays for it with his whole heart. But his opinion and sentiments on this point do not arise—as he himself has expressly stated—from any liking for *great States*. "The empires which I prefer," he said, "are not those which embrace a vast extent of territory; but those in which the faculties of man, as a man, are the most largely developed."

In this Mr. Cobden was right, a hundred times right.

What, in fact, did the gigantic empires of Persia, Assyria, &c., add to the intellectual possessions of humanity? On the other hand, let us take Italy in the Middle Ages, or Greece in ancient times; what treasures under the head of science, of philosophy, of art, of literature, have not those *little States* bequeathed to the family of nations? The native land of Phidias, of Plato, of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Pericles, never occupied upon the map anything more than a microscopic place; and yet what a space it has filled in the memory of man! Yes, what furnishes the true standard of the stature of a people, is the degree of intelligence to which it attains; and still more the respect shown by it to human dignity.

The truly great nations are those which march to the conquest of the world by the elevation of their sentiments, the justness of their ideas, the influence of their literature, the wisdom of their institutions, and the permanent prosperity which is consequent upon the veneration for justice that is inseparable from liberty. No one is ever sufficiently artful to be certain that he will not, sooner or later, meet with some one more artful than himself; no one is ever strong enough to be always the strongest; and this is why the success due to art and force is ephemeral.

A population of slaves, whether armed or not, robust or feeble, capable or incapable of making others share the

burden they bear, is a population of children: there are no genuine nations but those that are composed of men.

LETTER C.

A LEAF DETACHED FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MEXICAN EXPEDITION.

November 7th, 1862.

THE publication of the despatches sent from Vera Cruz by General Forey has passed almost without notice in England, at least so far as I have been able to judge. It is not that the English do not follow with an anxious eye the movements of France in Mexico; but, in the first place, their attention is more forcibly drawn towards Rome; and, secondly, simple changes of individuals seem to them of very secondary interest, on a stage where political men are merely puppets, who are replaced by others from time to time, without any other motive than to vary the spectacle.

The truth is, that if the despatches in question announce a certain modification of the views of the French Government in reference to Mexico, it is in a very indirect manner. It does not appear, to judge by the proclamation of the new Commander-in-Chief, that in high quarters there is any intention of abandoning the project of regenerating Mexico by means of universal suffrage, conducted in a military fashion. In the eyes of certain individuals, this unfortunate Juarez, honest man as he is, possesses, it seems, the enormous fault of professing the principles of an enlightened liberalism, and of figuring at the head of a Liberal Government. Besides, which is the party that is opposed to him? Is it not that which styles itself the Church Party?

It is true that Padre Miranda is described in a despatch of the English Commodore, Hugh Dunlop, as a gloomy and cruel fanatic, who has on his hands a large share of the blood treacherously shed in Mexico by the reactionists; it is true that the pretended Church Party in Mexico is a collection of

men whom even the old Spanish Inquisition would have disavowed; it is true that the hero of this party is a man stained with blood; it is true that it was by this party that the cry, "Death to Foreigners!" has all along been uttered; and it was through the acts of violence, of robbery, and of assassination committed by this party, that was brought about, last year, the collective intervention of France, England, and Spain. But is it not right that treasures of indulgence should be kept in reserve for the peccadilloes of those who oppose to the standard of liberty, daughter of a false philosophy, the sacred standard of religion, such as Philip II. of Spain understood, and such as was served by the Duke of Alva?

This being premised, I confess that, for my part, I read with pleasure the despatches with which the *Moniteur* has at last thought fit to gratify public curiosity. It thence results: 1st, that General Almonte has at length been set aside; 2ndly, that Count Dubois de Saligny is condemned to the chagrin of a subaltern part.

Under this double head, public opinion has reason to be satisfied, and the French Government may be congratulated with a clear conscience.

In the first place, nothing was more urgent than the dismissal of General Almonte,—a dismissal for which it is only fair to render thanks to the Imperial Government, even if it did not imply any radical change in its policy with respect to Mexico. Everyone knows what was the effect of the arrival of General Almonte at Vera Cruz, where, from being a proscribed man, he pretended to assume the airs of a master, of course under the French protection, and as the trusty friend of the Emperor. Until that moment a perfect understanding had existed between the Commissioners of the three nations. General Prim, in the name of Spain; Sir Charles Wyke and Commodore Dunlop, in the name of England; Admiral Jurien de la Gravière and M. Dubois de Saligny, in the name of France, appeared to be all thoroughly satisfied with the necessity of not going beyond the object of the Expedition, which was, in the terms of the original Convention, to obtain reparation for damages sustained by foreign residents: nothing less, but nothing more. It was upon this basis that General Prim had placed the question in an interview he had with the Mexican Minister, General Doblado, in whom, be it said, he

found a man of a very cultivated mind, of a very conciliatory disposition, and of excellent manners. General Doblado's reply to the demands presented by General Prim had been very satisfactory, and the favourable impression made by him upon the Spanish Commissioner the latter fancied he had conveyed to his French as well as to his English colleagues. Already negotiations had been opened of an eminently peaceful character, and everything announced a happy conclusion. But lo! General Almonte arrives, accompanied by Father Miranda. His presence, *under the French protection*, on a soil from which he had been banished as a rebel, was in itself a sort of declaration of war against the Mexican Government. And what does the new-comer do? He applies himself to proclaiming aloud the downfall of the Power with whom the three nations are negotiating; he declares himself accredited by the Emperor of the French; he announces himself as the instrument of the regeneration of Mexico; he openly sets forth the candidature of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to the throne of Mexico, without troubling himself about the Mexicans, who want neither an archduke nor a monarchy. Thereupon the Spanish Commissioner, General Prim, and the English Commissioners, Sir Charles Wyke and Commodore Dunlop, testify their surprise—not to say their dissatisfaction; they protest against the altogether new motive thus assigned to the expedition undertaken in common; they refer to the formal terms of the Convention which unites the three Powers; they point out how irregular it is to protect men who talk of overthrowing, sword in hand, a Government with which they are in treaty, and which is ready to concede what is demanded of it; they insist that Almonte and his companions be sent away. Vain efforts! A bond difficult to loose exists between the protectors and the protected. So Spain and England, unable to obtain anything, withdraw together.

So much for the part played in Mexico by General Almonte. As for that played by Count Dubois de Saligny, I have from a very good source—in fact, it would be impossible to imagine a better—certain information of a very intimate, very characteristic, and very piquant nature.

I must, first of all, tell you that Count Dubois de Saligny is to be regarded as the soul of the movements which have brought about the invasion of Mexico.

That the persistent hostility displayed by M. Dubois de Saligny towards the Mexican Government had its source in feelings of personal resentment, is more than I could venture to say; but it appears certain that, far from being popular in Mexico, M. Dubois de Saligny, whether it was his own fault or not, has been on various occasions the butt of envenomed attacks on the part of the wits of that country. Among the caricatures directed against him, the one that must most particularly have stung him, was that which represented him issuing from a bottle. It is beyond all question that Juarez and the party who placed him in power have had no more persevering, no more implacable enemy.

Sir Charles Lennox Wyke, sent to Mexico by Great Britain as Minister Plenipotentiary, as successor to Mr. Mathew, likewise exhibited much temper and intolerance at the beginning; and this cannot be disputed, with the collection of despatches relating to Mexico, published by the English Government, lying before one's eyes; but this justice is due to Sir C. Lennox Wyke, that he was not long in getting the better of his first impressions. A careful examination of the state of affairs and opinions in Mexico soon convinced him that the evils which had desolated that fine country were the work of the reactionary party; that the Government of Juarez was, after all, the truest expression of the wishes of the nation, and the only national government which it could expect; that to the reactionary party were imputable all the excesses, all the robberies, all the murders from which the foreign residents in Mexico had suffered; and that, if it were strictly conformable to the law of nations to hold the existing Power answerable for the misdeeds of its predecessor, it was at least only fair not to seize it by the throat, but, as soon as it showed proofs of its good will, to give it time to look around.

As for Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, his conduct, from the day he set foot in Mexico, seems to have been that of a well-intentioned man, full of rectitude, and accessible to sentiments which originate in the conscience, but of a feeble character, and desirous overmuch of not allowing any doubt to arise as to his complete devotedness to the Emperor.

With regard to General Prim's views there was never any mystery. When he arrived in Mexico, his great anxiety was to obtain from the Mexican Government reasonable satisfac-

tion, while looking upon force of arms as the last means to be adopted. General Prim was not ignorant how deeply-rooted in the heart of the Mexican people was their hatred of the Spaniards, and he thought rightly that it was his duty to lessen its effects, and, as far as possible, stop its source. It was this disposition, misinterpreted, or, to speak out plainly, calumniated, which gave rise to the suspicion that General Prim coveted the throne of Mexico for himself. He has himself repelled this imputation with an energy which dispenses me with furnishing any additional proof.

It was he, you will remember, who took the lead when once the joint expedition of France, Great Britain, and Spain was determined upon. The object of this expedition, as it is most clearly and concisely set forth in the convention of the 31st October, 1861, was to obtain from the Mexican Government redress for certain acts of which the foreign residents, English, French and Spanish, had to complain—acts of violence and spoliation, the authors of which, parenthetically be it said, were no other than Miramon, Marquez, Miranda,—that is to say, the very enemies of the Government from which redress was demanded! Of overthrowing Juarez, of putting an end to the rule of the Liberal party, of substituting a monarchical for a republican form of government, there was not one word.

Lord Russell's policy, in fact, was diametrically opposed to all attempt at intervention in the internal affairs of Mexico, and these views of the Cabinet of St. James's were adopted by the Cabinet of Madrid. It was in conformity with this understanding, that General Prim drew up in January, 1862, the sketch of a proclamation, to which, after a few slight modifications, he obtained the assent of his French and English colleagues at their first meeting, which took place on the 16th of January, 1862. The tone of this proclamation was in the highest degree conciliatory. All idea of war was excluded from it. Peace uttered in it her most gentle, and, I might add, her most noble language. It was, as I have already mentioned, unanimously accepted, after a most careful discussion, and with some trifling alterations; it was consequently printed, and published with the signatures of all the Commissioners: C. Lennox Wyke, E. Jurien de la Gravière,

Hugh Dunlop, Dubois de Saligny, and General Prim, Count de Reuss.

What, think you, happened after that? A few days had scarcely elapsed when General Prim got wind of certain strange rumours relating to M. Dubois de Saligny. Not only, it was said, did the French negotiator express in formal terms his disapproval of the proclamation, but he affirmed that he did not, in any degree, accept the responsibility, seeing that he had not signed it. What? Why, it had been published with his signature to it! The document which none of the Commissioners had disclaimed was, then, a forgery! These rumours, a vague echo of which had reached his ears, appeared to General Prim so absurd, that at first he only laughed at them. But one day, when he was talking about the proclamation to a Spanish officer of rank, Brigadier Milans, the latter remarked:

"It was not signed by M. Dubois de Saligny."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed General Prim, whose blood began to boil.

"I mean," replied the Spanish officer, "that so M. Dubois de Saligny affirmed in my presence."

"This is too bad! It is impossible!"

"If you doubt it, General, there is the French Commandant Roze, who can confirm my statement, for he was present at the time."

The French Commandant, on being questioned, confirmed the story told by the Spanish officer. An explanation then became necessary. It was demanded of M. Dubois de Saligny by Sir C. Lennox Wyke and General Prim. The latter no sooner beheld the French Commissioner than he exclaimed impetuously;

"Is it true, sir, that you have asserted that you did not sign the proclamation?"

"Without doubt, I have asserted it," calmly replied M. Dubois de Saligny.

"What! You did not——"

The eyes of the Spanish General flashed fire, and his clenched hand tightly grasped the back of a chair that stood before him.

"Certainly," resumed the French Commissioner, "I did not sign that declaration. Neither did you yourself, General,

sign it. Nor was it signed by either of these gentlemen,"—pointing to Sir C. Wyke and Commodore Dunlop.

"Oh! I understand now, sir," murmured General Prim, with a choking voice and bitter smile.

The fact is, the proclamation had been discussed by all the Commissioners, including M. Dubois de Saligny; had been adopted by them, sent to the press, and published; but it had been thought unnecessary to affix the signatures to the manuscript!

You will, perhaps, insist upon knowing from whom I received these details. Well, I received them from General Prim himself.

LETTER CI.

THE ENGLISH AND THE CONFEDERATES.

November 20th, 1862.

Oh! how easily instinct triumphs over reason, even among the most enlightened nations! If there be a country that can call itself intelligent and reflective, it is assuredly England. In this country, which has so much to complain of as regards the sun, there exists, in any case, an intellectual sun whose absence is rarely to be felt, and which is prodigal of light. What a permanent flood of publicity! What a host of journals, and for those journals what a host of readers! How many minds employed every morning in searching into all the nooks and corners of any given question! And yet, let instinct happen to lift up its voice, farewell to logic! farewell to reason! farewell to the sun!

Look, for instance, at the state of public opinion in this country with respect to America! What can be more absurd than the excess of the sympathies of the English people for the South? England, who abolished slavery in her own colonies, and who chases over every sea the dealers in human flesh, seized with tenderness for owners of men! England, who clings to the preservation of Canada, recklessly heaping up against herself, in the heart of the Federals, an accumulation of revenge! England, who trembles at the idea of

seeing her Government intervene between the two parties, intervening by means of nearly all her journals, nearly all her reviews, nearly all her organs, and exposing herself to suffer hereafter the consequences of such a moral violation of neutrality, without gathering any of the advantages which might accrue to her from an official, direct, and bold violation of this same neutrality! Is not that a singular spectacle? It would be vain to endeavour to explain the attraction of the English towards the South by the magical question of markets. It is not by purposely exaggerating the successes of the Confederates; by falling into ecstasies on every possible occasion about the incomparable valour of their armies, the genius of their statesmen, the marvellous ability of their generals, the admirable truthfulness of their bulletins; or by speaking with systematic contempt of the Federals, whether with reference to the temperament of their soldiers, the military science of their generals, the capacity of their administrators and financiers, or the veracity of their reports; it is not by approving everything in reference to the South, or of blaming everything in reference to the North, that they will ever give cotton to manufacture, and bread to eat to the operatives of Lancashire. Besides, there is in the sympathies manifested for the South in England something more than an interested calculation, there is a passionate, unthinking infatuation, and, as I said before, a real tenderness of heart.

Do you ask of me whence comes that? It comes from two fruitful sources which, in England, are never dry: aristocratic instinct and national selfishness. In the eyes of the English, the quarrel which stains the New World with blood is nothing else than a struggle between the English aristocracy and the Irish or German plebeians. In the men of the South they love and admire, rightly or wrongly, their own race; in the men of the North they detest what they regard as a confused mixture of foreigners. For them, the "gentlemen" are in one camp, and the "cads" in the other. And as the "cad" here is profoundly despised, especially by the "cad," the feeling which I describe is, with the exception of the working-classes, that of England.

It is unnecessary for me to point out to you that such an instinct is inevitably blind, unreasonable, and unjust. Be

not surprised, then, that the news of the electoral victories gained in the North by the democrats over the republicans, that is, by those of the Federals who compound with slavery over those who will no longer permit it, has been here a subject of rejoicing. Yes, such is the vehemence of the sentiment which impels public opinion to take part with the South, that England gives her good wishes to the American democrats, solely because she believes them more disposed than the other party to come to an understanding with the planters.

Setting aside this miserable consideration, what, I should like to know, are the titles of the American democrats to the sympathies of England? Was it not from their camp that the most violent attacks upon England have always issued? Was it not by them that the Monroe doctrine has always been most haughtily proclaimed? Was it not in their ranks that were found the most ardent apostles of the invasion of Cuba, of the invasion of Canada, of the annexation of Mexico? Was it not to them that was due the odious and shameful law relating to the extradition of fugitive slaves? I am not aware that any of these motives are of a nature to render the American democrats dear to the English people. But, I repeat it, they are regarded as better disposed than their opponents, the republicans, to hold out a friendly hand to the South. There is the secret.

But there, likewise, is the mistake.

Quite as passionately as the republicans do the democrats desire the restoration of the Union: quite as passionately as the republicans do the democrats desire an American nation sufficiently compact, sufficiently powerful, and strongly enough organised, to lay down the law to the Old World.

If any one doubt this, let him read their manifestoes. The only difference between them and their opponents is that they aspire to re-establish the Union on the basis of slavery, while the republicans aspire to its re-establishment on the basis of free labour. Is that the reason which prompts England to hail the electoral victory, true or false, of the former over the latter? There is no Englishman, I dare say, who would venture to avow that; and I may add, to the honour of this great country, that there is no one who would venture to avow that even to himself. But human nature is so con-

stituted that it invents, when it wishes to deceive itself, all sorts of plausible pretexts, which it palms off upon itself with a sincerity that would be laughable were it not lamentable.

In the present instance, what can be more legitimate than the pretext put forward—the interest of peace? If the democrats triumph, their tolerance with regard to slavery renders a reconciliation possible, and what Christian would not rejoice at the idea of at last beholding the disappearance of the pestilent quarrel so fatal to both hemispheres? After this fashion do honest folks argue who need absolutely to be the dupes of their reason, that they may not have to settle with their conscience. But they do not see, first of all, that their hope is chimerical, because the North would never accept a compromise which would amount to the absolute triumph of the South; secondly, that their hope shows want of intelligence, because the Union restored by means of the democratic principle would not be a minor political embarrassment for England than the Union restored by means of the republican principle; and lastly, that their hope would be immoral, were they to give an exact account of it to themselves, because the Union, restored on the basis of slavery, would insure a sinister importance and permanence to that ownership of man by man, which is the disgrace of modern civilisation, as it is at this moment also its cancer.

Another singularity, showing to what an extent public opinion in England has divorced itself from logic in the American question.

No doubt the mediation proposed by the French Government, and refused by the Russian Government, would be advantageous to the South. In reality, an armistice in the present conjuncture would be the victory of the South over the North. An armistice, in fact, would give the South, by permitting it to sell its cotton crop, the means of procuring money, which it would naturally apply in supplying itself with arms, muskets, steamboats—everything it needs for continuing the war with vigour as soon as hostilities are again resumed; while, on the other hand, the finances of the North would be exhausted in keeping up the armaments which already crush them by their intolerable burden. The armed vessels of the North are what the South fears, and the armistice would cancel their power by condemning them to repose, precisely during

the interval required for their effective operations. Charleston would be secured against an attack, and Galveston reinforced. The army being composed in part of artisans taken from their work, and anxious to return to it, inaction and the remoteness of the danger would tend to disorganise them; while the South, nourished by slave labour, would be in a condition to exercise the troops at its disposal, and would be ready for the opening of the campaign. All this is clearly enough seen by thinking men, and the *Spectator* very recently published a remarkable article on this subject; but, strange to say, it does not seem to have been perceived by the numerous friends of the South; for, instead of supporting the idea of a mediation by which their *protégés* alone would benefit, they have laboured to oppose it to the utmost of their power. Consequently, this idea for the moment is in England the most unpopular one that can be imagined.

LETTER CII.

THE THRONE OF GREECE TO FILL, AND PUBLIC OPINION.

November 25th, 1862.

A MOVEMENT worthy of notice is working here in men's minds, relating to the Greek question.

So long as the choice of a candidate for the throne of Greece appeared doubtful, public opinion in England showed itself almost hostile to the candidature of Prince Alfred. The prevailing idea was, that if England appeared to support any English candidate, she would thereby forfeit her right to invoke against a French or Russian candidate the terms of the protocol signed in the month of February, 1830, by the Prince de Lieven, the Comte de Montmorency-Laval, and the Earl of Aberdeen, the plenipotentiaries of Russia, France, and England; a protocol which, as you are aware, excluded from the throne of Greece all princes belonging to the reigning families of each of the contracting powers.

In fact, the chances at first seemed to be in favour of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who, in his double capacity of son of the Grand-Duchess Marie, and grandson of Eugène Beauharnais, came forward as the candidate naturally preferred by the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh and by that of the Tuileries.

Again, the composition of the provisional Government in Greece was not of a nature to encourage the English. The President, Dimitri Bulgaris, a man of great energy and great popularity, and one of the best orators of modern Greece, has never made any secret of his sympathies for France and for French institutions; to such a degree, indeed, that his enemies accuse him of being sold to the Imperial Government. Constantine Kanaris, who occupies the post of first Vice-President, is likewise thought to be favourably disposed towards France, and still more so towards Russia, being a native of the island of Ipsara, which still belongs to the Turks. There remains the second Vice-President, Benizelo Roufos, who may be considered as the leader of what is called in Greece the English party. Benizelo Roufos is immensely rich, very honest, and much esteemed in his own country; but these advantages fail to counterbalance, either the talent and popularity of Bulgaris, or the prestige conferred upon Constantine Kanaris by the ever fresh remembrance of his naval exploits during the war of independence, exploits which won for him, from Victor Hugo, the surname of the modern Themistocles.

It was, therefore, not without reason that England distrusted the success of the candidature of Prince Alfred, when it was proposed, and consequently public opinion spoke as did the fox in the fable; it declared the grapes were sour, and fit only for peasant-boys,—provided always, that those peasant-boys were neither French nor Russians!

But now, affairs in Greece have taken quite an unexpected turn. The influence of France, the triumph of which was so much dreaded, has given scarcely a token of vitality; the Russian intrigues, about which so much noise was made, have left every stone in its place; and it is the candidature of Prince Alfred, after all, that has the wind from the stern. If correspondents' letters are to be believed, his name is received with acclamations by the clubs; his bust has been crowned with flowers; he is adored in anticipation. Fortunate young

man! There is nothing like being a prince to excite transports of enthusiasm at such little cost.

Be that as it may, things having taken this turn, you need not be surprised if the grapes have ceased to appear sour. Thus Prince Alfred's candidature begins to obtain in England a reception which superficial observers would never have deemed possible two or three weeks ago. A host of objections which were seen at that time have suddenly disappeared, or are now esteemed of little importance. A few days hence, the fear of violating the treaty of February, 1830, will perhaps be denounced as a childish weakness. Already subtle intellects draw the conclusion from the very terms of that treaty that, taken literally, it binds nobody to anything. What, in fact, does the third paragraph say? "The Government of Greece shall be an hereditary monarchy, with succession to the throne by order of primogeniture. The government shall be confided to a prince who must not be chosen from the reigning families of the States who signed the treaty of the 26th July, 1827, and shall bear the title of sovereign prince of Greece." Now, according to those subtle intellects to whom I have alluded, it is absurd to suppose that in drawing up this clause, England, France, and Russia intended to bind themselves for ever, no matter what circumstances might arise in a more or less distant future; no matter what direction might be given to events by a national revolution. When, at the moment of organising the new State, it was decided to call to the throne of Greece, a prince who should not be French, or English, or Russian, it was evidently with a view to the actual situation, which was known, and not with a view to a future situation which nobody foresaw, and which nobody could foresee. How can it be imagined that the three powers, when they placed a crown upon the head of Otho, could have stipulated for the contingency of its being taken from him? In that case they would have entered into explanations; but upon that point the protocol is dumb. There is no occasion, therefore, to pause on that account; and the only question that England has to examine, is to ascertain whether it be, or be not, for her interest to set the treaty aside.

In this manner reason certain individuals who, not a month ago, demanded with loud outcries the literal fulfilment of treaties. But, according to the same persons to-day, England

would be yielding to ridiculous scruples in submitting to the empire of those scraps of paper which diplomatists know so well how to tear up, when the opportunity of doing so with impunity offers, and, as an example of the fashion in which things are done where the power exists, they cite the invasion of Cracow, the dismemberment of Poland, and the annexation of Nice and Savoy.

But has England really any interest in allowing the son of the Queen to accept the throne of Greece, if it be offered to him? That is a question on which opinions are much divided.

It is certain that the problem is fraught with serious difficulties. The extreme enthusiasm suddenly kindled in Greece for a beardless prince, who is known there only by name, and who does not even profess the religion of the country, would be an imbecile enthusiasm, were it not connected with a national object. And who does not guess what is that object? The Greeks desire Prince Alfred for their king, because they regard as an inevitable consequence of his accession to the throne the restitution of the Ionian Islands. Now, is England disposed to abandon her protectorate of these islands, which are Greek, and which burn to be reunited to Greece? It is a sacrifice to which politicians of a certain school would consent without much regret, but which, as I think, public opinion is not yet prepared voluntarily to make.

Nor is that all. The great anxiety of England is to protect Constantinople against the Russians. To guard the existence of Turkey is the Alpha and Omega of English policy. England, therefore, has interests diametrically opposed to those of Greece, who desires, and ought ardently to desire, the destruction of Turkey, in order to recover the Hellenic provinces which the Turk still possesses. What sort of a position, then, would be that of an English prince placed upon the throne of Greece? He would be obliged, either to govern the Greeks contrary to their most cherished aspirations, and so incur the risks of an unpopularity full of peril, or to make himself the man of the nation, to enter into its views of legitimate aggrandisement, to sigh, like her, for the reunion under the same sceptre of all the countries detached from Greece by violent usurpations, and thus to pass into open opposition to the

policy of Great Britain upon a point which is for the English one of foremost importance.

It is true that the election of Prince Alfred would have this much of good in it, that it would prevent the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg; and in the eyes of those who do not foresee misfortunes so far off, that is the most urgent matter.

As for the Greek Republican party, people pay little attention to it here. And yet disdain for that party is a singular act of forgetfulness, and may well become an act of improvidence. That the republican element has no place in the provisional government which has arisen out of the recent revolution, is indisputable; but it solely results from the fact, that the republican idea, which is very powerful in several provinces of Greece, as in Acarnania for example, and in Ætolia, has few partisans in Athens. It would be as well to remember that the movement which produced the actual situation was of republican origin, and retained that character until the day when Athens rose in revolt. But Athens did not declare itself before the 22nd of October; and it was on the 18th that the aged Grivas, the recognised leader of the republican party, hoisted the flag of insurrection at Venitza, which was imitated on the 19th at Missolonghi, and on the 20th at Patras. Since then, Grivas is dead, and it cannot be denied that his death is an enormous loss for his party. The opinion, however, which he represented is not buried with him in the grave, and Prince Alfred would have to reckon with it if he became King of the Greeks, especially if, associating himself with the policy of his native country, he lost sight of the fact, that the only party in Greece which can become the dominant party, is that which will push forward the most energetically to the reunion of all the provinces of Greek origin.

LETTER CIII.

ELECTORAL REFORM IN PERSPECTIVE.

November 26th, 1862.

PARLIAMENTARY reform in this country has lost one of its most valiant champions: Mr. Thomas Duncombe is dead. In the House of Commons Mr. Thomas Duncombe certainly did not fill the place assigned to superior talents. On the other hand, his habits, like his tastes, held him aloof from the noise and bustle of affairs, which has led a Tory journal to remark that in Mr. Duncombe has died out the race of those dilletanti legislators, formerly so common in the House of Commons. But that he has always figured in the foremost rank of the partisans of reform; that his vote has always been given to the cause of progress; that he has ever been found at his post when called upon to defend that cause; and that in the path of political ameliorations, desired or desirable, he has gone further than Lord Russell himself, is what justice requires to be recognised.

Who will be chosen as his successor by the electors of Finsbury? This question was taken up last Tuesday at a meeting of Liberal electors held at Pentonville, at the Belvedere Tavern. Several names were mentioned, among others that of Charles Dickens, the eminent novelist, and that of John Stuart Mill, the eminent writer. Is it not almost inconceivable that an economist, a philosopher, a thinker, a practical politician of the calibre of John Stuart Mill, should not yet have entered the House of Commons? Were there only this fact to show the necessity of a parliamentary reform, I really believe it would be enough.

I wrote to you some time ago that this question of parliamentary reform seemed here to have been banished to the region of things kept in reserve; that a great calm reigned in the quarters usually agitated by politics; and that the English nation appeared so contented with its present condition as to ask for nothing more. But, if I rightly remember, I added that this calm must not be mistaken for numbness; that political life

might revive from one moment to another with all its indomitable aspirations; that the English people alone were in a position to enjoy at their leisure that privilege of strength—patience; and that they acted towards progress as towards a power they knew to be at their orders,—that is to say, after the manner of a master who, with a haughty nonchalance, gives a brief dismissal to his servant, well knowing that whenever he wishes to recall him, he has only to say the word.

I did not expect to witness such a speedy verification of the justness of that appreciation. Already the inhabitants of large towns begin on all sides to demand what certain politicians fancied they were disposed to adjourn for an indefinite period. What said the *Times* a few months ago? Its chief argument against all idea of parliamentary reform was, that the people did not ask for anything of the kind, and that it was ridiculous to insist upon offering people a present for which they had no desire. The *Times* will now do well to have recourse to another style of reasoning; for that upon which it rested itself with such a triumphant air a few months back, would not pass at present. The reform movement has resumed its course, beyond all doubt, and one proof of it is the great meeting which took place at Leeds, last Monday, in the Town Hall.

There were assembled about 280 delegates, come from all parts of the country, and representing important towns, such as Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, &c., &c.

Invitations had been addressed to Lord Carlisle, Lord Russell, Lord Londesborough, Earl de Grey and Ripon, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Stansfeld, and other political celebrities well known for their adhesion to the principle of parliamentary reform. Unfortunately different motives prevented most of those who were invited from responding to the wish that had been expressed.

Mr. Bright, for instance, excused himself by reason of engagements which he had made, and which he could not put off; Mr. Cobden, by the necessity of avoiding a renewal of the attack of bronchitis from which he has been recently suffering; Lord Russell, by the fear of affecting, through any shape of official intervention, the character of spontaneousness, which is needed to give weight to the expression of popular

wishes. However legitimate such excuses may be, it cannot be denied that the absence of men standing so high in public opinion as Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, and Lord Russell, deprived the meeting of some portion of its importance. At all events, it certainly furnished the opponents of reform with a pretext, of which, for want of something better, they have eagerly availed themselves. In reality, however, the essential point was that the personages who had been invited to attend, should give a signal, public, indisputable testimony of their adhesion, to what constituted the object of the meeting, and from this point of view, at least, their answers have left nothing to be desired.

They are, all of them, against what may be styled the exclusion, in a body, of the working-classes.

How, indeed, could they fail to recognise that there is in that both a great injustice and a great danger? The men whose labour contributes so largely to the creation of the public wealth, who have to pay their share of the taxes, who, at any given moment, may be called upon to defend their country at the peril of their lives, have not they any rights to protect, any interests to defend, and are they only fit to play, in the political drama, the part of spectators? That man, whether he knows it or not, is degraded, who allows any one to dispose in a sovereign manner of his destiny without his being consulted; and on the day he becomes aware of this, it is all over with it; either there must be yielded to him what is his due, or he must be regarded as an open enemy. Even admitting —though the supposition is monstrous—that the interests of property are more worthy of the protection of the laws than those interests of the heart, of affection, of family, of personal dignity, which occupy so large a space in human life, the exclusion of the working-classes would not the less remain inexcusable. According to the calculations of Mr. Baines, who cannot be suspected of exaggeration in such matters, the annual income in wages of English working-men may be estimated at 280 millions sterling, and their property in furniture, clothes, tools, deposits in Savings Banks, or in Co-operative Societies, at 500 millions sterling! Is that such a contemptible "property interest," that it is not worth the trouble of taking some care to preserve it?

And there is this to be said, that in England the opponents

of progress would find it vain to object to the impropriety of granting the right of voting to people incapable of exercising it from want of sufficient intelligence. Besides that the infinite number of cheap books and pamphlets has diffused abroad a knowledge of political science to an extent unknown in France, the success of the Trades' Unions and Co-operative Societies has revealed in the working-classes a foresight, a consistency, habits of order, and administrative qualities, which no longer suffer the slightest doubt as to their fitness to intervene, as electors, in the conduct of public affairs.

Such being the case, you will perhaps be surprised that the extension of the suffrage has not sooner become the subject of general discussion. Would you know why it has not? The reason is curious, and your readers cannot meditate on it too deeply. It is, that the parliamentary system, which is in operation here, has never yet, although carrying in itself every kind of injustice, produced any crying act of injustice. The abuse is tolerated because, take it all in all, it is very slightly felt. In many respects the House of Commons has deserved far from well of the people, but at least it has never taken the form of an instrument of oppression. A change has not sooner been demanded, because the evils have not been felt which would have caused the people to sigh for a change.

But this, as much as and more than the rest, requires to be explained, and the explanation is in the existence of a free press. Yes, the liberty of the press is what has served as a counterpoise to the vices of the exclusive parliamentary system in force here. It has prevented those vices from bringing forth their natural consequences. It has furnished the people with the buckler which electoral legislation refused them. In the free press they have had their House of Commons, where their voice has always made itself heard, and the doors of which are always wide open. A remarkable result, which clearly shows what a desirable thing is the liberty of the press! Without it the best institutions run the risk of being jeopardised. With it, the worst contrive to make themselves bearable for a long time.

The car of electoral reform is at last, however, fairly started. As to the extent of the concessions to be demanded, opinions differ. Some go so far as universal suffrage, while others insist upon a gradual and prudent extension of the

franchise. The probability is that all will agree to claim the less, for fear of compromising all. In fact, in an undertaking of this kind, it is impossible to dispense with consulting in some degree the temperament of the House of Commons, with whom rests the decision, and it must not be forgotten, that to ask parliamentary reform of parliament, is like asking a disease to act as its own physician.

Besides, the country, once placed on the incline of the gradual extension of the suffrage, will soon descend that incline to the very bottom, that is, to universal suffrage itself. This is quite understood by the partisans of the past, and it is this which alarms them. They already behold, in their mind's eye, the political preponderance passing all at once from the aristocratic to the working-classes, and democracy enthroning itself victorious in a country in which the reign of social inequalities has been maintained so peaceably until the present day. Thence arise against Mr. Bright, the most active initiator of the movement, hatreds which overflow in furious invectives. But if he has bitter enemies in front of him, he has, on the other hand, behind him, auxiliaries thoroughly resolved to support him through all and against all. And as for himself personally, he is not a man to falter or hesitate.

It is certain that universal suffrage in England would the more surely and vigorously displace the possession of power, in that it would introduce into the political arena a class which, independently of the force resulting from numbers, would bring with it an organisation already complete. The Trades Unions have given to the working-class such habits of discipline that it could, under given circumstances, move like one man; and it may be easily imagined that the partisans of the actual system turn pale at the idea of an election conducted like a strike.

Nor is it only the partisans of the actual system—why should I make a mystery of it?—who are troubled by this prospect. I am acquainted with men sincerely devoted to the people, who ask themselves, with a certain degree of uneasiness, if an abrupt, absolute, unbalanced displacement of political power would not risk the endangering of liberty by the substitution of the pure and simple sovereignty of the majority for the combined sovereignty of titles and wealth.

In France, it must be confessed, many persons entertain the most erroneous and the most dangerous ideas as to the nature of democracy. They believe that the foundation of the sovereignty of the people is laid wherever universal suffrage is established, without reflecting that the excellence of universal suffrage depends in a very great measure on the perfection of its machinery. According as universal suffrage is well or ill organised, will its results be extremely salutary, or deplorable.

But, independently even of the question of organisation, it is of consequence to understand that, in every society divided by opposite interests, universal suffrage is not, as is commonly said, the *government of the people by itself*, but, what is a very different thing, the *government of one section of the people by another and more numerous section of the people.* For, in the vocabulary of genuine democracy, in the language spoken by our fathers during the French Revolution, *the people* is, not *the majority of the citizens*, but *the entire body of the citizens.* If the legitimacy of government by the majority were not founded on the supposition that, by this form of government, the interests of all had a chance of being better served, in what respect would the right of the greatest number be more valid than the right of the strongest? And if it happened that, from want of sufficient guarantees, the liberty of the minority succumbed, in what respect would oppression under the form of a cipher be more worthy of reverence than oppression under the form of a club? The legitimacy of the power of the majority rests upon the presumption, that it is on the side of the majority that reason and right are to be found. But as it would be folly to give to this presumption the authority which belongs only to certainty; as it is proved that majorities are far from being infallible; as there would be supreme danger in saluting them as such; it is essential, while bowing with respect before their power, and while submissively executing their decrees, that the means should not be neglected of guaranteeing the minority, and indeed of guaranteeing themselves, against their possible errors—as their power ought always to be sufficiently strong to ensure the prevalence of reason, but never strong enough to prevail over reason.

Such are the reflections suggested by the foreseen advent of

democracy, to the loftiest minds among the friends of the people. I have already had occasion to make mention, parenthetically, of the fine work published by Mr. John Stuart Mill, a few months ago, on the true principles of representative government. Nothing can be more striking than the emotion with which he proclaims the absolute necessity of insuring to the minority, in a representative government worthy of that name, a genuine representation, and one proportioned to the place which that minority occupies in the country. Because the majority ought to prevail over the minority, does it follow, he asks, that the minority ought to count for nothing? Because the minority is bound to obey, does it follow that it ought to be deprived of the means of making itself heard? And, taking up the ideas enunciated by Mr. Thomas Hare, he proposes that every citizen should be called upon to choose the candidate whom he prefers, not in such or such an electoral district, but throughout the whole country. I regret that want of space prevents me from at once setting forth the character, machinery, and consequences of this system; but I shall return to the subject hereafter. It has been dictated by the same sentiment that animated Rousseau when he laid down the social problem in these terms: "To find a form of association which shall defend and protect from the common force each associate, and by which, everyone, combining with all, shall yet obey only himself and remain as free as before." An admirable formula, and which, as I think, would be still more so if, in the place of the last four words, Rousseau had written: "and thereby become free!"

LETTER CIV.

ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORM BILL.

November 27th, 1862.

SINCE I have spoken to you about Parliamentary Reform, a few words on the manner in which elections are conducted here, will not be out of place.

But, first of all, how were things managed before the Reform Bill?

A history, in which comedy is strangely mingled with drama, is that of the electoral system as it existed in England previous to the famous Reform Bill of 1832. Then, as now, there were members elected by counties, members elected by boroughs, members elected by a certain number of cities, and members elected by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin; and then, as now, the Lower House was supposed to represent "all the Commons" of England; but, great indeed was the interval between the fiction and the reality.

As far as the counties were concerned, they had ceased from the reign of Henry VI. to express the will of the people; for —curiously enough—that universal suffrage, whose phantom inspires in these our days such terror in Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Whiteside, and their fellows, was practised in counties until the reign of Henry VI. This is proved by the very Act by which, at that period, the right of electing knights of the counties was restricted to freeholders possessing an income of forty shillings; and that because of the "very great, outrageous, and excessive" number of common people who took part in the elections.

As for the towns and boroughs, the right of voting had been conferred upon them in ancient times by the kings as a free gift. It was a privilege, a privilege of which several poor boroughs begged to be disembarrassed, when it was the custom to pay the elected out of the pockets of the electors; and which they entreated might be restored to them, when it

became customary for Members of Parliament to provide for their own expenses.

Again, in towns where there was a corporation, or a body constituted by a royal patent, it was the corporation, not the population, that was represented. Dating from the Stuarts, the right of voting belonged, in towns, only to burgesses and freemen. In some of them, those individuals were added to the number of the electors who, being proprietors of a house, and residing in the locality, paid scot and lot,—that is, both the local and the general taxes.

Nothing can be more absurd, and, I might add, more comical, than the disproportion established by the ancient system between the representation and the population. In the counties this disproportion, though striking, was at least not monstrous, the number of knights to be elected being generally two for each county; but as for the towns, and especially the boroughs——! From a report of 1790, it appears that, at that time, the city of London with 500,000 souls, had only four representatives. And would you know how many the county of Cornwall had, the population of which did not amount to 175,000 inhabitants? 44! In that same year, 1790, 375 voters distributed among 30 boroughs, returned to the House no fewer than 60 members! The member elected for Tiverton was chosen by 14 voters, while he who was elected for Tavistock was the representative of 10 electors! In this enumeration the borough of Old Sarum deserves an honourable mention. In the time of Henry VII. it was an absolutely desert spot, and, at the time of the Reform Bill, it was a borough consisting of half-a-dozen tumble-down old houses inhabited by a dozen individuals. It had not the less the distinguished honour of being represented in the House of Commons by two members, who were generally nominated either by the steward or the butler of the proprietor of the place. If that astonishes you, what will you say of that other borough which, after being swallowed up by the sea, continued to be represented? The proprietor of the sea-shore stepped into a boat with three others, and the election took place at sea. That scene amuses me not a little; but I like still better the one described by the Lord Advocate in 1831, as having occurred within the memory of man, at Bute, in Scotland. Imagine an electoral assembly

composed—in addition to the sheriff, and the officer charged with registering the votes—of ONE elector! This worthy individual took the chair, as was only proper, gravely called over his own name, answered to it, gave himself his own vote, proposed his own nomination, seconded his own proposition, put the question to the vote, and was elected unanimously.

Two words, now, on the electoral corruption which reigned supreme.

Wherever interests were divided it was necessary to reckon with the electors; but the mode of recognising their right, in that case, consisted in purchasing their votes. In vain were these ignoble bargains prohibited by law, seeing that to elude the law there was no occasion for any great ingenuity, the grossest pretexts sufficing. The electors were paid as agents, as messengers, as flag-bearers, as anything. Or, else, their votes were purchased under the form of some kind of merchandise.

Superfluous to add, that it was always at exorbitant prices, such as the sum of £800 given, in 1790, for a gooseberry bush! In 1784 the Westminster election cost Fox not less than £18,000; and Albany Fonblanque speaks of an election in Leicestershire which, having been keenly contested, resulted in burdening the property of the successful candidate with the annual payment of £15,000.

Such were the monstrous abuses to which the axe was to be laid, when the hour struck for the Reform Bill. Have they entirely disappeared? This is a question which I will examine in my next letter.

LETTER CV.

ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND SINCE THE REFORM BILL.

November 28th, 1862.

THE Reform Bill of 1832 certainly improved the state of things in various respects. Nevertheless, enormous abuses still exist. The Whigs, who were in power in 1832, came down without pity upon the rotten boroughs which were in the hands of the Tory party; but they showed themselves very indulgent toward those which were in their own hands. The right of sending a member to Parliament, after being taken from insignificant little places which were not fit to exercise it, was bestowed upon important towns, such as Manchester and Birmingham, which did not previously possess it; while large counties, such as Cheshire, Lancashire, Surrey, and Cornwall, obtained each four representatives instead of two; but special care was taken not to touch the holy ark of *restricted* suffrage. A circle was drawn around electoral corruption, but it was not struck to the heart, and even at the present day the influence of money weighs very heavily on the liberty of elections.

By the Reform Bill, 56 boroughs, the population of which did not, in 1831, amount to 2000 inhabitants in each case, and which altogether returned 111 members to the House of Commons, were deprived entirely of the unjust and exorbitant privilege they had previously enjoyed.

In 30 boroughs, containing each a population of less than 4000 souls, the right of sending two members to the House was reduced to that of sending one. This same right of choosing a representative was given to 22 new boroughs, containing each a population of 12,000 souls and upwards. In Scotland the number of the representatives of towns was raised from 15 to 23. In Ireland new boroughs were created, and the right of returning two members was bestowed upon 45 towns of importance, and, in addition, upon the University of Dublin.

These changes constituted a real progress; but they in no

way weaken the considerations which militate in favour of a more extensive and genuine progress.

These considerations may be thrown into a strong light by the aid of a few figures.

In the first place, there can be nothing more unjust, nothing more absurd, than the distribution of the electoral power. What answer can be given to Mr. George Wilson, when he states that there are in the House of Commons 330 members —more than one-half—who are elected by only 160,000 to 170,000 voters out of a total of upwards of one million of electors in whose hands dwells the electoral privilege throughout the three kingdoms; and that Lancashire and the West Riding do not send more than 45 members to Parliament, although their population is equal to that of 18 counties, which are represented in the House of Commons by 167 members; and that the two members returned by Thetford represent merely a population of 4000 inhabitants, and are chosen by no more than 216 electors, while Mr. Baines, member for Leeds, represents a population of 200,000 inhabitants, and is chosen by 7000 electors.

Another capital defect is the limitation of the franchise. In counties the right of voting belongs exclusively—

1. To those who have property producing an annual income of forty shillings;

2. To those who have a life-interest in an estate depending upon a manor, and yielding an annual revenue of at least £10 sterling;

3. To those who occupy, as lodgers or farmers, a property worth £10 a year, if the original lease was for not less than sixty years; or £50 a year if the term of the original lease was for not less than twenty years.

In cities and boroughs it is necessary, in order to possess the right of voting, to be the proprietor or tenant of a house let for not less than £10, unless one happens to belong to the freemen, or the burgesses. In this manner it is property which is the sign of political capacity, and the basis of the elective power.

Now, in the way of limitation of the franchise, see what are the consequences. The restrictive conditions applied in the United Kingdom to the right of voting, when expressed in figures, give the following results:—

Number of Members . .	658
Number of Electors . . .	1,269,173
Population	28,893,061

Thus, in a free people, enlightened and orderly, the power of electing the 658 personages commissioned to represent the nation, is actually concentrated in the hands of about one million of men, out of a population of near thirty millions.

Lord Brougham, whom nobody will accuse of being Utopian and revolutionary, does not hesitate to qualify, as a gross absurdity, this idea of attaching the exercise of political rights to real property. He asks in virtue of what system of reasoning should the tenant of a rickety old house, the annual rent of which is £10, be granted a privilege which is refused to a man who may have a million sterling in the public funds? And in the next place, if the fact of acquiring a fortune is a measure of political capacity, that proof once produced should not again be required, and once a voter always a voter. Why, then, is a rich man, who has ceased to be rich, despoiled of his right? It is a flagrant inconsistency.

However, I should never finish if I were to endeavour to enumerate, one by one, all the anomalies of the English electoral system. Let it suffice to remark how strange it is to grant a right of representation, not to men, but to fields, meadows, trees, stones, and cattle! For it is not the population which is represented in England, but the soil; and when I say the soil, I mean such or such a portion of the soil, privileged nobody knows why or wherefore. Some figures which belong to the year 1857, but which, I fancy, have not undergone any alteration of importance to affect their proportional value, will give you an idea of the manner in which the electoral sovereignty is distributed in this country.

In Yorkshire there are three boroughs, each of which returned two members to Parliament, namely:—

Knaresborough,	with an electoral	population of	212
Richmond,	,,	,,	340
Ripon,	,,	,,	353
		Total . .	905

Now, the three Ridings of Yorkshire, which returned to

Parliament the same number of members, comprised no fewer than 56,176 electors, namely:—

The East Riding,	with an electoral	population of	7,538
The North Riding,	,,	,,	11,319
The West Riding,	,,	,,	37,319
		Total . .	56,176

In other words, there are Englishmen among those who are supposed to constitute the *sovereign*, who are fifty times more *sovereign* than other Englishmen!

I leave it to yourself now to imagine what must be the influence of certain wealthy landed proprietors and great lords over electoral bodies formed of some two hundred electors. But do not fancy that this influence is exercised in the shade, with precaution, and in a shamefaced manner.

On this subject here is a document which will amuse you.

Certain electors of the county of Londonderry having taken it into their heads, some years ago, in consequence of some whim or another, to vote according to their own wishes, demanded permission to do so, in the following terms, of the Marquis of Waterford, their lord and master:—

"Your petitioners, convinced that your Lordship is heartily attached to your tenants, take the respectful liberty of asking your permission to vote, at the approaching elections, conformably to the inspirations of their conscience, and they pray your Lordship to be so good as to give orders to your agent to protect them in the religious and faithful exercise of their electoral rights. Several landlords in this county have acted in this manner. The request of such a favour being quite reasonable, your Lordship's tenants hope that they will not be refused, and have consequently named as a deputation to wait upon your Lordship, Messrs. &c., &c."

The answer:—

"Ashbrook, *April 3rd.*

"Sir,—The Marquis of Waterford desires me, while acknowledging the receipt of your letter and of the note sent by some of his tenants in this county, to tell you that it is his wish that they should vote for Mr. Clark and Sir H. Bruce.

"Yours obediently,

"J. B. Beresford."

As to the manner in which elections are conducted, the spectacle would be exceedingly curious if it were more novel. But the avalanche of professions of political faith which rolls down, on such occasions, upon the heads of the electors; the deluge of placards and speeches which they have to undergo; the skilful financial manœuvres of the candidates, aided at a pinch by the caressing smiles and soft words of their wives or daughters; the canvassers running from street to street to beg for votes, and exhausting, in favour of the patron who pays them, an eloquence not unfrequently flavoured by porter or ale; the public-houses filled with drinkers celebrating, pot in hand, the virtues of the citizen of their choice—at his expense; the means of transport provided for the loitering or lazy elector by the prodigal foresight of the hero who is to be elected; the deafening acclamations, at the foot of the hustings, struggling to master the groans which are sometimes accompanied by irreverent projectiles; those innumerable occasions on which torrents of beer are poured out; that inconceivable mixture of corruption and passion, of venality and patriotism; that homage which plutocracy pays to potocracy—all that is nothing new in England.

If the traveller is amused by such scenes, the philosopher is saddened. But what would you say were I to relate to you, here, in detail, the scenes of disorder and violence to which keenly contested elections sometimes give rise? for instance, that which took place, some years ago, at Kidderminster, and where the opponents of the candidate preferred by the majority gave battle against himself and his supporters—a real battle, in faith, the women bringing in their aprons the stones which their husbands were to throw!

With respect to electoral corruption, I am aware that it was intended by the Corrupt Practices Act to put an end to it. I am not ignorant that attempts at corruption, when fully proved, entail the forfeiture of the franchise; neither do I deny that there is an election-auditor, whose duty it is to check the expenses incurred in connection with an election. I even admit that, on account of venality, Parliament has annulled elections and disfranchised whole bodies of electors: as witness the four boroughs deprived of their franchise in 1852. But what I also know, and what I am bound to state is, that, electoral corruption not having been banished from the cus-

toms of the people, the law is very frequently eluded, and the severity of parliamentary jurisprudence very frequently baffled.

As the general costs of an election—and it is no trifling affair—are at the charge of the candidates; as they must pay for the rooms in which their committees meet, for the printing of numerous circulars and innumerable placards, for sticking up bills of every size and colour, for the construction of the hustings from which they are to harangue the people, for the construction of the booths in which the poll takes place, for the services of additional constables, &c., &c., it may be easily conceived that there are a thousand ways of making legitimate costs serve as a veil to those which are forbidden.

It was in the month of August, 1854, if my memory does not fail me, that the law entitled the Corrupt Practices Act was passed, and I remember that on that occasion an animated discussion arose on the question of deciding if among the number of legitimate costs should be placed the payment by the candidate of the travelling expenses incurred by an elector coming from a distance. Those who were for the affirmative did not fail to assert that a poor elector was not corrupted by being placed in a condition to exercise his right of voting; while those who were for the negative proved exceedingly well that this practice was only a roundabout way of purchasing votes.

The Act of 1854 forbids banquets, given on the eve or on the day of polling, at the charge of the candidate. So far so good; but how prevent a certain number of electors from drinking together, if they please, so long as they are *supposed* to do it at their own expense?

In like manner, the Act of 1854 forbids to candidates all outlay in cockades, flags, banners, and instruments of music; but banners and bands of musicians figure with no less impunity among the electoral proceedings, so long as it is not the candidate who is *supposed* to pay for them.

To what, then, in matters of electoral corruption, is the influence of this law reduced? To very little, in truth. The obstacle is outflanked, that is all; and it will always be so until a reform has been introduced into manners.

There is another point to be considered. Could not the electoral proceedings in England be modified with advantage?

and are there not serious objections to be urged against the presence of the candidates on the hustings?

In the first place, it is not easy to understand the utility of this exhibition of the person of the candidate. That he should show himself to the people to make known his opinions and sentiments would be excellent, if such were the result obtained. But no: no sooner does the unfortunate orator open his mouth, than his voice is pitilessly smothered beneath the shouts and groans of the friends and partisans of his opponent. In vain does he implore silence by looks and gestures; the tumult continues and goes on increasing until it rises to a storm. Not a speech that is not, at almost every sentence, interrupted by howls. There is whistling, and groaning, and imitation of the cries of different animals. Strange mode of mental communication! Edifying exchange of ideas by means of speech! Without taking into account that from shouts the mob frequently passes on to acts of violence, which tend to degrade both those who commit them and those who are exposed to suffer from them.

To what an abdication of his dignity as a man is not he reduced to descend who, in order to have the privilege of writing after his name the capital letters "M.P.," resigns himself to be pelted with roasted apples, and put to flight covered with soot! At the price of what humiliations is this victory to be purchased, if it be gained! And when one has made himself so little in the hope of making himself great, how difficult must it be to endure a defeat!

It is not to be gainsaid that the practices to which I allude had their good points when they were first established. In the days when public meetings were rare, when a cheap press did not exist, when the people were seldom able to read, the appearance of the candidate upon the hustings was almost inevitable, for reasons diametrically opposed to those which cause it to be superfluous at the present time.

It is worthy, too, of being noted that the rioters at elections are not themselves electors—not those whose votes are registered. The disorder generally proceeds from those who take no part in the affair except through the preliminary and purely formal mode of voting, the show of hands. And everybody knows that the show of hands counts for nothing as soon as a poll is demanded, which happens every time there are any of

a contrary opinion, were it only a single individual. The show of hands is the franchise of those who have no franchise.

Well; may not the extravagances of which the mob of the excluded render themselves guilty, proceed, perchance, from the very exclusion to which they are condemned? May not the violent fashion in which the non-electors strive to exercise their influence spring precisely from the circumstance that they are not admitted to influence, in a regular and effective manner, the progress of public affairs? Would he who fancies that he acts the part of a citizen in throwing a stone, fall into such a deplorable error if he could act the part of a citizen by giving a vote? The statesmen of this country would do well to reflect upon this.

To prove the necessity of a new reform, there is no want, you see, of arguments. Let us not, however, exaggerate. He who should judge by these traits the merit of the representative system in England, would stop at the surface of things. After all, public opinion makes itself felt through the more or less deplorable incidents of this singular Iliad. As the votes which one candidate purchases tend to neutralise those purchased by his rival, the victory remains at the end of the account with those independent votes which respond most closely to public feeling. Besides, in the midst of this free conflict of opinions and ideas, the judgment of the citizens is exercised, their understanding is enlightened, their attention is fixed upon each phase of every question of a nature to interest them, and their individual existence becomes identified with that of their country. Again, they who venture into the lists are almost invariably led by the desire of victory to accept engagements attached to the adoption of the most urgent reforms, and progress pursues its irresistible course.

LETTER CVI.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN.

December, 1862.

MACAULAY relates that when William III. purchased Kensington Palace of the Earl of Nottingham, and prepared to instal himself in it, the English aristocracy took it very ill, and that for a somewhat curious reason. At the present day Kensington Palace is, in reality, a part of London; but in the time of William III. it was a country house. And how to get to it without danger! No one had yet thought of lighting up by means of gas. There was a scarcity of street lamps. The road from Piccadilly to Kensington,—a road which I myself have traversed every night for two years, without troubling myself about the hour, and with my hands in my pockets,—that road was in the time of William III. a highway more infested by robbers than was formerly our famous forest of Bondy; and the lords and ladies of the close of the 17th century naturally thought it a very disagreeable thing that they could not go to Court in the evening without running some risk of being assassinated.

I remember that when I read that passage in Macaulay, I heartily blessed civilisation, which has given us gas and policemen. But alas! I now begin to doubt everything,—civilisation, policemen, and the efficacy of gas. Open any newspaper at hazard, and you will find in it nothing but accounts of nocturnal outrages. Here, it is a woman who is robbed in Oxford Street, by the glare of lamps which flood with light the entrance of a much-frequented music-hall; there, it is the imprudent possessor of a watch, the chain of which he allowed to be seen, who was three-parts strangled in passing from Bond Street into Piccadilly. Every morning at her breakfast Madam has the satisfaction of reading a fine history of robbers, and, in addition, the furious comments of the journal in which it is set forth; for there is a genuine panic among journalists, a class of men who possess watches, and who return home late. It is also worthy of remark, that

these robbers pride themselves on being men of courage. Instead of sneaking into the shadow to watch for their prey; instead of choosing for the theatre of their exploits,

"Quelqu' endroit écarté
Où d'être un assassin on a la liberté,"

they affect the populous quarters from a chivalrous spirit, and brilliantly-lighted quarters are in no way distasteful to them. It is likewise noteworthy that they do not have recourse to any sort of compromise. They do not cry out to you, "Your money or your life!" which would render possible some sort of composition. Nothing of that sort! A blow with a life-preserver is the only warning they hold themselves bound to give.

This pleasant state of things, as you may well imagine, has at last become the subject of such prepossessing interest, that there is nothing for the moment equally absorbing. Little matters it to know why General MacClellan has been recalled by the Federal Government; or in what mediation ought to consist; or what sort of a King the Greeks will give themselves. The great question is to know if one can go out, at nightfall, without having to do with a cut-throat!

You will ask me what the authorities are doing all this time, and what has become of that London police which was said to be the best organised in the world. It would seem that nobody knows; for it is a question which the papers never tire of asking, without being any further advanced for their pains. Sir Richard Mayne has increased the number of policemen; but the misfortune is, that they are never to be found where their presence is desired. It is certainly very good-natured, on the part of the authorities, to post up, Notices to the Public, advising every one to provide for his own safety; but you will admit that the advice is not very encouraging. It has, in any case, the fault of proving that the taxes are very heavy in proportion to the good that is derived from them. If every one is to be his own policeman, why should any one contribute to pay the police?

However that may be, the desperate advice: "Help yourself, and *Heaven* will help you," is what, at the point to which things have come, a thousand wrathful journals are reduced to give. We are assured, on all sides, that unless we

arm ourselves with a good revolver, with the firm resolution of making use of it, if need be,—we are all dead men. You have no idea of the vehemence with which certain papers have recommended every one who cares for his life to follow the example given by Mrs. Norman, at Horwichend, Whaley-bridge, in Derbyshire. This lady was occupied, in the night-time, nursing her child, when she suddenly heard a strange noise in her parlour. Without awakening her husband, who happened to be ill, she armed herself with a revolver, went downstairs, perceived in the room whence the noise had issued, a man with a lighted candle in his hand, took aim, fired, and shot the robber in the chest. He had a comrade who was waiting for him outside, and who succeeded in carrying him off, all covered with blood, but justice had been done upon him. It remains to be seen if ladies must hence-forth carry pocket-pistols in their workbags, and poniards in their garters, and if every house is to be defended by a dining-room Joan of Arc. Besides, the proceeding, which consists in doing justice on one's own account, has its inconveniences. The other evening one of my friends was politely accosted at the corner of a street by a man, who asked him something which he did not well hear. Without a moment's delay, and under the impulse of a panic, he replied by a terrible blow which sent the man rolling into the street. In telling me this, my friend acknowledged that, when his first impression had passed off, he regretted the vivacity of his reply: the poor fellow was only guilty of having asked his way. Suppose that the answer, instead of being a blow, had been a pistol-ball! It makes one shudder to think of the murderous errors which nervous persons would be liable to commit, if once they were armed to the teeth, and convinced that whoever approached them wanted their lives.

On the other hand, one cannot allow one's throat to be cut through a horror of carrying fire-arms; and as for being restrained by a quintessential sentiment of philanthropy, no one will be so disposed in England, which is certainly not the country of bishops who think it quite right that an equivocal visitor, on taking his leave of them, should carry off their plate.

Which alternative are we to adopt? Are we to be condemned to see one of the two capitals of the civilised world

return to the manners of the middle ages, or, more properly, to the usages of savage life?

The first step towards the discovery of a remedy must be by thoroughly mastering the causes of the evil. Are these causes to be solely sought for, as public opinion seems to imagine, in the ticket-of leave system?

You are aware that what is understood here by ticket-of-leave men are criminals to whom, if they have well conducted themselves during their period of expiation, the Government is authorised to grant, after a certain time, the remission of the remainder of their sentence. Among the criminals of this class, there are undoubtedly some who are brought round to better sentiments by the system in force in the prisons; but there are others who resist every attempt at moral education, while they ape submission and repentance so long as they are in the power of their jailer, but once let loose upon society play the part of wild beasts escaped from a menagerie. Add to this that a criminal who is followed by the disgrace of his crime sees every face turned away from himself, every door closed against him, and frequently encounters insurmountable obstacles in his efforts to open out a path to a better regulated life. Thence arises a danger which belongs to the very essence of the system, whatever sympathy may in other respects be merited by an idea which consists in making punishment a means of education for him who has incurred and is undergoing it.

On reading the accounts of the numerous outrages of which London is at this moment the theatre, and on hearing the clamorous protests uttered by the ticket-of-leave men, Sir Joshua Jebb lost no time in informing the public, in a long letter swollen out with statistics, that they were very unjust towards these poor liberated convicts of England; that they were not, by a great deal, so black as they were represented; that of 1,895 criminals restored to liberty in 1854, the number of the relapsed has scarcely been, in an interval of eight years, 9 per cent.; that, in truth, it has exceeded 16 per cent. on the 2007 criminals restored to liberty in 1856; but that, after all, the crimes of the ticket-of-leave men occupy comparatively little space in the catalogue of murders and crimes committed by the whole body of malefactors; that since 1853 there have been upwards of 1,400 liberated every

year, while the number of malefactors known to the police amounts to no less than 123,049, who find shelter in 23,946 houses—any other than this worthy Sir Joshua Jebb would have said dens.

I do not know how far the figures quoted are exact; but it is quite certain that this defence of the ticket-of-leave men has had no success. The public, to whom the law-reports every day invariably exhibit old offenders among the heroes of the nocturnal expeditions which make London to mourn and tremble—the public refuses to yield itself unconditionally to the arguments of Sir Joshua Jebb, who is director of criminal prisons, and consequently preaches for his parish. The *Times* very cleverly observed, two or three days ago, that if the mistress of a house wished to know the surest means of placing her stores beyond the reach of an invasion of mice, she would carefully avoid taking counsel of Baron Trenk, to whom a mouse was an amiable companion, running up to him when called, dancing on its hind feet, and furnishing her teacher with matter for a thousand little experiments full of interest. The fact is that Sir Joshua Jebb's reasoning is faulty at the very base. He quotes as a conclusive proof the cases of relapse confirmed by a judicial sentence; but the cases of relapse which have escaped with impunity,—do they not count for anything? With regard to the latter, Sir Joshua knows no more about them than you or I, and the public may surely be excused for being alarmed when it has before its eyes examples of prisoners who, on being brought before the magistrates after several relapses, prove to have been sentenced to more years of imprisonment than belong to their lives. Why? Because education which commences in a prison is naturally very slow of progress. Why so? Because want, which awaits the criminal on issuing from prison, has only too much power to send him back to it. You imagine you can cure the infected wretch by taking him out of the hospital! Are you quite certain that in restoring him to liberty, you do not again expose him to infection?

But if Sir Joshua's figures do not prove that the system of ticket-of-leave men is irreproachable, they do tend to establish that putting an end to that system would not be putting an end to this scourge. Fancy an army of evil, 123,049 strong, which recruits in the class of ticket-of-leave men no further

than 1,400 men per annum!—123,049 cut-throats! As the *Spectator* well remarks, it is a larger force than the army of soldiers with which England reconquered India.

Shall I now speak of the remedies proposed? Some demand that redoubled watchfulness should be exercised towards liberated criminals; others put forth the idea of patrols of volunteers who should traverse the streets of London during the night, without trumpet or drum; others, again, propose to multiply the gas lamps; and yet others insist on returning to the practice of transportation, forgetting that the Government was obliged to give up that practice from want of colonies which would consent to serve as a sewer for the offscourings of the metropolis.

But nobody seems to reflect that we have in the midst of us two great schools of perversity incessantly open: destitution and ignorance! It is true that to attempt to attack the evil at its root would require a spirit of generalisation which is entirely wanting in England, and a loftiness of views, an intrepidity of heart, which are wanting everywhere.

Still, how can it be denied that what is a question of charity as concerns the poor is a question of security as regards the rich? A degrading tyranny with respect to the former, destitution associated with ignorance, is with respect to the latter a perpetual menace.

That certain beings are born necessarily perverse, and that moral nature has its monsters as well as physical nature, is possible; but who would dare to assert that nature produces beings *necessarily* perverse in the frightful proportion represented in criminal statistics? And if education, if the conditions of well-being, have nothing to do with that, whence comes it that monsters by birth are not found almost equally distributed through all classes of society? When you ask: "Why did the law strike down that man?" you are answered; "Because that man has committed a crime;" and when you ask: "Why did that man commit a crime?" for the most part you receive no answer at all.

LETTER CVII.

THE GAROTTERS.

December 2nd, 1862.

How venture out in the evening? Such is the strange question which everyone asks himself here, so much do nocturnal violences multiply! When I say everyone, I mean those who have neither carriages nor lackeys, I mean the unfortunate foot passengers, doubly unfortunate if they wear on their backs a decent coat and are suspected of carrying a watch.

In truth, the evil has now attained the limits which raise the fact of street robberies to the importance of a State question. London is becoming in the middle of the nineteenth century what the forest of Bondy has ceased to be. Is not that an incredible thing? Nevertheless, it is so. Yes, in this city full of life, full of men; in this city, in which, more than in any other place in the world, civilisation has accumulated its resources and means of defence; in this city which has hitherto been usually regarded as one that had solved, by a skilful and admirable police organisation, the problem of public security, every one has come to ask himself, at nightfall—and Heaven knows that it falls soon enough at this season of the year!—if he shall venture upon this great enterprise. Go out at night! Farewell to theatres! Farewell to clubs! Farewell to pleasure! Farewell to business! as soon as daylight has ceased to illumine the streets and render them safe.

And yet—would you believe it?—quite recently, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a woman passing along one of the most thronged and most fashionable quarters of London was stopped at the entrance of a livery-stable yard, by a wretch who, in spite of the piercing shrieks of his intended victim, dragged her into a corner where two other individuals were waiting—the one a male, the other a female! They were engaged in tearing from this poor woman her earrings and were preparing, for want of something better, to cut off her

hair in order to sell it, when some passers-by came up. This, I repeat, took place in the heart of London at two in the afternoon. What think you of such an incident? Will you have a further example of audacity? A Frenchman was walking in Hyde Park a little before four in the afternoon, when four of the amiable individuals known as garotters threw themselves upon him. But see what it is to have to do with a Zouave! Our friend happened, fortunately, to be one, and also a thorough master of the science of the *savate*. In the twinkling of an eye he stretched on the ground, bruised and stunned, two of his assailants, while the other two took to flight. So far, so well. But not everybody has served in the Zouaves. It is a curious circumstance, too, that when, on coming out of the Park, the conqueror related to the first policeman he saw, what had happened to him, the latter exclaimed: "But how imprudent of you to cross the Park at four in the evening!" Just as one would say to a traveller robbed in Germany: "But how imprudent of you to pass through the Black Forest at night-time!"

You may well think after all this, that gas-lamps are a useless luxury. The old saying, "The wicked fear the light," has decidedly ceased to be true in London. I do not know if these garotters aim at heroism and get up an enthusiasm in braving the gallows; but it is very clear that in warring upon the passers-by, they appear to choose in preference the battle-fields where they are perfectly in sight. They afraid of gas! Bah! It is in Oxford-street,—ay, in Regent-street, if it be necessary, that they will show us what they can do, by taking our purses after they have broken our heads.

For, one point especially worthy of note, is the peremptory fashion in which they go to work. Formerly, they cried to you, "Your money or your life!" and that was something, because, by offering the one you could save the other. But it is now that Sganarelle would exclaim, if he had to speak of these gentry: "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Their line of reasoning is: "Let us try to take the life, the purse will come of itself." And in order to have both in this order of succession these disagreeable wags make use of a weapon, which is called in English a "life preserver!" The traditions of politeness attached to the names of Cartouche and José-Maria are, you see, either lost, or judged out of harmony with the

progress of modern ideas. They begin by knocking you on the head, content to despoil you afterwards.

But do not imagine that these crimes proceed from solitary, individual inspirations. No. The cases brought every day before the Police Courts prove that the robbers and murderers who, at this moment, are desolating and terrifying London, are massed in regiments, obey the rules of discipline, act in troops and in virtue of skilful combinations. The principle of association is at the bottom of it all.

Superfluous to add, that there is a general and profound sensation. These successive outrages are the subject of every conversation; the papers are black with narratives which reveal their number and abominable character; journalists write upon this gloomy subject endless tirades; every morning the authorities are interrogated as to the measures they have taken, or intend to take, and as they make no reply, the public anxiety becomes more and more lively.

On the other hand, far from being alarmed by the noise that is made about their atrocious achievements, the malefactors seem to derive from it twofold audacity. The more they are denounced, the more are murderous assaults multiplied. Nor is this all. A sort of fearful contagion appears to be spreading abroad. Crime is developing itself into a mania. The other day two little girls of eleven years of age were taken up for having essayed the art of garotting upon an old woman—alluding to which, the *Times* exclaims with bitterness:—"An infant Roscius may be a very interesting object on the stage; but it is a sort of phenomenon which it is not good to encourage in criminal matters."

Where will the development of this moral pestilence be stayed? The newspapers, not feeling themselves bound to any sort of circumlocution, call upon the citizens to provide for their own safety, by furnishing themselves with good firearms, and by taking the firm resolution of making use of them on the first opportunity. They record, with much eulogium, all that attaches to the right of legitimate defence energetically exercised. They encourage every one to dispense justice on his own account, until society finds means of defending itself collectively. There are thus individuals in whom apprehension has at last turned into fury. Yesterday, an Englishman of my acquaintance, a man of great courage, but

also very eccentric, confessed to me that being tormented by a morbid impatience to prove to these daring ruffians that honest men did not fear them, he had purchased a revolver with which he wandered about at night along the streets reputed the most dangerous, in the hope of being attacked, and of being able to make an example. To such a pass have things come!

As for the causes, public opinion singles out two, namely: the pleasant existence which is contrived for criminals in prison; and, secondly, the hope that is given them of coming out, after a period of probation, before the time fixed for the sentence, should the discipline in the prison have found them sufficiently resigned and susceptible of repentance.

In fact, the life which convicts lead at Dartmoor or at Portland is such, that no pariah of free labour can think of it without a sigh. And that does not date from yesterday. In Sir Edward Bulwer's work, entitled *England and the English*, we read as follows:—

"The independent journeyman cannot procure with his wages more than 122 ounces of food per week, of which 13 ounces are of meat.

"The able-bodied pauper, at the charge of the parish, receives 151 ounces of food, of which 21 ounces are of meat.

"The convict receives 239 ounces of food per week, of which 38 ounces are of meat."

Thus at the period when Sir E. Bulwer wrote his book, the material condition of the criminal in England was superior to that of the pauper fed by the parish, while that of the pauper fed by the parish was superior to that of the honest man who worked for his living.

Do statistics at the present day speak a different language? No. It is now five years ago when, the system in force at the criminal prisons having been warmly attacked by the press, as it is now-a-days, and in consequence of very similar circumstances, Robert Hosking, governor of the Pentonville House of Correction, published the following curious figures illustrating the dietary system under his administration:—

Breakfast per head, per diem: cocoa, ¾ pint; bread, 10 oz.

Dinner: boiled beef, 4 oz.; soup, ½ oz.; potatoes 2 lbs.; bread, 5 oz.

Supper: gruel, 1 pint; bread, 5 oz.

It should be observed that when Robert Hosking thus initiated the public into the secrets of the Pentonville kitchen, he did so with the idea of furnishing this malicious public with a triumphant proof that the criminals confided to his charge were reduced to a barely sufficient dietary. The truth is, that Apicius might probably find something to say against the bill of fare of the prisoners at Pentonville. But how many honest fathers of families, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, would esteem themselves fortunate if they had the lot assured to criminals, whose condition has been described above in official figures!

Add to that the prospect of restoration to liberty, as the reward of tolerably correct conduct, or of a well-simulated repentance, without regard to the terms of the sentence. It is clear that, in the eyes of criminals treated after this fashion, the law has a great chance of losing some portion of its terrors, and consequently some portion of its preventive power.

It is, therefore, a generally accredited opinion, that the disorders which at this moment make London shudder, are to be attributed to the Ticket-of-leave men. In vain does Sir Joshua Jebb, director of criminal prisons in England, swear by his gods that the public is unjust towards the ticket-of-leave men; that malefactors abound outside that class; and that it is an error to hold responsible for acts of violence committed by others, those who are under his jurisdiction. The public declines to listen to anything of the kind, and the outcry raised against the ticket-of-leave men becomes more and more formidable; so formidable, that already there is some talk of simply making a razzia of the men of that class, even should the principle of individual liberty, that principle so dear to the English, momentarily suffer a species of violation. What could I say that would depict under more striking colours, both the greatness of the evil and the keenness of the apprehension?

To this evil there needs a remedy. What?

In my opinion, those who look for it exclusively either in a more rigorous application of the penal law, or in an aggravation of the system of criminal imprisonment, or in the abolition of the system which promises mercy to repentance, do not look below the surface of things. The wound is far deeper than

they suspect, or affect to believe. There would be less room for crime, if there were more room for labour; social order would have less need of defending what it protects, if it thought more of what it neglects to protect; and society would not be reduced to the alternative of either robbing the penal law of its preventive efficacy, or of bargaining with the criminal for the price of his repentance, if it did not leave the children of the poor to suck in the poison of vice in destitution two steps from the penitentiary in which the chaplain teaches the catechism to hoary-headed villains.

LETTER CVIII.

THE GAROTTERS AGAIN.

December 9th, 1862.

I TOLD you in my last letter how dangerous it had become to venture out at night in the streets of London. Far from having diminished, the danger has increased. In vain have the journals uttered cries of wrath; in vain have they recommended a redoubled vigilance against the bandits who infest the streets, and a redoubled severity against those who might be seized; in vain has the number of policemen been increased; in vain have the judges passed sentences more and more severe; clamours of the journals, efforts of the authorities, zeal of the police, inflexible attitude of the judicial power, nothing has availed. The law is, as it were, declared in abeyance; nocturnal outrages go on multiplying; it is now almost as hazardous to traverse at nightfall a central quarter of London, as it formerly used to be to cross at night the mountains of the Sierra Morena. At first they stopped only the foot passengers; but now they have gone so far as to stop carriages—at least I could quote one instance. It is the Reign of Terror inaugurated by the tyrants of the highways and byways. The evildoers seem to say to the worthy citizens: "It is your turn to tremble, good sirs!"

There was a time when Paris had to pass through similar

paroxysms. And at the epoch to which I allude, even crime had adopted the economic principle of the division of labour! There were, I remember, the Charpentier gang, who had declared war against moderate fortunes; the Courvoisier gang, who had systematised the pillage of the Faubourg St. Germain; the Gauthier-Perez gang, who attacked the savings of working men; and, besides the gangs of the Auvergnats, the *Endormeurs* and the *Etrangleurs*. To be just, I ought to admit that the rogues of this country have not yet brought to that degree of perfection the business of assassination. But, with that exception, the fashion in which they go to work leaves little to be desired.

And what is fearful to think of is, that many among them occupy a sort of official position. The police know them; have their name and address; keep a register of their immorality; follow them step by step, impatient to catch them in the act. They, on their part, march with their head erect so long as there is no legal proof of their crimes, and they hold themselves insolently on the watch for an opportunity. These are the ticket-of-leave men. But is it these alone who are to be feared? Alas! no. Sir Joshua Jebb, director of criminal prisons in England, places at upwards of 23,000 the number of cut-throats who, outside the category of ticket-of-leave-men, are more or less under the eye of the police. Judge from that what a frightful figure must be furnished by the darksome army of malefactors of every kind who are unknown; robbers by profession, occasional robbers, swindlers, receivers of stolen goods, forgers, vile and brutal "fancy men," all in feverish motion, all rotting in the lowest depths of society.

Modern civilisation, that boasted civilisation, would, I fear, have a terrible account to render if it had to explain the existence of such a state of things before a judge invested with power to summon it before his tribunal. But for the present I will not touch that side of the question. All I wish to point out to you in this letter is one of the saddest results of such a situation.

Society in England having shown itself impotent for the moment to afford sufficient protection to its individual members, it has become necessary for individuals to think of protecting themselves. The theory of the right of legitimate

defence has thus received during the last month an extension which nobody a short time ago would have ventured to predict. Everyone has been encouraged to arm himself, and everyone has armed himself, or is preparing to do so. This one never goes out at night without a heavy bludgeon loaded with iron; that one carries a loaded pistol in his belt; a third allows the end of a life-preserver to be seen sticking out of the pocket of his paletot. "Everyone for himself, and God for all"—that is the guarantee for public security to which matters have come.

To find fault with this would be idle, since it is a question of necessity, but it is impossible to prevent a keen sentiment of disquietude when reflecting on the probable consequences of such an impulse imparted to men's minds.

Assuredly if there be one thing that distinguishes the civilised from the savage state, it is the substitution of the principle of common protection for the sovereignty of individual force. The less room there is for the exercise of the individual right of legitimate defence, the more advanced is civilisation. It retrogrades towards barbarism whenever each individual is reduced to rely for his safety on the suppleness of his loins, the height of his stature, the strength of his arm, or the use of weapons. That, however, is the method, the excellence of which is vaunted under the influence of the panic, not only, be it observed, from the point of view of a passing necessity, but as a system of permanent guarantee, by writers who pique themselves on their subtle ideas, their elegant habits and refined sentiments. This strange symptom of an evil, the depth of which is not generally suspected, is certainly worthy of being noticed, and the circumstance which has led to its manifestation also deserves to be known: but I fear to abuse the hospitality of your columns. What remains for me to tell you is too long to find a place in this letter: I will conclude in my next one.

LETTER CIX.

BOXING FASHIONABLE.

December 12th, 1862.

SINCE my last letter there has been a fresh outburst of outrages by garotters; and this time, unfortunately, it can no longer be said that the outrages are invented and the assaults a pure fiction.

The day before yesterday, at eight o'clock in the evening, a great noise was heard in the street which I inhabit. Every one looked out of the window. Two men were running away as fast as they could, pursued by a third, who cried out at the top of his voice: "Police! Police!" No police coming in sight, the two runaways naturally enough disappeared. They had broken into the house No. 4, exactly opposite to mine. Seen in time in the garden by the proprietor, they had carried off, as their only spoils, a hare. The thing this time did not, therefore, take a tragical turn; but the trifling importance of the result detracts nothing from the audacity of the effort.

A second example falls within my personal knowledge. No long time ago, a friend of my friend Hertzen, the celebrated Russian journalist, was returning home in a cab, when, not far from Hertzen's house, where he had passed the evening, he saw three garotters dash at the horse's head, which they seized by the bridle, exactly as might have been done with a diligence on a high road skirting a forest. Fortunately, the night was not far advanced, and the adventure took place in a quarter rather more frequented than the Black Forest. Help arrived at the nick of time, and our *traveller* got off with the fright.

A third instance, which it was not necessary for me to read in the journals. Quite recently a French refugee, M. Jourdain, was struck from behind on the small of the back by a life-preserver, which stretched him unconscious on the pavement. His pockets were, of course, immediately emptied.

He kept his bed for two or three days, and esteems himself fortunate in not having been killed upon the spot.

A fourth case——but I should never have done if I were obliged to enumerate all the cases of this kind which, within the sphere of my personal knowledge, corroborate the complaints with which the entire English press has rung again for a month past. Only yesterday the *Times* published a letter, in which an anguished parent related how, in South Kensington, "the Court suburb," his son, a mere boy, had been robbed after being knocked down by a blow from a bludgeon. As you see, the public uneasiness is only too well founded. That certain heroes of equivocal adventures cover themselves under the pretext of assaults conveniently invented; that there are victims to be laughed at, and assassins, of whom it might be said,

"Les gens qu'ils ont tués se portent assez bien,"

must be admitted. Fear among a thousand is generally greater than fear among a hundred; and when a population of nearly three millions of souls agree to be all frightened together, it is quite natural that it should degenerate into a panic, and it is also quite natural that the panic should be turned to account by the cunning. But it is very certain that the streets of London are not at this moment safe in the night time; that public security is shaken to its base; that the question of the day, in every newspaper in the country, is to discover how England is to act for the future to rid herself of criminals without putting them to death, and without having to feed them; that the administration has at last been roused to action, and that a police force in plain clothes has been organised; that the carrying of weapons, if this state of things be continued, would be in danger of being introduced into the customs of the people, and of exercising a fatal influence on its manners.

This brings me back to the subject of my last letter, which want of space compelled me to interrupt.

If I remember rightly, I told you in that letter that, under the influence of the panic, the theory of "Every one for himself and God for all" threatened to make great progress; that the exercise of the individual right of legitimate defence began to present itself to many minds as the best guarantee

for public security; and that in certain circles, from this disposition of men's minds, a curious symptom had manifested itself. Permit me to resume my thesis.

You are aware, that for a long time past, the fights of boxers have been for England what the combats of gladiators formerly were for Rome, and what bull-fights are at present for Spain. Thanks to the march of intellect and the gradual softening of manners, this sanguinary appetite has considerably abated. The England of our days would not understand George IV. making the boxer Tom Spring get into his royal carriage, and driving him in flesh-coloured silk stockings and yellow cassimir breeches to the spot fixed upon for the grand ordeal.

It is very true, however, that a battle lately took place between two boxers, Sayers and Heenan, to which was attached almost the importance of a war between two peoples. With what impassioned interest did the public on that occasion follow the different phases of the contest! With what profound emotion did they comment on the result? With what vehemence did public sympathy declare in favour of one of the combatants! It was, undeniably, a sort of national event. Personages of mark, members of the House of Commons, nay, ministers of the Gospel, were observed among the spectators. Tom Sayers, as a reward for a disputed victory, was acclaimed almost in the fashion of the ancient triumphs. At Liverpool, I believe, he received an ovation similar to what might have been offered to the saviour of the country. The authorities went out to meet him, a band of music at their head, and flowers were scattered in his path. His glory consisted in having punched his adversary's eyes to the point of three-parts blinding him, and in having, for his own part, a disabled arm.

Yes, all this is unhappily true; but it is fair not to forget that this humiliating enthusiasm had, if not its excuse, at least its explanation, in a sentiment of national rivalry. Sayers was English, Heenan was American; and the latter, insult in his eye, defiance on his lips, had crossed the seas to dispute with the Champion of England, on English soil, the possession of the belt which constitutes the insignia of royalty among pugilists. However ridiculous it might be to attach the honour of two great peoples to the result of a pugilistic

encounter between two men, whose social value does not differ much from that of the *forts de la halle* at Paris, the circumstances of the case accounted in some degree for the mad transports of the public. This incident, therefore, cannot be quoted as an absolutely decisive proof of the persistence of the English in their worship of what they call the "prize-ring." That worship, without being extinguished, has certainly lost something of its fervour.

But now the exploits of the garotters threaten to restore it to its former vogue. The following lines, which I extract from the *Saturday Review*, are worthy of attention:—

"A good way for the inhabitants of London to get the better of the garotters would be by learning the art of self-defence. If a man carries a stick, or any other weapon, it is of consequence that he should know how to make use of it; and if he is not armed, it is of consequence that he should know how to make use of his fists. Let us suppose that the boxer, Tom King, who issued victorious from the last fight, had gone home from it at night with the price of his victory in his pocket, does any one believe that the stalwart arm by which poor Mace's face was so cruelly disfigured, would not have kept the garotters at a distance? Wherever there is a place for experiments relative to the efficiency of rifled cannon and the resisting power of iron targets, could not some little space be devoted to a series of experiments for the purpose of proving the degree of power which a man's fist possesses, and the degree of resistance which a man's cheek presents? The garotters surely give trouble enough to the police, so that they might leave the boxers unmolested. It is not hard to induce the patrons of this diversion to sit up all night when a fight is to come off on the morrow; then, when the morning arrives, to creep along at an early hour, like malefactors, through the fog, to some out-of-the-way spot, where they run the risk of having, at the end of an hour or two, the police upon their heels."

If this passage were read in *Bell's Life*, or *Le Sport*, or in any other paper of that kind written for the use of that strange world which is composed of aristocratic young idlers and frequenters of public-houses, there would be no occasion to notice it. But the *Saturday Review* is a journal which piques itself on giving a tone to gilded saloons and literary clubs. It is

of all the weekly papers, if not the best, certainly the most widely circulated and the most influential. The article in question has had, besides, the honour of a reproduction *in extenso* in the *Times*, and has thus received the sanction of a publicity as imposing as select.

Much attention, therefore, has been drawn to this apology for professional pugilism and for "the patrons of this diversion." The *Spectator*, which deserves, among the weekly papers, as high a rank as the *Saturday Review*, has opened its columns to an eloquent and pointed reply, the writer of which, Mr. Thomas Hughes, combines with remarkable literary talent a noble character, and all the qualities of a true gentleman, a rare skill in the art of boxing, practised by him according to the rules which remove all danger, and as a purely gymnastic exercise. This is equivalent to saying that no one is in a position to illustrate with more authority the brutal, odious, and stupidly sanguinary character of professional and paid pugilism.

The truth is, that the spectacle of a fight between professional boxers is one of the most degrading on which a morbid curiosity can be fed. It is not here, as in a duel, a contest between two men who have reasons for hating one another, risking their lives only to preserve what they esteem their honour, and mastered by a sentiment the very exaggeration of which attaches to something of an elevated character. Not at all: two men, who have no motive for treating each other as enemies, exchange terrible blows, sometimes mortal, to win money for inhuman betters, and also for themselves, amid the applause of the circus. And what a circus, great Heavens! In the first row are placed, a cigar between their lips and a betting book in their hands, carelessly stretched on thick stuffs, the privileged spectators, the fashionables of the boudoir or the counter, who have purchased for two guineas the advantage of being protected against thieves and separated from the ragtag and bobtail by the second row, which is composed of professional individuals, boxers with broken noses, behind whom crowd together, howling like jackals, all the nameless creatures who form the scum of great cities. It is worth seeing how these fellows' eyes kindle, how their cheeks flush, as soon as the combatants, after sparring at each other, come to blows, and the blood flows, and the faces of

the fighters, swollen, bruised, cut into strips, lose all vestige of humanity! It is worth seeing with what ferocious interest the mixed mob of spectators follow the movements of the weaker of the two champions, when he staggers, when he is knocked down, when holding him up in their arms his seconds sponge him, bring him to, pull him up on his legs, and excite him to exhaust in a supreme effort whatever strength remains in him!

All these characteristic traits of the "diversion" recommended by the *Saturday Review* were produced in the battle recently fought by the prize-fighters James Mace and Thomas King, to discover to which of the two should remain the title of "Champion of England," held by the former and coveted by the latter. Mace is a pugilist of consummate science. Small, but strong and active, he deals on whosoever dares stand up against him blows which rarely miss their aim, and displays a wonderful skill in avoiding those which are aimed at himself. King, less expert in his art, is much taller, and his athletic stature, his herculean strength, and the length of his iron arm, make him a formidable adversary. The two champions had been previously measured against each other, and science had triumphed in the person of Mace. King claimed his revenge. The departure took place from Fenchurch Street, where occurred scenes of disorder, confusion, and brigandage, which show how the dregs of the populace mingle on such occasions with the fashionable world. A special train carried the two champions, their patrons and friends, to Tilbury, where a steamer was in readiness to convey them to the neighbourhood of Thames Haven. There, beyond the reach of the police, the encounter was arranged to come off. The betting was in favour of Mace, in the proportion of 6 and 7 to 4. After the first few rounds, judges of the science had no doubt of his victory. King's eyes, nose, and jaw bore hideous testimony to the sinister power of the "Champion of England," and the latter, full of confidence, rushed forward to complete his triumph, when King's right arm suddenly lashing out with a quickness that has been compared to the velocity of a ball shot from an Armstrong, Mace fell as if struck by a thunderbolt. He had been struck full on the face, which now represented nothing more than a shapeless form, horrible to look upon. Those who waited

upon him hurried up to him, bestowed upon him all the attentions usually lavished on such occasions, and set him up again on his legs; and he, though hardly able to stand up aright, wanted to try a last effort—heroism of a bull-dog. But at the point to which things had come, the battle was in danger of turning into a pure and simple murder. Mace scarcely needed to be struck a second time to roll a second time on to the ground. On the part of his seconds the sponge was thrown into the air, in acknowledgment of defeat: the backers of the two men squared their accounts. Those who had attached themselves to the fortunes of King now thought of nothing else than gaily pocketing their winnings. Mace, after having received a blow which would doubtless have killed an ordinary mortal, was carried off in a condition to inspire pity, to inspire horror, while the spectators returned to their respective homes, enchanted with the shock given to their nerves. The drama was played out.

Yes; this is the style of "diversion" which men of the world, fashionable men of letters, writers who have pretensions to the direction of public opinion, are applying themselves to cry up to the utmost of their power. And the reason which they give for so doing is, that it serves to keep up the wholesome traditions of the art of knocking men down, an art which, as they assert, it is right to propagate, since the garotters aspire to the glory of taking the wall-side of the pavement.

With all due deference to these gentlemen, we have not yet come to that, thank Heaven! but if it were so, we should have to admit that the civilisation of the nineteenth century has very much to forget and very much to learn!

LETTER CX.

THE ROCKS AND SHOALS OF SOCIETY.

December 13th, 1862.

It appears certain that the English Government will refuse the offer of the Crown of Greece for Prince Alfred. Why, in fact, should they accept it? To tie their hands in the Eastern question? To create for themselves beforehand the embarrassments which, in this hypothesis, everyone foresees, and which might become inextricable?

In the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Forcade expresses the opinion that England, having to issue from the Eastern labyrinth, will prefer going upon two legs, Turkey and Greece, to halting upon one alone, Turkey. But one may halt likewise upon two legs, if they are of unequal length. Now, not only would that be the case in this instance, but England would find that she had two legs, of which one went in one direction and the other in a direction exactly opposite—which is not precisely the condition required for walking, much less for running.

To protect the Turk, to protect him at any price, to protect him under any conditions, because the Russians at Constantinople would be leaning over India, is imperatively incumbent on the policy of England. But how could England efficiently protect Turkey against the Russians, if she imposed upon herself the obligation of supporting Greece against Turkey? For, that Greece attaches the idea of her regeneration to the reunion under the same sceptre of all the Hellenic provinces, that is to say, to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, is beyond all doubt; and it is equally certain that Russia will aid her to the utmost of her power.

The situation that would await an English prince on the throne of Greece would therefore be simply a situation impossible to maintain. He would be placed in the alternative, either of combating the policy of his native country to secure for himself the sympathies of his adopted country, or

of serving that policy at the risk of rendering himself odious to his subjects, and of having to undergo the inconveniences of an Odyssey similar to that of James II. taking refuge at Saint-Germain, or that of Charles X. taking the road to Cherbourg, or that of Otho travelling towards Munich.

This is perfectly understood in England. This week's *Punch* represents a female figure (Greece), trying to persuade a young man (Prince Alfred) to pick up a crown lying on a brasier on the ground. The young man is not at all emboldened by her advice, and hastily draws back his hand. At the foot of the engraving are written the words: "Prince Alfred refuses to burn his fingers."

And it is the best thing he could do, according to public opinion.

But does this imply that the English look with indifference on the spectacle of the enthusiasm which, in Greece, salutes the candidature, neither accepted nor refused, of Prince Alfred? Not at all.

At heart the English are delighted with the preference given to them, taking care not to avail themselves of it. They are pleased to see in it a striking homage rendered to the prestige of their alliance, the moderation of their policy, the superiority of their institutions, and the grandeur of that principle of liberty which they represent in Europe. They are proud of having gained, without fighting, a victory with which bayonets have nothing to do, and which would seem to attest, before the eyes of the world, the power of English ideas. Lastly, it is not displeasing to them that the French Government should come off second in what they choose to regard as less an affair of diplomatic ability than a question of intellectual and moral propagandism.

Let us not envy them this gratification. England at this moment has only too much reason to seek for consolation. The merit of her political institutions is undeniably such as to fix the attention of other peoples; but, on the other hand, never were those peoples more warmly invited to reflect upon the defective side of her social institutions; because never, perhaps, has her powerlessness to contend with destitution and crime appeared under a more sombre light.

What mournful reflections, for example, are suggested by the speech delivered the other day by Lord Derby, at Man-

chester, at a numerous meeting presided over by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Sefton! What dreadful evils are those set forth in that speech, without any remedy being indicated! Look at these heart-rending figures:

Of the two millions of inhabitants which that district contains, the number of unfortunate individuals who are reduced to accept assistance in order to live, rose in the month of September, last year, to 43,500; but in the month of September, this year, it had risen to the figure of 163,498; and, at the present hour, it is estimated at not less than 259,385.

Add to this, that 172,000 persons are fed by local committees, and you will have as a total the fearful figure of 431,395.

431,395 persons, out of 2,000,000 condemned to inability to support themselves! One in every five—and even worse than that—depending for daily bread either on the assistance from the parish, or on the charity of the public!

Another touch in the picture: during the six months terminating with June, there was drawn from the Savings Banks of Lancashire £71,113; and it must be remarked at the same time, that the amount of the sums withdrawn since the month of June is not known. Would you know why? Because it is a secret which the banks have thought proper to keep to themselves for "prudential reasons!"

"What anguish does that sum of £71,113 express!" exclaimed Lord Derby, with good reason. "What hopes disappointed! What consoling dreams dissipated! What years of labour, of economy, of frugality, of prudence, lost for ever!"

And it is in that county, the prosperity of which England has been accustomed to vaunt with the greatest pride, that this desolation of want has been produced!

What is there to oppose to this? Social science declares itself here completely incompetent. The question of knowing how, in the centre of European civilisation, in the richest and one of the most enlightened countries in the world, it can be contrived to prevent, within a given circle, one man in five from perishing of hunger—that great question is here solved by alms!

It is true that on this side of the Channel, charity is capable

of efforts of which in France one can scarcely form an idea. The subscriptions collected by the Central Committee of Succour, without counting the Mansion-House lists, have given the enormous result of £540,000 sterling, and of this sum £400,000 have been furnished by Lancashire alone!

The *Times* has proclaimed with legitimate pride, and as a striking proof of the colonies for the mother country, that they have taken part in the subscription to the extent of £40,000.

It is needless to observe that beside the rich man's offering stands the offering of the poor. At the Manchester meeting, Lord Derby produced real emotion when he mentioned that on the previous day he had received from the hands of Lord Shaftesbury, a sum of £1200, subscribed by several thousands of working men, constituting the subscription list of the journal *The British Workman*, and especially when he stated that the Shoeblack Brigade had come forward to swell the ranks of this generous army.

But however great may be the efforts of charity, they cannot take the place of science. Charity may well apply some momentary alleviation of the evil, but it cannot remedy it. Invoked against the inevitable results of an imperfect social organisation, it may delay death for a brief space, but it does not contain the germs of life. It is to the perfecting of the social relations, it is to the amelioration of the essential conditions of labour, that we must look; and yet that is little thought of, although these terrible trials seem to be sent expressly to warn society of the grandeur of the problem, and of the necessity of seriously addressing itself to the study thereof.

Will it be said that the Lancashire crisis is a pure accident? But do not *accidents* of this kind reproduce themselves among the industrial population, sometimes from one cause, sometimes from another, and in a periodical manner? Is this *sauve qui peut* of commerce, then, such a rare calamity, which shows us workshops closing, failures begetting failures, fortunes tumbling down one upon the other, like so many houses of cards, and the wan multitude of working men without employment, seeking their daily bread between despair and alms? What is human wisdom worth if it can do nothing, absolutely nothing, against contingencies so frequent and so much to be dreaded? Is not the principle of solidarity and

of mutuality applied to risks to be run, that principle from which men have succeeded in deriving a guarantee against the effects of hail, against those of fire, even against those of death, susceptible of any extension? Is it, in short, in the nature of things that social foresight should abdicate in presence of chance and the unforeseen? In speaking of the Lancashire crisis Lord Derby allowed the words "national humiliation" to escape him; but did he himself measure the full meaning of those words? I doubt it.

And this is not the only subject of humiliation.

I spoke to you in my last letter of the fearful and always increasing number of nocturnal outrages of which London during a month past has been the theatre. The evil has assumed such proportions that, if it were to continue, the anxiety of the public would know no bounds. The fact is, that the malefactors are very nearly getting the upper hand. Crime has ceased to flee before the repressive power—it now gives battle to it in some sort. In the very heart of London crime and the repressive power constitute, as it were, two hostile powers who measure each other with a glance, and the impotence of the latter can only be compared to the awful audacity of the former. The streets of the industrial capital of the world have become less secure than those highways on which, in less civilised times, stage-coaches were stopped. Not only is it dangerous to traverse, after nightfall, even the best lighted and most frequented quarters, but the very cabs are threatened. In the evening women no longer venture out, while men go out as little as they can. Whoso has a purchase to make, after gas has replaced daylight, abstains from making it, from fear of being garotted on the way; whoso would go to the theatre weighs the pleasure against the danger. I know journalists who having to traverse every night the considerable distance which separates Fleet-street from St. John's Wood, now always take a cab for the journey which they formerly performed on foot, preferring to add heavily to the burden of their expenditure, than to expose themselves to having their necks twisted or their heads broken. But as I said just now, cabs will soon have ceased to be a refuge that can be deemed absolutely inviolable.

And to sum up all, the cabmen have come to measure their wants by the requisition in which they at present stand, and,

at a recent meeting they have put forward pretensions which, if they succeed in enforcing them, will place the public at their mercy.

In the meanwhile, everyone is arming himself. Men buy bludgeons, pistols, life-preservers; some provide themselves with poniards; others even talk of wearing swords. The necessity for self-defence is so completely the subject of general anxiety, that a multitude of minds are on the stretch to find out and adopt efficient measures. The most comical suggestions, the most extraordinary advertisements find their way into the newspapers; for instance, some one has warmly recommended the public to make use of a thick leather collar, studded with nails, like those which are fastened upon fighting dogs. Another has announced the sale of a species of large dog, which he declares admirable for being employed against the garotters, seeing this they only devour people on being expressly ordered to do so.

How encouraging is all this!

And note well, that the carrying of arms, if it becomes general, has a chance of turning into a yet more formidable danger than that which it is sought to avoid. What a charming prospect is that of being killed in the shadow, by a friend who, frightened at an inopportune moment, and taking you for a robber, has pulled his trigger for the sake of precaution!

Is it not a disgrace to England that such a state of things should exist, and be prolonged and aggravated! The papers ring with complaints. In family circles people are astonished and disturbed, and ask each other when and how all this will finish. Useless clamours! Superfluous alarms! The authority, which is supposed to represent the social power, and which is charged with the protection of individuals, gives no sign of life. It is sought everywhere, and found nowhere.

Can it be because the problem, too much neglected, has become, in fact, most difficult to solve? There are people who like to persuade themselves that the evil springs from an imprudent concession to the inspirations of an exaggerated sentiment of philanthropy; from believing that criminals are susceptible of conversion; from their being treated with too much leniency; from too many of them being restored to liberty before the expiration of their punishment; in a word, from having entered upon the Ticket-of-leave system. But

those who think thus are mistaken. The Ticket-of-leave system was adopted—as the *Times* admitted the other day—not from choice, but from necessity. When the colonies refused to be morally empoisoned in order that the atmosphere of the mother country might be purified; when it became, in consequence, necessary to give up transportation, England found herself, as concerned her criminals, in a great embarrassment. The softened tone of manners, as well as justice, was opposed to hanging them indiscriminately. To feed them in prison for ever, would be to incur an expense, the indefinite increase of which alarmed the most resolute. Besides, the prisons were in danger of being very soon crowded to excess; and was it not incumbent to make room for the new comers? The measure was, therefore, adopted of setting loose, as soon as they showed themselves disposed to repent, the malefactors who could neither be sent away, nor kept in prison, neither be put to death nor fed for ever.

I pause. To find the cause of the scourge which has just been described, it would be indispensable to carry a light into depths into which few thinkers, unfortunately, have the courage to descend, and which no Statesman deems himself bound to explore. It concerns, however, the interest of all—of all, without exception; for the misery and corruption of one section form the terror of the others.

LETTER CXI.

A SCENE IN IRELAND.

December 14th, 1862.

A CHARACTERISTIC scene has lately been enacted in Ireland; and what is still more characteristic is the manifest repugnance of the English papers to make it the subject of comment. It would seem that they are afraid of saying too much about it; and, in fact, the scene to which I allude is of a nature to throw a sinister light on the relations between Ireland and England.

A few words, first of all, on antecedent facts which serve to explain it.

Everyone knows that destitution is the permanent condition of Ireland. It might be affirmed without exaggeration that, ever since her forced union with England, Ireland has not ceased to be in trouble for food, for clothing, and for shelter. Ireland is the classic land of hunger. There are times, however, when, an accidental misery happening to be added to the permanent misery, Ireland rouses herself and cries aloud for succour, as if, alas! it was not her normal state to suffer! Last year, for example, there was one continuous groan uttered by the native land of O'Connell. Ireland was a prey to famine, or, in other words, Ireland was more hungry than usual! Her representatives in the House of Commons drew pictures of her extreme distress that made one shudder. They demanded, one after another, justice and pity for their country. They adjured Parliament to occupy itself with this heartrending question. They launched forth in passionate complaints against the administration of Sir Robert Peel, accused by them of cruel and systematic indifference. All that, it must be confessed, produced but a very trifling impression in England. Sir Robert Peel denied the extent, I had almost said, the existence of the evil; and the English chose to persuade themselves that he was right. The complaints of the Irish Members were attributed by some to political tactics; by others to that spirit of exaggeration which is regarded here as one of the traits of the Irish character; by others, again, to a desire of rendering the administration odious. Not only were doubts thrown upon the reality of a famine in Ireland, but in certain English journals these doubts were expressed in an offensive form of raillery. It was throwing oil upon a brazier; it was adding to that store of bitter resentment accumulating through centuries in Irish hearts.

An incident which narrowly escaped being dramatic envenomed the situation.

Among the Irishmen who sit in the House of Commons there figures a man belonging to one of the noblest and most ancient families of Ireland. His name is O'Donoghue, or, as they say here, The O'Donoghue. Known for the vehemence of the sentiment which impels him to long for an independent

Ireland, an Ireland sole mistress of her own destinies, he is indebted to his hatred of the English rule for the influence he has acquired among the people of his own country. He is one of those who march at the head of the discontented in tatters; and were a revolt to break out, through hunger, it would willingly place itself under his orders.

Well, in the debate to which the Irish famine gave rise in Parliament, it came to pass that, in alluding to a meeting at which The O'Donoghue had occupied the chair, Sir Robert Peel spoke of it in terms not less contemptuous for the president than for those who composed the meeting.

The insult was keenly felt by The O'Donoghue, and he lost no time in sending a challenge to Sir Robert Peel, who deemed it his duty to refer the matter to the head of the administration of which he was a member. Lord Palmerston, as might be expected, warmly opposed any further steps being taken in the matter, and even accused The O'Donoghue before the House of Commons of having rendered himself guilty, by sending a challenge, of what is called in parliamentary language on this side of the Channel, "a breach of privilege." There was, consequently, no bloodshed; and if the matter had stopped there, nobody would have had any grounds for surprise or complaint, duelling in England being not only prohibited by law, but discountenanced by public opinion. Unfortunately, the English press fired up for Sir Robert Peel with an unheard-of violence. The O'Donoghue, whose sole crime, after all, was the having demanded respect for his honour at the risk of his life, was treated by the majority of the English papers as a contemptible swaggerer. They charged him with having meanly courted a noise. They represented him as an itinerant mountebank in search of a platform. They exhausted against him the vocabulary of abuse. Need I tell you the effect naturally produced in Ireland by this outpouring of wrath against an Irishman, in reference to a dispute that sprung out of an Irish question? The popularity of The O'Donoghue waxed still greater; and more completely than ever he found himself personifying in his own country the antipathies, the resentments, the rage of those whose hearts beat beneath rags.

I now come to the strange and tumultuous scene of which I wish to speak to you. It was enacted on Tuesday last, at a

meeting held at Tralee, the object of which was to solicit in favour of the unfortunate working-men of Lancashire the sympathies of the Irish people.

At one o'clock the high sheriff, Major Crosbie, took the chair; but long before that both the body of the hall and the galleries were occupied by the mob, a mob in tatters, a mob wan and ghastly, whose attitude only too clearly revealed its violent intentions.

There were present several personages of mark, and, among others, Colonel Herbert, M.P., the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty, a Catholic bishop, and a brother of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell.

To Colonel Herbert had been entrusted the task of reading and supporting the Resolution which specified the object of the meeting; but hardly had he opened his mouth than his voice was smothered beneath a storm of cries, groans, and howling. He persisted, and the clamour redoubled. "Boys," exclaimed Mr. O'Sullivan, with an excitement thoroughly Irish, "listen to him, listen to him; the men of Castle-Island, whom he turned out of their homes, will know how to answer him."

At these words frantic shouts of applause rang out. In the midst of the tumult a voice was raised to denounce the unjust distribution of the succours sent from England at the time of the famine. Colonel Herbert demands permission to repel this imputation, and prove that it is a calumny. Vain efforts! In his turn rises the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty. This gentleman is a Catholic, a priest, a bishop—what greater titles could there be to the respect of an audience composed of Irish peasants? But he sympathises with England, this Catholic, this priest, this bishop; and if he rises, it is to ask, in presence of the famishing peasantry of Ireland, that succour be sent to the famishing artisans of Manchester; as if the distress of the latter had a better claim upon the interest of the public than that of the former! as if, in the county of Kerry, there were not as many and more unfortunate beings to be helped than in the county of Lancaster! Such is the envious thought that is read on every countenance. Such is the cry which escapes from every lip. Such is the sentiment which produces the phenomenon of a Catholic bishop hooted by Irish peasants! But suddenly there is a great silence. The O'Donoghue is going to speak.

"Although," he began, "I am only a humble individual ——"

"You, a humble individual!" was the cry from all parts of the hall. "You are a prince! You are the Prince of the Lakes! You are the greatest citizen of Ireland! You are a King!"

And without more delay the order was given to all present to take off their hats, an order which James O'Connell courageously refused to obey. The O'Donoghue availed himself of a momentary silence to say that the distress of the Lancashire operatives was greatly exaggerated; that, after all, many of them had money in the Savings Banks; and that it was not so with the working men of Ireland. He bitterly dwelt upon the indifference displayed by the English Government in the question of the Irish famine, and concluded with the following declaration, which was greeted with thunders of applause:—

"So long as distress exists among us, our first duty is to relieve it."

Fresh uproar. Presently the confusion is at its height. The high sheriff is constrained to quit the chair, and leaves the hall, followed by several of those present. An indescribable enthusiasm pervades the assembly. O'Sullivan speaks openly of rebellion; he boasts of having been one of the most active agents of the Irish movement in 1848; he is astonished that Smith O'Brien is not there; he accuses James O'Connell of having betrayed the cause which his illustrious brother so powerfully served; he designates The O'Donoghue as the future sovereign of emancipated Ireland, and declares that he sighs for the day when he will see him crowned. Passionate acclamations greet this hope, so audaciously expressed, and the mob separates in a sort of moral intoxication in which joy for the predicted triumph is mingled with fury.

What think you of all this? Is it not a striking and threatening symptom of the state of feeling in Ireland? And Heaven knows if there be not yet more terrible symptoms! Shall I speak of the frightful war which the Irish cottier has declared against the landlords, whom he considers as his tyrants? Shall I speak of those frequent murders of which it is impossible to discover any traces, because the murderers, as

formerly the banditti in Corsica, find everywhere a refuge, everywhere protectors, everywhere accomplices?

There exists an abyss between Catholic Ireland and Protestant England; between Ireland, devoured by want, and England, bloated with riches; between Ireland of Celtic origin, and England of Saxon origin. Imprudent, indeed, are they who, in the latter country, assign as a motive for the strange sympathies with which the revolt of the Southern Planters against the Northern States inspires them, the right possessed by the slave-owners of proclaiming their independence sword in hand.

LETTER CXII.

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

December 20th, 1862.

THE day before yesterday, after a long silence that has been much remarked, Mr. Bright filled with his ringing voice the vast Town Hall of Birmingham, where nearly five thousand persons had gathered together to hear him.

By his side was Mr. Scholefield, like himself, one of the representatives of Birmingham in the House of Commons. Mr. Scholefield, with whom I have the honour of being intimately acquainted, is a man of a most amiable disposition, and of an essentially French turn of mind. Familiarised through a long residence in France with our manners, habits, and ideas, and speaking French as well as if he had been born in Paris, Mr. Scholefield is, of all the Englishmen of my acquaintance, the very last whom I should have expected to see embrace the cause of the American planters; the more so, that the Liberal party in the House of Commons has no more devoted or more persevering organ than himself. It is, however, too true that Mr. Scholefield is a partisan of the South, and nothing more clearly shows the force of the current which draws to that side opinions and sympathies in England.

At Birmingham, though agreeing with Mr. Bright on most questions of internal policy, Mr. Scholefield has not hesitated to openly separate from him on the American question. Not that he goes so far as to desire an intervention, which in his opinion, would be meeting war half-way, or a mediation, which, as he thinks, would draw down the affront of a refusal; but what he does desire is, that England should at last take the step of recognising the South.

A fact, which I rejoice to be able to report is, that this declaration of Mr. Scholefield was not at all favourably received by a considerable portion of the audience. And in that there is nothing to surprise any one who knows how far in all that concerns America, the tendencies of the working population in the great manufacturing centres, differ from those of England taken collectively. To little purpose have these unfortunate artisans been repeatedly assured that their own distress, and that of their brothers, had its source in the cruel obstinacy of the North; that the evil proceeded from the want of cotton, and there was no cotton because the North pretended, *per fas et nefas*, to subdue the South. A sure instinct has prompted them to reply to all: "We cannot be for slave-labour, we men of free labour."

Loud applause accordingly burst forth when Mr. Bright arose, for everyone could read in his countenance his intention of replying to his colleague.

Mr. Bright began by throwing the responsibility of the Lancashire crisis upon the defunct East India Company, whom he accused of not having encouraged the cultivation of Indian cotton, as a precaution against what has now actually happened. In support of this accusation, he recalled to mind that in the three years which followed the abolition of the Company's monopoly—which abolition was decreed in 1814—the importation of Indian cotton rose from 17,000 to 500,000 bales, so that in 1818, England received more cotton from India than was sent to her from the United States. How was this ascending movement arrested? It was arrested, according to Mr. Bright, by the enormous burden of the taxes with which the Directors and the Board of Control overwhelmed the production. In 1846, it was shown that three-farthings per pound was the whole profit that had to be divided between the Surat cultivator and the Bombay mer-

chant. This state of things naturally brought about the almost absolute extinction of the trade in Indian cotton; and it explains the activity imparted to the production of American cotton, which, represented in 1840 by two millions of bales, rose to four millions in 1860, which *signifies* that it had doubled in the space of twenty years.

All that is true; and it is also true that it is not Mr. Bright's fault if England has not, since 1847, seriously directed her attention to the causes which, to borrow the energetic expression of the orator, strangled the cultivation of cotton in India. He has himself traced in singularly bitter terms the history of his own efforts, frequently renewed, but always baffled by a heedless or red-tape policy. But supposing that the Committee, the appointment of which in 1847 was due to Mr. Bright's initiative, and which condemned the system of the Indian Government in reference to agriculture, had carried out his views; supposing that the Royal Commission of Inquiry, the nomination of which Mr. Bright demanded in 1850, without succeeding in overcoming the opposition of Sir John Hobhouse, had been instituted and had entered upon its functions; supposing, lastly, that through reduction of the taxation, the Indian grower had been offered the allurement of a more considerable profit; the question would still remain to be answered, whether, American cotton being of a superior quality, and the American market nearer at hand, India could in this respect have held her own against America. This is what Mr. Bright ought to have proved, but which he passed over in complete silence.

Besides, whether or not, in former times, the English Government failed in foresight, that is not the point, it must be owned, which the public at the present moment cares to determine; and the Government, I fancy, would very gladly cry to Mr. Bright as the child in the fable who fell into the water cries to the schoolmaster who is scolding him: "Ah, my friend! drag me out of this danger, and you can make your speech, afterwards." Mr. Bright was conscious of that, and was therefore, ready to propose what he esteems a sovereign remedy. This remedy consists in exempting from taxation for a period of five years all land in India devoted to the growth of cotton.

The process is, no doubt, very simple, and it is reasonable

to expect that this form of encouragement, combined with the actual rise of prices, would have some influence on the movement of the Indian market. At the same time, I greatly fear that Mr. Bright is mistaken in supposing that on the day when this system should come into play, the woes of Lancashire would verge on their termination. There is unfortunately a cause which, no matter what is done, withholds speculation and capital from Indian cotton. This cause is the fear of the ruinous competition which will arise, whenever the American war shall come to an end, from the quantity of cotton accumulated in the South, and to which peace will reopen the way to Europe. It is in this, as has frequently been remarked by Mr. Cobden, whose authority will not be questioned by Mr. Bright, that lies the danger which weighs fatally upon the market and paralyses everything that relates to cotton.

Mr. Bright is convinced that the South will be crushed. He affirms that it is all over with cotton produced by slave labour. Very good; but very many persons here, to begin with Mr. Gladstone, think the contrary. To induce England to turn her eyes decidedly in the direction of India, it is necessary first to make her believe in the definitive triumph of the North, and that is precisely what she does not believe.

Again, what is this exemption from taxation which Mr. Bright demands in favour of a certain class of men, and for the avowed purpose of favouring a certain kind of industry, but an application of the theory of protection? Here an objection presents itself which Mr. Bright did not foresee, but which has already been produced under the form of an *argumentum ad hominem* in the columns of the *Times*, and in those of the *Morning Herald*. How can Mr. Bright, the free-trader *par excellence*, invoke the intervention of the Government in the department of exchanges? How comes it that he, one of the most bitter opponents of the protectionist system, cries out for assistance from the protectionist system? And how is it that he did not see that this portion of the public revenue which he asks shall be removed from the growers of cotton, would have to be replaced by new taxes on the Indian population, which would thus be completely exhausted in order to allay the distress of one county in England.

Where Mr. Bright triumphed was in that portion of his speech which related to the question of slavery. Never did

the emotion of an indignant spirit pour itself forth in more eloquent terms. What! be England,—and have before her the South, which desires not only to maintain slavery, but to extend it; and have before her the North, which has proclaimed abolition,—and yet tenders a hand to the South! Mr. Bright did well to insist upon this point, for it is the one which the partisans of the South study most carefully to place in the shade.

To hear them, the two enemies who are facing each other on the other side of the Atlantic are the spirit of national independence, as represented by the South, and the spirit of conquest represented by the North. "In what part of the world," exclaimed Mr. Scholefield, "could Englishmen behold without a feeling of sympathy a nation struggling for its independence!" But what does that mean to say? Is that an independence worthy of your respect which consists in reducing to the condition of cattle a part of the human race? The liberty which you reverence, is it the liberty of being tyrannical?

What is so sad to state is, that the same men who designate as "a vindication of the principle of national independence," the brusque, violent, injustifiable rupture of the *voluntary contract* in virtue of which the South and the North had lived so long together united,—these same men, I say, never speak but with horror of any attempt having for its aim the separation of Ireland from England.

Either I am greatly mistaken, or these partisans of the Southern Confederates would do well to think of Ireland when they proclaim so loudly under the name of independence, the right of a part to detach itself from the whole. The Irish are not of the same race as the English; they do not profess the same religion; they have neither the same manners, nor the same character; and when they read the history of their *union* with the English, they find in it nothing but irritating memories. If, perchance, they should happen to fancy themselves more justified than the Southern planters in reclaiming the advantages of an independent nationality, what answer could Mr. Scholefield give, or they who, like him, go about incessantly repeating: "In what part of the world could Englishmen behold without a feeling of sympathy a people struggling for its independence?"

LETTER CXIII.

INDIVIDUALS SUSPECTED OF MENTAL ABERRATION IN ENGLAND.

December 26th, 1862.

Or donc, mariez-vous—Or donc, ne vous mariez pas. So spake Rabelais after carefully weighing the *pros* and *cons*, relative to the great question of knowing if one does well to marry. If Rabelais had lived in our time in England, he would have had, I imagine, an additional reason to inscribe on the list of motives to be given in favour of the negative conclusion; and this reason, which you would never guess, is that a husband in this country, if he has quite made up his mind to believe his wife unfaithful to him, is in danger, for that sole fact, and on the simple certificate of two medical men, of being arrested, dragged from his home, carried off to a lunatic asylum, and there treated as a man who has lost his reason, which is enough to make him lose it.

What I am saying to you looks like a jest. But it is not so: I am perfectly serious, and the action for damages which has just been gained by a Mr. Hall against a certain Dr. Semple is proof of it.

This Mr. Hall, it appears, is a worthy man who has never exhibited any other symptom of insanity than a strong disposition to doubt the virtue of his wife. In the lady's eyes there could not be a worse form of insanity, as you may well suppose. She therefore conceived the idea one fine morning, after thirty years of married life, that there were grounds for shutting up her husband in an asylum for lunatics. This long union of thirty years had not been without clouds, but that need hardly be said. Mr. Hall was not always in a good humour, and Mrs. Hall, who was much addicted to pawning her husband's goods and chattels had, besides, the bad practice of giving heroic proportions to the smallest conjugal quarrel. That apart, nothing really dramatic had passed in the interior of this homestead; nothing of a nature to lead one to foresee that Othello would ever essay to smother

Desdemona with the pillows of her bed. But that was not the question. Mrs. Hall thought it so strange that anyone should suspect her, that in her eyes there could be no more decisive symptom of mental aberration. By whom was she enlightened as to the legislation of England with respect to lunatics, and how came she to measure so nicely the force of the weapon which such a legislation placed in her hands? That is a mystery which was not cleared up at the trial. It is evident, however, that on that point she knew perfectly well what to do.

She accordingly communicates her apprehensions and her project to two medical men who enjoyed her confidence, and shows one of them a mirror which she declares her husband shattered with the shovel. The man of science shuddered at the sight: without doubt Mr. Hall was afflicted with a derangement of the brain! Thereupon Dr. Semple hastens to the husband, to subject him, whether he will or no, to a severe examination, feeling his pulse, making him show his tongue, and proving to him by a host of reasons that he is too mad to go about loose. Naturally the good man is much surprised, and not less shocked, at this unexpected visit. But instead of kicking the doctor downstairs, which a man in full possession of his faculties would very likely have done in such circumstances, he merely gazes with an air of astonishment at the friend who wanted to save him by all possible means, and, what is worse, looks at him fixedly. Do you remember the famous scene in which Jean-Jacques Rousseau arrived at the conclusion that Hume, his benefactor, was in reality his most cruel enemy? "One evening as David Hume and I were seated in silence by the fire-side, I caught his eyes earnestly fixed upon mine. Suddenly he darted a glance at me. Ah! that glance of Hume! That glance!" Well, Hume's glance did not produce more effect upon Rousseau than did Mr. Hall's glance upon Dr. Semple. On his part, Mr. Guy, the other medical man, reposed in the lady's veracity a confidence in the inverse ratio of that which her virtue inspired in her husband. The thing was done. The two requisite certificates were signed by the two sureties for the lady's impeccability, and poor Mr. Hall was carried off without further delay to a lunatic asylum. Now, this terrible Dr. Semple was so anxious to cure the unhappy man of the mania

of being free, that the very same day, he wrote to the manager of the establishment: "On no account let him go out; he is a dangerous madman."

Fortunately, there is a Providence also for sceptical husbands. It happened that one of the two certificates was irregular in form. But for this truly providential circumstance no one can say precisely for how long a time Mr. Hall might have remained,—what I shall call without circumlocution —buried alive; for it is a very generally accepted theory with mad-doctors that insane persons are very cunning, and contrive in a wonderful manner to mislead one as to their mental condition; so that our imaginary madman might very well have shown himself indisputably reasonable without, for all that, being set at liberty previous to undergoing a painful and humiliating ordeal.

Be that as it may, once at liberty he lost no time in appealing to the law courts against the excessively tender solicitude from which he had suffered, and it was proved at the trial that the order for his confinement was given, not only without sufficient grounds, but in virtue of reasons that were ridiculous.

Of course, the two medical gentlemen did not very readily accept this decision. With a courage worthy of a better cause they maintained to the very last that the malady, the cure of which they had undertaken, without shrinking from the use of extreme measures, was "a disease of certain sentiments likely to engender passion, violence, and even murder." The theory is not an encouraging one, and husbands who live unhappily with susceptible wives must look well to themselves!

However, there is one point which may somewhat restore their courage, and that is the solemn declaration of the judge, who expressed himself in these words: "A husband may detest his wife and not be mad." Neither M. de la Palisse, nor Solomon, could have said anything better.

It still remained to be seen if Dr. Semple would escape with the fright. The jury, composed of worthy men, could not bring themselves to believe that the two medical men had been animated by bad motives; but, being at the same time composed of husbands, they were equally unwilling to pardon errors so carelessly committed in such a delicate matter, and

Dr. Semple has consequently found himself condemned to pay £150 for damages.

This trial, which has keenly interested public opinion, is in fact of great importance, inasmuch as it exposes the defects of English legislation concerning the insane, and which is connected at all points with the great principle of individual liberty.

Strange contradiction! In France, where governments have always held this principle very cheap in their relations with beings endowed with reason, it is guarded by the *loi sur les aliénés* with admirable foresight and a prodigality of precautions to which it would be difficult to make any addition; whereas in England, where the individual is so powerfully protected against every attempt at political despotism, he is delivered over, almost defenceless, to medical despotism.

And, in the first place, in the fact of the imprisonment of a man afflicted, or supposed to be afflicted, with mental aberration—I say imprisonment, because a madhouse is, after all, a prison—the authorities here have no power to interfere. Any two medical men have only to sign each a certificate affirming the fact of insanity, for the individual so described to be arrested and carried off to a place of safety by agents under their orders, and without any reference to a magistrate. More than that: there is nothing to prevent the individual from being placed in an asylum belonging to one of the doctors who cause him to be shut up!

Then as to the manner in which the law requires the certificates to be drawn up, that also is open to criticism. It is lawful, for instance, for the attesting medical man to cite in support of his opinion not only the facts observed by himself, but also those which he knows only by hearsay. If it pleases him to found his opinion on what he has learned from his colleague —which reduces the testimony of two men of science to that of one—there is no clause in the letter of the law to prevent him from doing so. Lastly, the necessity of a careful preliminary inquiry is not specified.

The only measures, from the social point of view, which protect individuals confined as mad in private asylums, consist in the powers confided by the Lord Chancellor to two Commissioners named "Masters in Lunacy," to whom are submitted all questions relating to the insane, and who draw £2,000 per annum, with a retiring pension. It naturally

belongs to the functions of the Masters in Lunacy to visit from time to time the establishments placed under their surveillance, which are, besides, liable to be visited at uncertain periods by two medical men and a lawyer, especially appointed for this purpose. The law enjoins that the insane should be visited at least once a year: its injunctions do not go beyond that. If an individual who is suspected of being afflicted with mental aberration demands to be examined before a jury, his demand can be granted by the Lord Chancellor; but the costs of such a proceeding may become enormous. I remember having furnished you with a striking proof of this when giving you an account of the Windham affair.

A thing which you will hardly believe is that when an individual, who has committed a murder in a fit of insanity, is sent to Bedlam, he is condemned to never again recover his liberty, even in the event of recovering his reason. *Lasciate ogni speranza.* And why? Because it is considered that society has a right to protect itself against the danger of a relapse. This is another of those anomalies which astonish a stranger when he seeks to obtain an exact idea of the spirit which has dictated the institutions and which governs the manners of this powerful and singular people! For if there is a country in the world where care is taken to guard against the abuse of the preventive principle, it is assuredly England, and yet it is in virtue of this principle that a man is there exposed to the frightful misfortune of expiating by a life-long imprisonment the consequence of an involuntary and passing aberration.

From this hasty notice it will be easy for you to conclude that, as regards the insane, English legislation is very defective. But, fortunately, the practice is better than the law. Numerous abuses would be possible, but it would be unjust to say that numerous abuses are perpetrated; and, so far, it is undeniable that public opinion greatly exaggerates the necessity for a reform. It is true that it is a question relating to individual liberty,—that is to say, one of those questions about which John Bull will not put up with any nonsense. A prompt reform of the Lunacy Act is therefore demanded with loud outcries; and the trial to which I have alluded will contribute not a little, through the sensation it has produced, to bring about the desired result.

LETTER CXIV.

CHRISTMAS.

January 5th, 1863.

For the last eight days England has been in the hands of a huge army of invasion, composed of heroes the tallest of whom is not three feet high. The invading force, of which I speak, is full of smiles and laughter, and is perfectly charming; but never did the hordes of Attila or of Genghis Khan equal it in rapacity. Heaven knows what amount of tribute it has already levied upon the conquered country! But when this admirable festival arrives, which we call Noël and the English Christmas, how is it possible to resist the children! On that day the schoolmaster flings away his cane; tiresome books shut of themselves; the "study" of Paterfamilias—that inviolable sanctuary—is sacked in triumph; the house is turned upside down, and everybody is laughing.

The children are the tyrants of the day. Their despotism is all the more securely founded that everyone is delighted to submit to it. For them the dealers in toys display their most brilliant treasures, the pastrycooks and confectioners their most succulent riches; for them the booksellers find themselves possessed at the right moment of myriads of engravings and illustrations, and of pretty little books in which human thought exhibits itself only in a garb of velvet and gold; for them are improvised in these sacred hours all sorts of games, stories, charades, and songs; for them the misanthrope smooths his wrinkles, and the morose turn into little children.

And the pantomimes! And the beautiful fairies whose wands open diamond caverns! And Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, Columbine! For whom, pray, are all these wonders? The pantomime, in truth, is the children's undisputed domain at Christmas. But it is worth seeing with what generosity these good dear little princes admit us—us who have ceased, alas! to be children, to partake of their pleasures! Thanks to them, the pantomime constitutes the happiness of the papa

and the mamma, of uncle and aunt, of grandfathers and grandmothers, of all the world and his wife. Tell me of any one theatre in London that, at Christmas time, would be bold enough not to give a pantomime! And what a prodigious luxury of decoration! How well this people, who are supposed to have quarrelled with art, understands causing all the magnificence of the fairy realms to pass before our eyes! What an enormous sum of money spent on enchanted lakes, fantastic rivers, splendidly impossible landscapes, and *figurantes*, with faces like unto goddesses, suspended in the air! What I, for my part, prize above all, is this genius of masquerade which in no other country in the world displays itself in such force as in England—I mean, at Christmas time. There are men-lions, men-cocks, men-jars, men-bottles, and men-turkeys to frighten one. The masks are of a grandeur out of all proportion. Tartuffe's might be more securely attached, but it was certainly not equal in dimensions. As for the piece which serves as an introduction to Columbine's pirouettes, to the practical jokes of which the slippered Pantaloon makes the passer-by the victim, to those with which the Clown victimises the slippered Pantaloon, and to those in which the Clown is Harlequin's victim, it must be confessed it is very much the same thing everywhere and always. The very variations themselves are monotonous. Stupid the pantomime is to an absolutely inconceivable degree. But no matter! Pantomimists are the comedians in ordinary to their majesties the children. The essential point is, that there should be abundant processions of gigantic masks, abundant changes as quick as thought, no stinted exchange of kicks and blows, and many a tripping-up and headlong tumble. Only,—and this is a point to which I invite the attention of philosophers,—it so happens that grown persons in England—that grave country—are as much amused as—I might almost say, more than—the children themselves. At every kick administered by the Clown to the Pantaloon, there are joyous stampings of the feet, and fits of Homeric laughter, of which people have no idea in countries without fogs and without spleen. Whoso has not seen the English at a pantomime, or returning home from the Derby, will never know what England is. You may talk of the "Folies-Dramatiques" at Paris, and of the "Descente de la Courtille;" but to see genuine laughter, and

to understand to what an uproarious point a crowd in a state of joyous intoxication can rise, you must come here.

But what I have just sketched presents only one side of the picture. There is another one, which I ought not to omit, the more so that it is, I fear, the most important. Christmas is a festival essentially English, and what makes it so is that it is the festival of "good living." On Christmas morning there is not an Englishman who is not in a good humour; and if you would know the exact reason why, you have only to traverse London the day before. Whatever addresses itself to the palate, through the medium of the eyes, is displayed in the streets with a truly national complacency, from the Spanish onion, the colour of fire, to those enormous joints of meat which are seen only in England, and which look like an offering to the appetite of Gargantua. In fact, the dinner of dinners here is the Christmas dinner, at which those traditional and venerated dishes figure on the table—the turkey, the mince-pie, and the plum pudding.

It need scarcely be said that the festivities of Christmas are not limited to that. There are dances characteristic of the season, kisses stolen beneath the mistletoe, flaming bowls of punch, long stories which the grandsire relates to his family gathered round him before a good fire. Have you read Charles Dickens's novels? Mr. Pickwick may be considered as the type of the real English gentleman at Christmas; he embraces the young ladies, and is embraced by them; he lends a patient ear to tales without end; he squares himself in front of the fire; and drinks as much punch as possible.

To tell the truth, certain grumbling moralists pretend, that nowadays things do not pass exactly in this fashion. They affirm that the famous Yule log is a pure tradition. They assert that, so far as they themselves are concerned, they have never either taken or received the smallest kiss under the mistletoe. Without denying—for their audacity does not go so far as that—the reverence shown at Christmas to the turkey and plum pudding, they declare that Christmas indigestions are much more rare than might be supposed, from reading the novels and stories which constitute what is called Christmas literature. In short, they appear to blush for what, in the eyes of the immortal creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel, would be the glory of England. For my

part, all that I can tell you is, that since I have resided in England, I have seen many things which closely enough resemble what is described in Christmas literature; and I may add that you will see everywhere advertisements of digestive pills for the use of those who still celebrate Christmas as their forefathers did before them.

Be that as it may, there would be no cause to rejoice if men, in the midst of their bitterest griefs, were not some times induced to contemplate life under its least melancholy aspect. The year which has just closed has been one of hardship for many people, nor is the opening year free from anxious misgivings. The war which devastates the New World has been for the Old World a terrible trial, and one that is not yet concluded. The heart is wrung when one thinks of what Christmas rejoicings must have been in Lancashire. When I said that at Christmas the children are kings, I forgot the children of the poor. Oh! how they must suffer! But at Christmas there is one who suffers more than the poor man's child—it she who weeps because of him.

LETTER CXV.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE CRIMINALS?

January 6th, 1863.

YET a few days, and our lords and masters, the children, will have levied upon us our last tribute, eaten their last bon-bon, broken their last toy, and greeted with their last peal of laughter, in company with their parents, the waggeries of Harlequin. Time, which sweeps away everything, has swept away the joys of Christmas. That great English festival is already a thing of the past. London, that monster city, has swallowed up, in the twinkling of an eye, into its prodigious stomach the Pantagruelic joints of meat, and the myriads of ribbon-bedecked turkeys which only the other day were hanging up at every butcher's stall.

There has been eaten in every house, as usual, the traditional dinner, at which the mince-pie and the plum pudding invariably figure in the place of honour. Very many kisses are supposed to have been traitorously stolen beneath the mistletoe; and if the Yule log, which is no longer kindled, I fear, except in Charles Dickens's novels, or in the engravings of the *Illustrated London News*, has nowhere crackled, we may be at least quite certain, that under many thousands of roofs, a good coal fire has lighted up a joyous family scene.

But, I repeat, all that is already far away from us. Gloomy thoughts and bitter anxieties now return to us. We must again roll up our rock. What characterised London during the last days of the year which has just terminated, was an alarming increase in the number of nocturnal outrages committed by malefactors; and what characterises London in the first days of the year that is now commencing, is a not less alarming increase in the number of infanticides.

On Friday last, Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, who discharges in the eastern part of the county of Middlesex the functions of coroner, was called upon to hold an inquest at the Black Horse Tavern, Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, on the body of an infant found dead in a cistern, one of whose shoulders had been gnawed by the rats. The same day, in the same district, was discovered another infant stretched lifeless, and in a state of complete nudity, at the entrance to St. Leonard's Cemetery. On the following day was seen floating on the Thames, opposite Limehouse Causeway, a dead body, which was also that of a child; and almost at the same hour, another dead body, that of an infant, was found, partially enveloped in rags, in the Regent's Canal, Old Ford Road, Victoria Road.

Christmas, as you see, has not poured upon all his horn of plenty. There are mothers who have no Christmas-boxes to give to their children!

For, to speak of infanticide is to speak of an attack of *dementia:* and how is such appalling *dementia* to be explained? How is it to be conceived that a mother should ever be reduced to abandon or to kill her own child, if the slightest hope remained to her of being able to feed it? It is here that is seen in all its horror, in all its *fatality*, the brotherhood of want and crime.

What there is of horror in this association, everyone feels; but how many tremble to recognise what there is of *fatality* in it, in the dreadful sense attached to that word by the ancients! Want, that is the empoisoned robe, the robe of Dejanira, of which societies must absolutely take measures to disembarrass themselves if they do not wish to have to do with crime. So long as that is not understood, criminal lawyers will write books to no purpose, and philanthropists will exhaust themselves in vain efforts. If any one doubt this, let him study the history of this English penal system, the reform of which is not only proclaimed necessary, but is at this moment the subject of general anxiety.

What is to be done with our criminals? That is at the present moment the momentous question. There is not a journal that has not taken it up, not an economist who has not meditated on it, not a statesman who is not troubled by it. Every one has a remedy or an expedient to propose. There is abundance of schemes. The discussion never ceases. But the more this painful subject is probed, the more is the extreme difficulty recognised of finding, or even getting a glimpse of, an issue.

There was a time when, to get rid of the criminals, they were summarily hanged out of the way. A simple act of larceny was a hanging matter. It was an abominable mode of solving the problem, but at least it was one mode of solving it, if it be true that dead men do not come back to life. However, as civilisation could not gain ground without the executioner losing ground, the moment could not fail to arrive when society would cease killing people to teach them how to live. The moment did arrive; and distant colonies, transformed into lazaretti of crime, received the plague-smitten members whom the mother country had to send to them. But these colonies became rich and flourishing; and the consequence was that they very soon resolutely closed their ports to the cargoes of malefactors of whom the mother country was so much interested in getting rid. Then the tragic question presented itself: "What is to be done with our criminals?"

Since society had given up killing them, it had become necessary to keep them alive, and since it was no longer permitted to send them far away, there was no choice but to keep them close at hand. But how take care of them? And where

put them? Supposing the prisons to be large enough to contain all the malefactors up to that time, were they large enough to contain those of the morrow, and of the day after the morrow, and of the day after that again, unless it was so arranged that they should make room for one lot by occasionally giving freedom to another? But the adoption of such a measure was equivalent to periodically letting loose upon society men of prey. It is true there was one other resource, which was to construct for these wild beasts menageries sufficiently numerous and sufficiently spacious, the bars of which should open always to receive, but never to let out. But here again society stumbled against a serious obstacle, the expense; and it was discovered that crime is very costly. The problem, whose solution was being sought, began from that time to present itself under a new aspect. Instead of asking what should be done with the criminals, people inquired if there were no means of doing away with crime, and of attacking in its causes an evil the effects of which it was so difficult to exorcise. The right path was now entered upon, for the question could not be better enunciated. But unfortunately a mistake was made as to the causes, and a very grievous mistake, for that was taken for a cause which was only a consequence.

It was resolved that, two steps from the hovel in which the pauper's children were left to receive from extreme poverty the education of vice, there should be prisons in which morality should be taught and the Bible read to villains grown grey in crime. It was resolved that, once in prison, criminals should be well housed, well fared, well cared for, as a reward for a semblance of repentance; and at the same time society abandoned to the despotism of poverty, a despotism a hundred times more brutal and more formidable than all forms of human despotism, the honest working man, that is to say, him who had not thought it right to acquire social protection by the use of the dagger! To render more easy for the criminals, whom the chaplain was appointed to catechise, their reconciliation with society, they were dazzled by the prospect of a ticket-of-leave, as a recompense for their return to virtuous sentiments, or, in other words, the promise of being restored to liberty before the expiration of their sentence; but it was not foreseen that the destitution which awaited them on coming out of prison would soon bring them back to it.

The situation created by the application of this penal system is the most singular thing in the world. It is literally true that in England the material condition of the criminal is superior to that of the pauper fed by the parish, while that of the pauper fed by the parish is superior to that of many working-men. I have before me a report, written about 1860, by one of the superintendents of the prison at Portland. The dietary of that prison at that date—and I fancy there has not been any change since then—was as follows:—

It contained on an average 1500 prisoners, who were for the most part employed in quarrying stones for the construction of a breakwater. Their working day consisted of ten hours in summer; in winter it finished with the daylight. The quantity of stone quarried daily by each convict was computed at three tons, and his daily earnings at two shillings. As to the diet of the prisoners, it consisted, per head, per diem, of one pint of tea, one pint of cocoa, one pint of excellent broth, one pound of vegetables, six ounces of meat without bone, and twenty-seven ounces of wheaten bread of the first quality. How many honest folk in England would think themselves fortunate to be fed after this manner, who work twice as hard and produce thrice as much!

It is still to be remarked that the gaol of which I have been speaking is by no means the one in which criminals are best treated. In some of them beer is given on certain occasions. At Gibraltar they receive two ounces of tobacco a week, and a quarter of a pint of rum every time they are employed on any peculiarly offensive labour. At Dartmoor, where the managers of the prison employ on external works both the criminals who are under their care and labourers whom they pay, it is easy to judge of the scandalous difference that exists between the condition of the former and that of the latter. While these exhaust themselves, those play with their work, and when night comes the honest men are still toiling long after the rogues have supped and gone to bed.

Is there any need for me to indicate the results of such a penal system in a country gnawed by the cancer of pauperism? It would be a miracle if crime were not powerfully encouraged where a prison is made preferable to a workshop. And how can the law inspire any terror in the guilty, when it permits

punishment to be wellnigh converted into recompense? Since the introduction of tickets-of-leave, judges have lost the power of measuring the force and range of the weapon they hold in their hands; strictly speaking, there are no more life sentences; whatever may be the tenour of the judgment, there are no more condemnations for a definite period. It depends upon the criminal himself—and he is well aware of it—to partially annul the sentence that punishes him. To do that he need only, by a well simulated resignation, facilitate the task of the governor of the gaol, and flatter the vanity of the chaplain by appearing to lend a charmed ear to his sermons. A garotter who was sentenced the other day, at the Central Criminal Court, by Baron Bramwell, had been converted fifteen times, and I know not how many chaplains have pledged themselves to the sincerity of his repentance.

Do I mean to say that there is nothing but folly in the desire to reform a criminal, and to convert punishment itself into a means of education? If I do not mistake, it was Diderot who gave the bold definition, "THE EVILDOER IS AN INVALID." Are we to regard these as the words of a madman? Shall we declare absolutely irreconcilable the necessity of punishing and the hope of curing? Shall we forget that such or such a ruffian might have been an honest man, if his freedom of choice had not been perverted from his cradle by surrounding circumstances; if he had not, as it were, sucked in the poison of vice in poverty; if he had not grown up in the midst of corrupting influences and temptations; if, in a word, he had not been the victim, from his entrance upon life, of that tyranny which is composed of ignorance, hunger, abandonment, bad examples—of all that darkens the understanding, of all that empoisons the soul?

Heaven forbid that such a conclusion should be mine! But I cannot conceal, though I confess it with sorrow, that it is what appears to prevail here, under the influence of the nocturnal scenes of violence of which London has lately been the theatre. Philanthropy, having had its turn, no longer dares to raise its voice. Severity, under its roughest aspect, is the order of the day. Passion is in possession of the House. It would take very little, as far as criminals are concerned, to pass from excess of indulgence to the opposite extreme. It is the eternal history of reactions. Recur to the penalty of death

for offences which have ceased to belong to the hangman's domain, is what nobody dare advise.

And yet what is to be done? There is no choice but to feed criminals, or put them to death, or run the risk of being put to death by them, or transport them beyond the seas far, very far away, sufficiently far to be separated from them by all the billows of the ocean.

Transport them! That is what everybody would like to do with them. But whither? The colonies reject them. Create for them penal colonies at the ends of the world, beyond the contact of other men—that might perhaps be done, on the condition of spending enormous sums to render again possible abominations the very idea of which appals one. And then to banish the plague is a poor expedient, so long as one keeps up the home of the pestilence. Try to put down want, if you can; you will not then have any occasion for sanitary cordons against crime.

I was speaking of Christmas at the commencement of my letter—of Christmas! It is long ago now since St. Augustine said: "Rejoice, ye righteous men, behold the birthday of the Judge; Rejoice, ye who are sick and feeble, behold the birthday of the Redeemer; Rejoice, ye slaves, behold the birthday of the Deliverer; Rejoice, ye free men, behold the birthday of the Lord; Rejoice, ye Christians, behold the birthday of Christ." And it is still longer ago, it is now two thousand years, since the Redeemer came: but when will come the Redemption?

LETTER CXVI.

A PEOPLE IN QUEST OF A KING.

January 12th, 1863.

THAT Diogenes had need of a lantern to find an honest man, is conceivable, for honest men are rare; but that the Greeks should have need of a lantern to find a King, is not conceivable. Kings! One would fancy there was abundance

of them. *Des rois? j'en ai tant vu de rois!* said the old woman of Béranger's song. However, many pretend that, in consequence of Prince Alfred's refusal to accept the crown of a country less populous, according to certain Englishmen of my acquaintance, than the parish of Marylebone in London, Greece is in a state of embarrassment, so difficult is it for her to discover a treasure of a kingling.

For my part I believe, in spite of rumours and appearances, that the country which produced Miltiades, Themistocles, Leonidas, and all the republican heroes admired by us when we were at college, and ever since then, would very easily resign herself to having no civil list to pay, if she were allowed to act as she pleased. Not that I question the spontaneity of the votes which called Prince Alfred to the throne of Greece; but who is there that does not understand that this spontaneity had nothing to do with any particular reverence for the monarchical form of government? The Greeks were impatient for the restitution of the Ionian Islands; they recognised the necessity of a powerful protection; they were anxious to disarm the expected hostility of England against the moment when they should draw the sword against the Turk. If their enthusiasm for a prince whom they did not know, whom nobody knows, who does not yet know himself—a beardless prince, a prince who is not of the Greek religion; if their enthusiasm had had motives of a platonic character, it would have been one of the most inexplicable impulses of which history has ever made mention.

Wonderful, in truth, are the airs of superiority assumed by the great Powers towards the poor Greeks. "Do not name an Italian prince," cries Austria, "or you will smart for it." "Remember," exclaims Russia, "that what you require is a King professing the Greek faith. That is indispensable." "Expect nothing from me," says England, "if you have the bad taste to form yourselves into a republic, instead of taking my 'bear.'" So that, in short, the Powers in question who disagree on so many other points, are cordially agreed as to the propriety of treating Greece as a nation in a state of tutelage.

And yet, by what right? Shall we look for their title to this high patronage, which is slightly arrogant, and might become very intermeddling, in the Treaty of London, of the

6th July, 1827? or in the protocol of the 22nd March, 1829? or in that of the 3rd February, 1830? or in the convention of the 9th May, 1832? Not one of these diplomatic documents implies the abdication by Greece of her personality as a nation. Far from that.

The treaty of the 6th July, 1827, signed by France, England, and Russia, proposes, as a means of putting an end to the quarrels between Greece and Turkey, a sort of mixed system of government according to which the Greeks themselves should elect their rulers, the Sultan retaining a certain control over the nominations.

The refusal of the Turks to accept this arrangement, to which the Greeks assented, resulted in the battle of Navarino; which battle, by shaking the very foundations of the Ottoman Empire, led to the protocol of the 22nd March, 1829. But what does that protocol teach us? That the three Powers will do their utmost to obtain for the Greeks a separate and distinct Government under an hereditary chief, on the condition that they recognise the suzerainty of the Sultan, and pay him an annual tribute. This was leaving Greece dependent on the Sultan, but it was not making her dependent on the three allied Powers.

This time again the Turks resisted. Russia made war upon them on her own account. They were vanquished; and their position having become worse than before, they were at last compelled to submit to conditions far more severe than those they had refused in 1827 and in 1829. The protocol of the 3rd February, 1830, was imposed upon them, and Greece existed as a state separated from Turkey. But did this protocol create for Greece a new form of dependence? What she gained on the side of the Turks, did she consent to lose on the side of Europe? Not at all. For the first stipulation of the protocol of the 3rd February, 1830, is as follows: "Greece shall be an independent State, and shall enjoy all the political, administrative, and commercial rights which result from an absolute independence." What can be imagined more clear, I ask?

There remains the convention of the 9th May, 1832, in virtue of which a crown was placed on the head of Otho; and it is quite true that it was from the hands of the three allied powers that he received it. But it must not be lost sight of

that on that occasion they acted as if *authorised by a solemn act of the Greek nation.*

It is therefore with infinite reason that, taking as his guide this chapter of modern diplomatic history; the writer of a letter recently inserted in the *Morning Post* opposes all pretensions on the part of the Powers to dictate to the Greeks their destinies. Greece is an independent State, as independent as Russia, or France, or England; and if she is condemned to become a vassal of diplomacy, it is doubtful if she has gained much by the violent rupture of the bonds which attached her to Turkey.

At the present time, indeed, when we are no longer completely under the empire of the classic enthusiasm which greeted the naval victory of Navarino as an episode worthy to form a sequence to the ancient wonders of the siege of Troy, it may perhaps be permitted to acknowledge what is simply true, that the Turkish rule was always characterised by a singular character of tolerance. Under the government of the Turks not only did the Greeks enjoy a liberty of commerce unknown to many peoples of Europe, but they exercised a right of control over the payment of taxes which might almost excite the envy of the United States, England, and Switzerland. Did not Mr. Stratford-Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, formally declare at the Conferences of Poros, that it would be both unjust and dangerous to despoil the Greeks "of the municipal privileges and representative rights which they had enjoyed under the Turks"? Mr. Parish, in his "Diplomatic History of the Monarchy in Greece," gives credit to the Turks for having scrupulously respected the municipal liberties of the Greeks. He says, in speaking of the Peloponnesus: "No tax, whatever its nature might be, could be levied without the express consent of the provincial council, and without that of the mayors of towns, boroughs, and villages." To the mayors was confided the duty of dividing the imposts among the different families.

Is that equivalent to saying that the Greeks did wrong to assert their autonomy, even by arms, and to combat in order to have a country of their own? Such a conclusion can never be that of the friends of liberty and justice; and it is precisely because such a conclusion is not mine, that I should

grieve to see the Greeks, after so many heroic efforts to attain their independency, fall from one kind of vassalage into another, and allow a form of government to be imposed upon them at the pleasure of such or such a Power, or such or such secret conclave of Powers leagued together, and so pass under the *furcæ caudinæ* of diplomacy.

It is certain that by being herself she incurs less danger than by being English or Russian. If she chain herself to the policy of England, as would seem to be her intention, judging by the election of Prince Alfred, she risks alienating herself from Russia, who, alone, is strongly interested in the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. If she chain herself to the policy of the Russians, she risks being seconded by them in her designs upon Turkey, only to be devoured in her turn a little later.

But can Greece do as she wishes, supposing she has a clear insight as to what she ought to wish? And what hope has she of being heard, where might alone is listened to?

If this question were put to me as regards Greece, I should reply: The division which reigns between the strong, is the strength of the feeble.

LETTER CXVII.

ENGLAND SCOLDED BY MR. BRIGHT.

January 16th, 1863.

What I admire in Mr. Bright even more than the fire of his eloquence, is the indomitable character of his courage.

Tribunes are sometimes only courtiers of a false colour; but he is indubitably a tribune in the highest sense of the word. He never flatters any species of royalty. His detractors accuse him of ambition. A strange ambition must that man have who never utters a word which does not tend to make him impossible as a minister, not a word which is not of a nature to render himself unpopular! It is worth

noticing with what haughty disdain he treats public opinion, in a country in which public opinion holds the sceptre! It is worth observing with what a proud sort of satisfaction he, himself an Englishman, contradicts all English tendencies!

England, without being of a quarrelsome humour, has a profound faith in the efficacy of forcible measures: Mr. Bright maintains that the best mode of disconcerting an attack is by never thinking about self-defence.

England is so embued with the aristocratic sentiment, that this sentiment is found everywhere,—in the poor man who goes along bent beneath his burden, as well as in the lord whose horses bespatter him in passing: Mr. Bright allows no opportunity to escape him of attacking aristocracy by aiming at its head.

England claims right of property over the ocean: Mr. Bright sees in the sea only the highway of nations.

England plumes herself upon her manner of governing the foreign countries over which her sway is extended: Mr. Bright denounces the government of India as a government of spoliation and oppression.

England insists that no one shall call in question the lawfulness of her conquests: Mr. Bright reproaches her with having unjustly taken possession of Gibraltar, and of unjustly keeping it, and counsels her to restore it without delay to Spain.

England, in the civil war which desolates the New World, sympathises in general with the Southerners: Mr. Bright displays a passionate earnestness in pleading the cause of the Northerners.

England fears the restoration of the Union as likely to revive, more vigorous than ever,—a Power whose rapid and prodigious development has alarmed her for a long time past: Mr. Bright prays with his whole heart for the formation of a Republic of the United States, powerful enough and prosperous enough to be adopted by the New World, and to serve as an example to the old one.

The antagonism could certainly not be more strongly marked, or directed to more numerous or more important questions. And yet, strange to say,—and it imprints on this conflict between the opinion of an individual and the opinion of a people a startling character of grandeur,—Mr. Bright is

able to play this part, not only without neutralising himself, but without exhausting or diminishing his influence. He conjures up the storm around himself, and remains erect through it all. Public opinion,—the despotism of which it is here so difficult to brave, and the excessive power of which is the malady of free peoples,—public opinion respects him while repelling him, and by that fact, so far from crushing him, creates for him a position as original as it is brilliant. His ambition might consist in maintaining himself in it, if his words did not breathe a sort of contagious fanaticism which guarantees his moral disinterestedness and proclaims his sincerity.

Never, perhaps, has Mr. Bright's position been more clearly exhibited under the above aspect than at the banquet given to the representatives of Birmingham by the Chamber of Commerce of that city. Whatever could possibly be said in opposition to English sentiments was said by Mr. Bright, and said with the rude frankness of a Quaker, and the vehemence of a tribune.

He feared not to affirm that if, at the time of the Crimean war, Lord Clarendon consented to the adoption of the principle that "the flag covers the merchandise," and had placed his signature at the foot of the Treaty of Paris, it was from fear of America, whom a rigorous application of the right of search would infallibly have armed against England at a critical moment.

He blamed the Treaty of Paris for not emancipating the ocean in a thorough manner; and, reminding his hearers with what pride England loved to call herself the "mistress of the seas," he protested against such "insolence."

He called upon England to remember that, during the Crimean war, she had not been able to blockade the coasts of Russia, because the merchandise of which the Russians had need reached them through Prussia; and remarking that, in this age of railroads, the right of maritime blockade could not be effective against one nation except on the condition of being exercised against all, he declared that it was time to break what had so long been, in the hands of the English, the trident of old Neptune.

With regard to the *Trent* affair, to which he alluded with great bitterness, he protested against the adoption of measures

which, in his eyes, make civilised peoples descend to the level of savage Indians.

He congratulated the Government on the cession of the Ionian Islands only to express his astonishment that they had not already restored to Spain the rock of Gibraltar, "monument," as he openly said, "of a foolish war and a dishonourable peace."

He keenly attacked the *Times* and Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, for having predicted the success of the Southerners in their ensanguined struggle with the Northerners.

In short, he omitted nothing that was of a nature to irritate the pride, offend the political creeds, or clash with the national prejudices of his country.

And he was applauded with enthusiasm.

The Tory journals have a strange mode of explaining away this oratorical success, which astonishes and annoys them. Affecting a tone of levity and indifference, they assert that Mr. Bright serves his country after the fashion of the Helots, whom the Spartans exhibited in a state of drunkenness to their children to disgust them with drinking to excess; that it is fortunate that he represents democracy under forms sufficiently repulsive to deprive the English for ever of any desire to make a compromise with it; that, in other respects, there are good points in his eloquence; that it is amusing; that its savour resembles that of the theories of Bishop Berkeley, who denied the existence of matter, or of Sir Thomas Browne, who maintained that men do well to render themselves independent of women. So says the *Morning Herald;* and, if it is to be credited, those who forgot themselves so far as to listen to Mr. Bright are like unto children, who open their eyes wide, and remain for hours together gaping with their lips apart, when being told the history of Gulliver.

For the honour of the English I reject this explanation. In the popularity enjoyed by Mr. Bright, notwithstanding his efforts to lose it, I prefer to behold the virile homage which a people brought up in the school of liberty is alone capable of rendering to a proud and honest spirit. That is truly a great nation which has so little need to be flattered, and it is a fine spectacle that of human dignity asserting itself in the very applause accorded by an assembly of free men to the free man who rebukes them.

The English, besides, do not fail to understand that on certain points, at least, Mr. Bright is quite right with regard to themselves. I have already frequently had occasion to inform you—though I have never done so without profound regret—of the strength of the sympathies which, on this side of the Channel, are manifested in favour of the South in the gigantic quarrel which is devastating the New World. The fact is only too certain: England, that abolished slavery in her own colonies, is, generally speaking, for the slave-owners. But it is at least consoling to think that she does not avow it, and that she dare not avow it even to herself. This sentiment of shame is the most remarkable characteristic of a letter which the Archbishop of Dublin lately wrote in reply to the well-founded complaints of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Poor woman! When England seemed ready almost to carry her in triumph for her romance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who would ever have said to her that the day would come when she would have to remind the English with bitterness of what they thought and felt at that time? That protest against slavery, which was signed at that period by so many noble-minded women, wives and mothers, is it, then, forgotten by them? And is Mrs. Beecher Stowe wrong in crying to them: Remember!

But behold the Archbishop of Dublin, who undertakes to answer for the purity of England's sentiments. If the English are somewhat too strongly biassed in favour of the South, it is, first of all, because the principle represented by the South is that of the "sacred right of revolt;" and, secondly, because the bravadoes of the Northerners have at last roused the indignation of the most patient; and, thirdly, because the North, instead of taking up arms for the abolition of slavery, only took up arms, according to its own confession, for the purpose of restoring the Union.

Such are the explanations given by the Archbishop of Dublin. There are others which he carefully avoids giving, and which I pass over; seeing that they happen to have been sufficiently developed in some of my preceding letters.

The Archbishop of Dublin, as you see, on this occasion throws over England the pious cloak with which the sons of Noah covered the nakedness of their father, when tipsy and asleep. He asks the world to believe that it is precisely

through her hatred of slavery that England accords her moral support to the owners of slaves! A strange thesis, and one that beyond this isle has no chance of being accepted!

It is very true that the Washington Government made a mistake at the commencement of the war in inscribing on its flag only the word *Union;* and it is very true that even now it seems to regard as an *expedient* what is a *principle*, by positively maintaining slavery in the faithful States, and by declaring its abolition only in the rebel States. Yes, that is unhappily true. But is that a reason for so furiously desiring victory for the South? What! Because the North has not struck hard enough blows at slavery, should it be wished that slavery may remain in possession of the field of battle? What! Because the North has not embraced with sufficient resolution and zeal the cause of humanity and justice, should it be wished that that holy cause may be finally trampled under foot? Who does not see that the necessary result of the struggle, if the North prove successful, is the abolition of slavery; whereas, if the South triumph, this conflict must necessarily be followed not only by the maintenance of slavery, but by its extension—ay, by its consecration, if the triumph of the South is to be greeted with the applause of Europe? There is the point to be decided. The question is not whether the North has done all that it could or ought to have done against slavery. The real question is, What will become of a part of the human race should the planters succeed, by help of cannon-balls and sword-thrusts, in preserving their herds of men? Let the partisans of the South answer this question, if they can; if they cannot, let them be silent.

LETTER CXVIII.

THE SYSTEM OF PUBLICITY APPLIED TO ACTS OF BENEFICENCE.

January 19th, 1863.

One thing has greatly struck the English. It is the inadequacy of the subscriptions which have been called forth in France by the distress of the artisans of Rouen. What, in fact, is a sum of 430,000 francs, the actual amount of the subscriptions, for rescuing from famine 260,000 working-men, hurled by the crisis into the abyss of extreme destitution? To use the expression of Mr. Charles Dollfus, "Is it enough to give a drop of water to extinguish a vast conflagration?"

In England, how great is the difference! Scarcely had the tocsin of alarm rung out in favour of the famishing people of Lancashire, than voluntary donations poured in from all parts. Thirteen millions five hundred thousand francs was the product, almost in the twinkling of an eye, of the first appeals made, in England, to the spirit of charity. Lord Derby alone subscribed the enormous sum of 250,000 francs. What an example! What a lesson! What a reproach!

And note that the results here indicated are several days old. Since then, English generosity has found means to considerably augment its budget of expenditure, and the English remark, with a smile of disdain upon their lips, that the total of the sums subscribed in France for the artisans of the Seine Inférieure scarcely equals what the artisans of Lancashire *daily* receive from public beneficence, or what the Americans collected within twenty-four hours when aid was wanted to heal the cruel wound opened in the flanks of the *Union* by the civil war.

Can it be that, in the presence of human woe, the heart of France remains without a pulsation? Shall we condemn as insensible to the sufferings the spectacle of which is before its eyes, and the plot of which is unfolded within its own bosom, a country that has given birth to so many illustrious philan-

thropists, from those who have represented Christian charity to those who have drawn down blessings upon philosophy; from the founder of foundling hospitals to the avenger of Calas; from Saint Vincent de Paul to Voltaire?

This is not the conclusion, thank Heaven! which the English draw from a comparison which is only too well calculated to flatter their pride; but, as they are justly entitled to do, they avail themselves of it as furnishing a pretext for vaunting the superiority of their own institutions.

In the first place, it could not escape them that one of the causes of the apathy of their neighbours across the Channel in combating the crisis was to be found in the obstacles opposed in France to every sort of useful publicity. In fact, what was the case? While the distress of Lancashire gave occasion, in the English press, to all sorts of plaintive outcries; while relief committees were being formed here wherever they were needed; while here, letters upon letters were being written to the papers recounting, in reference to the crisis and its effects, either a startling fact worthy of publicity, or suggesting a remedy, on the other side of the Channel night and silence continued to reign. And certainly the French Government is not to be thanked that the world did not believe the artisans of the Seine Inférieure to be as happy as the shepherds of Virgil's Eclogues, while hunger was working the most cruel ravages among them, and thousands of poor mothers looked with anguish upon the pale cheeks of their children.

It needed that the evil should attain to fearful proportions before one journal, then two, then three, ventured to speak of it.

You may imagine how that is remarked upon in England, where individual feeling has so much power and obtains so much respect! Seeing how little is left for individual initiative in France, the English have well-nigh come to look upon it as a country peopled by children.

I am certainly not one of those who shudder on hearing pronounced the word *State*, and who, mistaking the past for the future, mingling all principles, confounding all systems, imagine that the State exists only on the condition of bearing a proper name, of calling itself Richelieu, or being a Louis XIV. I know that in a well-constituted democracy, the State

is the Society itself, acting in that capacity by responsible and removable representatives. Now, that a society is able without despotism to take steps to remedy or alleviate the evils from which some of its members are suffering, and that it has the right, when represented in a meeting of its deputies, to ameliorate the condition of labour, as it has that of ameliorating the condition of prisons, I am not the one to deny. It might as well be said that a sick man acts tyrannically towards himself when he takes measures to work out his own cure. But wide is the difference between the system of absolute tutelage which exists in France, and that where the State means everybody interesting themselves in the affairs of everybody. Wherever the individual is nothing, the nation, which is after all composed of individuals, soon ceases to be anything.

It is, therefore, the opinion of all thinking men here, that if centralisation in France becomes more absorbing, or even does not become less so than at present, the French social system will not be long before it descends from paralysis to death. Children may, without their growth being thereby checked, allow themselves to be conducted in leading-strings; but it is not so with peoples.

Woe to the nations who understand not that; or who, having once understood it, come to forget it!

LETTER CXIX.

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY IN ENGLAND.

January 25th, 1863.

A STRANGE thing has lately happened here.

In the heart of a populous quarter, full of movement, full of life, in Stamford Street, close to Blackfriars Road, there are two rows of houses which, for many long years past, have had no other inmates than an old maid and mystery.

They are large, roomy, and well built; but at the first glance one sees that the hand of time has pressed heavily upon them, without any one paying attention to it. The walls are cracked, the doors close badly, the window-frames seem only to be there to attest the absence of window-panes. It is stated, but that has only lately been discovered, that inside all is desolation. Rickety tables, curtains tattered and torn, mirrors broken, furniture buried beneath a mountain of dust,—such is the aspect presented by these gloomy apartments.

Some thirty years ago they were occupied by families that thought a good deal about comfort. But it came to pass, so runs the legend, that one fine day the proprietor disappeared. Why? How? That is a secret which nobody has yet penetrated. All that is known is, that the proprietor in question went off to some country whence he was never seen to return, perhaps to those sombre regions mentioned by Hamlet that keep for ever the travellers who visit them.

Be that as it may, years glided away, and two ladies, giving themselves out as sisters of the defunct, came forward and put in a claim which no one was prepared to dispute. They accordingly took possession of the unowned houses, installed themselves in one of them, made a solitude of the others, and there was nothing more to be said about it. Have you read the fine romance of "Jane Eyre"? If so, do you recollect that terrible red chamber in which the implacable Mrs. Read one evening locked up her poor little niece; that chamber so vast, so cold, so sepulchral, in which Mr. Read had died, and which was never entered by any one except his widow, who, at certain epochs, went into it to examine the contents of a mysterious drawer? Well! the houses in Stamford Street contained nothing else but rooms of that description after the arrival of the two sisters, and the death of one of them made no change in that state of things. Every night the survivor setting out from number 22, the house which she occupied, went to make her rounds through numbers 1, 2, 3, 5, 19, 20, and 23, visited every hole and corner, carefully locked every door after having opened it, and never let the keys out of her pocket. What was going on there? What silent drama was being enacted in that desolate interior? Those houses, so long empty and abandoned to such continuous decay, which is the slow death of inanimate objects, were they visited during

the night by a ghost? On this subject the imaginations of the people in that quarter indulged in all sorts of dark conjectures.

On the other hand, why should so many houses stand empty, when so many unfortunate beings are in want of a roof? Popular logic and popular imagination forming an alliance, it happened in the end that the quarter became greatly agitated.

Accordingly, on Monday last, as Miss Cordelia Angelica Read—such is the name of the heroine of this history, a heroine who at the present day is about the age of one of Macbeth's witches—as Miss Cordelia Angelica Read, I say, was on her way to No. 1, she was greatly astonished to behold pressing against the door a considerable gathering of men of rude aspect, rough voices, and menacing gestures. At the same moment, a genuine Cyclops, holding in one hand an enormous hammer, and in the other a heavy bar of iron, was about to force an entrance. By his side, with an animated countenance and flashing eye, stood a beldame, who evidently commanded the expedition, and not less evidently was mistress of the sympathies of the growling mob crowding around her. Although double-locked, the door, at which the Cyclops struck blow upon blow, was not long in giving way; and with the force of a torrent no longer checked by dams the multitude rushed in, filling the air with wild cries.

The lady, however, to whom the house belonged, had also contrived to enter; but she had hardly asserted her rights when, turning towards her with an imperious air, the female general of the invading army exclaimed, "Show your title-deeds!"

It is needless to remark that Miss Cordelia Angelica Read had not her title-deeds in her hand. Besides, had she been in a position to exhibit them, the moment was not favourable for the examination of such documents. Miss Cordelia thought only of making her escape, which she effected as best she could. But towards the evening, at six o'clock, learning that the crowd had dispersed, she returned, accompanied by a locksmith and a carpenter. On the door was pasted a placard, bearing these words: "Whoever pretends to have more right than I to the possession of this house, has only to present himself at Mrs. MacCormick's, No. 1, Hatfield Street." With the assistance of the locksmith and the carpenter, the ancient

spinster penetrated within the tragic inclosure. An ephemeral triumph, alas! Ten minutes had barely elapsed before the cry of alarm resounded through the quarter, and a howling mob came running back. A furious assault was made for the second time upon the ill-omened house; a second time the door was broken in; a second time had Miss Angelica Cordelia Read to take to flight; and this time by the roof, so urgent was the case! There was no reason why, having once tasted of victory, the populace should show any moderation. On the morrow, three other houses, condemned for the same motives, were invaded in like manner.

Well; what say you to all this? Could you ever have dreamed that such things could come to pass in London in our days? Has not this narrative a strong flavour of the Middle Ages?

But do not imagine that this is an absolutely isolated fact. While in Stamford Street the right of property was being treated in the cavalier fashion I have described, in the district of Belgravia a certain Miss Robinson was valiantly placing herself at the head of some thirty vigorous fellows, marching straight upon a house which she pretended belonged to her, laying siege to the place in the absence of the person by whom it was occupied, driving out the defenders (in other words, the servants), and triumphantly installing herself therein.

You will ask, Where was the law all this time, what it was doing, and if the police were in bed? All that I can say in reply to that question is, first of all, that the police always arrive too late; and, secondly, that the law, when called upon to adjudicate, did not conceal the fact that it was in a state of great embarrassment. In the former of these two cases it was after considerable hesitation and with a feeling of doubt as to the extent of his powers, that the magistrate committed for trial the adventurous Mrs. MacCormick. In the second case, the magistrate was unable to come to any decision, and the police were obliged to take upon themselves to cut the Gordian knot, by declaring themselves at all risks against the pretensions of the energetic Miss Robinson.

What is the conclusion to be drawn from this? Is it that every one is here permitted to take the law into his own hands, and are we to proclaim as an imposture the reputation England enjoys upon the Continent of knowing better than

any other nation in the world how to reconcile respect for the law with the sentiment of liberty? Certainly not. That the law reigns in England with sovereign power is indisputable, nor does anything equal the majesty of the law, when once known. It is wonderful to see how a mob in a state of frenzy will shrink back from a man in a blue frock-coat, armed with a short staff, which he almost never uses, and who usually carries a lantern in the place of a sword. But this man is a policeman; everybody knows it, and that is enough. When, some few months ago, the Irish rabble, hoisting the colours of the Pope, hastened to throw themselves upon the partisans of Garibaldi in Hyde Park, I recollect having seen on that occasion a score of policemen dash into the midst of the *mêlée*, seize by the collar the most furious, and carry them off without any one offering even a show of resistance. In France, an army would not have been too much.

How then explain the singular facts set forth in this letter? The explanation is, I fancy, to be found in the incompetency and defectiveness of the English law in what relates to the proving a title to property. It is here a species of legal axiom, that *possession* is nine points of the law.

The great point, therefore, with every one who asserts a claim to real property, is to get on his side the authority which is attached to possession, in order to be able afterwards to discuss the question of title with greater advantage. Add to this, that there is a tendency on the part of the magistrates to favour those who, in the assertion of their right, or what they deem to be their right, do not recoil from the risks of an energetic effort.

It is a consequence of the importance which is attached in England to individual initiative; and it must be acknowledged that, when pushed to such an extreme, the principle has sometimes inconveniences which, in some measure, recal the ages of barbarism. Happily, the evil carries with it its own corrective in a country where no barriers are raised against the education of men's minds by means of the press, and where obscurity is nowhere diffused without Liberty at once hastening to the spot, torch in hand. Yes, in England the law is very often defective, eccentric, enigmatical, illogical; but what matter? What rules England, and it is sufficient for her greatness, is the good sense of the nation, as it has been

partly created and is ever developing through the collective influence of her political institutions.

LETTER CXX.

A MEETING IN LONDON IN FAVOUR OF THE FEDERALS.

February 3rd, 1863.

Good news! Public opinion here, in what relates to America, seems disposed to change its course. Numerous symptoms inspire faith in this belief. If there is a town in England in which the planters have succeeded in enlisting partisans, it is assuredly Liverpool: well, last week a great meeting at Liverpool honoured with its approval Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

This week it was Bristol's turn, of all the ports in England the one which had the greatest difficulty in giving up the slave trade. And what happened at Bradford during the same time? At Bradford, a meeting such as that town never before witnessed, either for numbers or animation, applauded with transports of enthusiasm the eloquent anathemas hurled by Mr. Forster against the men who, on the other side of the Atlantic, dare to combat:

"For the liberty of enslaving a part of the human race;

"For the liberty of carrying off the wife from the husband, and of tearing the child from the arms of its mother;

"For the liberty of torturing and putting to death, law in hand, the father who defends the honour of his daughter;

"For the liberty, on the part of a father with a white skin, of selling in the market-place the son he has had by a negress;

"For the liberty of transforming into crime education offered to a slave, even when it is merely proposed to teach him to read and write;

"For the liberty, lastly, of extending indefinitely the system which makes labour a thing accursed."

But it is, above all, in London that the change to which I am alluding has manifested itself by an unmistakable sign. On the evening of last Thursday an immense crowd collected in the Strand in the neighbourhood of Exeter Hall. And it was not from curiosity, for an honest and profound emotion was depicted on every countenance. A meeting had been announced; and it was known that the object of that meeting was to protest solemnly, in the name of the English people, against the pretension of the Southern partisans to express the sentiments of England.

Blessed be the promoters of this noble manifestation! They could not render a more signal service to that great cause of liberty which it will be England's eternal honour to have represented during the nineteenth century. It would have been for us a subject of inexpressible bitterness to have heard the savage apostolate of slavery preached without contradiction in this England, where burns a flame more sacred than that kept up at Rome on the altar of Vesta.

With what joy, therefore, did I feel myself penetrated at the aspect of that crowd heaped up on Thursday evening against the doors of Exeter Hall! Long, long before the hour indicated for the opening of the meeting a large placard announced that to cross the threshold was an impossibility: "The hall is full."

And, in fact, the hall overflowed with people. For those who had been wanting in foresight, no human power could open a way. I am acquainted with members of the committee by whom the meeting had been prepared, to whom all approach to the platform was thus rendered impossible. A second meeting was obliged to be held in a room on the ground-floor, and a third one was held in Exeter Street, in the open air, by the light of the moon, by the light of the gas-lamps.

Was it the desire of seeing some illustrious tribune, was it the desire of hearing some orator of high repute, that had drawn together such a considerable gathering? No. Every one knew that the chair would be taken by Mr. William Evans, a most respectable man certainly, and well deserving of being the President of the Emancipation Society, but who is by no means specially recommended either by the splendour of his social position or by the brilliancy of his talents.

The *Times*, which was, as it were, astounded by the unexpectedly imposing character of this demonstration it did not at all anticipate, has not failed to remark that no celebrity shone upon the platform. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of a charming book which is in everybody's hands, no man of mark lent to the manifestation the authority of his eloquence, and regrets were felt for the duly-explained absence of several much esteemed individuals; for instance, of the venerable General Thomas Perronet Thompson, the patriarch of English reformers, and of the first thinker of this country, Mr. John Stuart Mill. But how did it escape the *Times* that that very circumstance added to the importance of the fact, of which it strives so sadly to diminish the significance. No doubt, people did not go there for the sake of any one man. They went there for the sake of a principle.

Now, it may be guessed what sort of a meeting this was. The first time the name of Mr. Lincoln was pronounced, there arose a thunder of applause which lasted for several minutes; and the same enthusiasm was excited when Mr. Thomas Hughes described the career of Jefferson Davis, who began by persuading the State of Mississippi to repudiate its debt, and finished by devoting to the Angel of Extermination every slave guilty of longing for liberty.

Mr. Thomas Hughes was proceeding to remind his hearers that the promoter of the odious law relative to fugitive slaves was precisely the identical Mr. Mason over whom the protection of England was so nearly being wrongly thrown, when a voice exclaimed: "He is here present!" "What is that to me?" replied the orator, and he pushed his point amid the redoubled applause of his audience.

There is a circumstance worthy of note. The Committee of the Emancipation Society, to whom is due the organisation of the meeting in Exeter Hall, had thought it prudent to decide that the speakers should abstain from identifying the cause of the liberation of the negroes with that of the Union, and should confine themselves to branding, in the name of England, the institution of slavery, without touching upon the question as to whether it was desirable, or not, that the Republic of the United States should remain cut in two. The motive which dictated this decision may be imagined. The Committee feared to attack the partisans of the South on a ground where

they had a chance of being supported by national selfishness. Aware that many among them, though detesting the institution of slavery, were nevertheless opposed to the North because its defeat promised to deliver England from an inconvenient rivalry, the Committee dreaded to rouse against itself too many passions at the same time. But what happened? Why this—the movement stirred up by the apostles of negro emancipation carried them far beyond the point at which they judged it necessary to stop, not from conviction, but from expediency. The horse ran away with its rider. And that became evident from the very commencement, Mr. William Evans having been, as it were, forced by the acclamations which greeted the word *Union*, inadvertently uttered, to mix together what he had intended to keep distinct, and to finish his speech very differently from what he had purposed at its commencement.

It was, therefore, not only the emancipation of the blacks which was acclaimed in Exeter Hall, it was also the triumph of the North, the restoration of the Union, the resurrection of a glorious and powerful democracy on the other side of the Atlantic.

This very circumstance imparted to the demonstration I have the pleasure to describe a singular character of grandeur. Owing to that sort of close relationship which exists between all honest and noble sentiments, the meeting in Exeter Hall could not restrain itself from striking with the same reprobation both what is odious in the ownership of man by man, and what is degrading in national jealousies. The victory of the good over the bad principle has thus been, on this occasion, as signal and complete as could be desired by those who worship justice and sincerely love liberty.

Not that the results of this victory must be considered as passing beyond the limits of a sphere still narrowly circumscribed. The outside public has spoken; but society and the clubs, whose voice here constitutes more than one-half of the noise made by opinion, have remained silent. The aristocracy is not prepared to divorce the sentiments which endear to it the cause of the Confederates. The English press, which, with the exception of a small number of generous papers, such as the *Daily News*, the *Morning Star*, and the *Spectator*, has pronounced against the North, will not show itself so easy

of conversion; and the *Times* would gladly exclaim, as did formerly Siéyès: *Nous sommes aujourd'hui ce que nous étions hier.* (We are to-day what we were yesterday.) But the movement which is being produced among the popular classes, and in the ranks of that portion of the middle-class which is next to the people, does not the less deserve to be taken into serious consideration. And it is no mediocre glory for the working-men of England that, with so much force and unanimity, they have declared in favour of the North, on seeing it struggling with the demon of slavery—they who themselves suffer so cruelly from a crisis for which it has been attempted to make them believe that the North alone was responsible.

There is in this a movement of opinion which nobody, a month ago, would have thought of predicting.

It remains for me to explain the causes, the very curious causes, which, as I conceive, have brought it about. That will be the subject of my next letter.

LETTER CXXI.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

February 3rd, 1863.

At last, people in this country seem to have begun to understand that the sympathies of England could not, without dishonouring her, appear to lean towards the slave-holding States of America. On Thursday, the 29th January, a large meeting in favour of the emancipation of the blacks was held in London, at Exeter Hall; and never, perhaps, was a manifestation more characteristic or more imposing. Long before the hour fixed for the opening of the meeting, the hall was impetuously invaded by a crowd trembling with excitement. Such was the affluence of spectators, that a second meeting was obliged to be held in another part of the same building, while a third had to be improvised in the open air, in the nearest street. Mr. William Evans, President of the

Emancipation Society, occupied the chair; and that alone told pretty clearly in what direction the torrent was going to flow.

Brief but energetic were all the speeches delivered. Why should the orators have developed their thought? It was divined. There are causes which do not need long pleadings, and they are the best. The work of the understanding is rendered very easy where the heart, under a sovereign impulse, precipitates the conclusion. Every word that fell from the lips of the speakers penetrated to the very soul of those who were present, and awakened sonorous echoes. Noble transports! Puissant transports! If, as is stated, Mr. Mason, the representative of the planters, was among the audience, a pale hue must more than once have passed over his face, especially when Mr. Hughes exclaimed: "And that Mr. Mason, who goes about from drawing-room to drawing-room, pleading the cause of the South, what manner of man is he? He is the man who proposed, in America, the law against fugitive slaves!"

If I tell you that the name of President Lincoln was never pronounced that evening in that place without calling forth hearty acclamations, it will at once give you an idea of the spirit with which the meeting was animated. This spirit was formally enunciated in the following Resolution, which is significant: "The revolt of the Southern States of America against the Federal Government having originated in the fixed determination of the Southerners not only to maintain slavery, but to extend it, and having resulted in the establishment of a confederation based on the non-recognition of the rights of humanity in the person of the negro, this meeting declares that it repels with indignation the supposition that the sympathies of England are with an act of rebellion in which every principle of political justice is violated, and with institutions which, on the one hand, offend the moral sense of the civilised world, and, on the other, outrage religion, whose sanction is invoked in their favour."

We know nothing more sadly curious than the history of the moral movement produced in England by the great quarrel of which America is at this moment the ensanguined theatre.

Who does not remember with what generous vehemence public opinion throughout Great Britain pronounced against the maintenance of slavery in the years which followed

the adoption of the Reform Bill? Long before, the abominable slave trade, so eloquently denounced and branded by Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, George Harrison, William Allen, Richard Phillips, and, still later, by Henry Brougham, had been abolished. So far back as 1807 a Bill, presented by Lord Howick, afterwards Earl Grey, had forbidden, under the penalty of a fine, all traffic in human flesh; in 1811 this penalty, on the motion of Brougham, was changed to fourteen years of transportation; and in 1824 the laws relating to the slave trade placed it on the same footing with piracy. There are no finer pages in the history of England than those which represent her at the time of the Peace of 1814, and at that of 1815, and again at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, taking in hand before Europe the cause of the unhappy beings torn from Africa to be delivered over, on the other side of the Atlantic, to the whip of the overseer. The success of those efforts of a great people to sustain a great principle will never be effaced from the memory of man. The traffic in slaves was erased from the code of nations, and in that respect, at least, human conscience was avenged.

But it was not enough to dry up the most impure source of slavery. Slavery itself remained to be destroyed; and this is what public opinion in England never ceased to proclaim during the years 1801, 1802, and 1803, with a vivacity, with a deep unanimity which cannot be recalled to mind without an emotion—I was going to say, without a feeling of respect. At that period, whenever any one spoke aloud of slavery, there passed, as it were, from one end of England to the other, a thrill of indignation. Day by day the press demanded justice for that portion of the human race which was being trampled under foot. The table of the House of Commons groaned beneath the load of petitions. What a bill was that of 1834, which abolished slavery in all English colonies, while stipulating for the dispossessed proprietors an indemnity of twenty millions sterling! Even at the present day the squadron employed in preventing the recruitment of slavery does not cost England less than one million sterling per annum. What she has had to pay, under different titles, for the emancipation of the blacks may be estimated at the enormous sum of fifty millions sterling.

It was natural that, after so many sacrifices, England

should applaud whatever appeared to her as likely to bring about the complete realization of the object she was seeking to attain. And in fact, when in 1850, Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe published her romance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, there was but one cry of enthusiasm throughout England. The women thought of nothing else, talked of nothing else. How many tears were shed at that time over the fate of those poor negresses, who were exposed by an impious institution to have their children torn from them to be sold! It is necessary to mention that in 1854 the English ladies wrote to their American sisters a letter, in which they were entreated to intervene in favour of the slaves; and that this letter bore half a million of signatures, among which figured those of ladies belonging to the highest aristocracy! Yes, there were suppliants of the rank of Lady Palmerston, Lady Buxton, and Lady Shrewsbury, who wrote to the American ladies: "Sisters, we address ourselves to you as mothers and wives. May your voice be listened to by men; may your prayers rise to God; and may the Christian world be delivered from that affliction, from that shame—slavery!"

Such was the disposition of the English when the Republic of the United States was torn asunder. For one moment the sympathies of England wavered undecidedly, but the hesitation was not of long duration. The affair of the *Trent* awakened national enmities, which some supposed to be dead, but which were only slumbering. The reparation tendered by Mr. Seward failed to close the wound which bled through the insult offered to the British flag, on that ocean which England has been accustomed to regard as her own domain. The English then recalled to mind the many provocations which they had looked over, the many insults they had swallowed in silence. They began to consider as a fortunate event, a separation which, by weakening the republic founded by Washington, would get them free from a formidable rivalry. The jealousy with which they had been naturally inspired by the rapid and prodigious prosperity of the United States, found its account in the dismemberment of the Union, and the prospect of that dismemberment was agreeable to them. To these motives were joined others, not less seductive. The English aristocracy could not behold, without a thrill of joy, the fall of an edifice resting on the demo-

cratic principle. They who, in this country, were so fond of representing a constitutional monarchy after the English system as the best of all political systems, rejoiced at having no more to contend with the contradiction given, or seemingly given, to their favourite theory by the lustre which the United States reflected on the republican form of government. Besides, the North was a manufacturing country, the South an agricultural one; the North crossed the path of English industry, the South supplied it with materials; the North strove to hold England aloof by means of tariffs, the South provided her with cotton, the raw material indispensable for her manufactures. What more need I say? The idea, cleverly diffused, that the Confederates were Englishmen and *gentlemen*, while the Federals were only a mob of people collected from Ireland, Germany, and all parts of the globe, finally succeeded in giving to public sympathy a tendency towards the South.

Before long these sympathies manifested themselves with extraordinary vehemence. The English Government maintained a neutrality, which was trampled under foot by public opinion in whatever did not wear an official character. The cause of the South, courageously combated, but without much effect, by a few truly liberal papers, such as the *Daily News*, the *Morning Star*, and the *Spectator*, was taken in hand by nearly all the other journals, the *Times* at their head. The English press, with a few exceptions, in order to celebrate the exploits of the Confederates, blew all the trumpets of Fame, and exhausted itself in sophistical commentaries to deny or attenuate the successes of the Federals. Against the iron yoke imposed upon the rebel population of New Orleans; against the transports of passion and the brutality of Butler; against the violence of the Federals, anathemas enough could not be uttered, while care was taken to cover with a friendly veil the cruelties committed by the Confederates. What was barbarous in the former, was in the latter only energy, indomitable resolution, a fixed determination not to yield. Every political or financial measure of the Federal Government was subjected to a pitiless criticism, or held up by the finger of scorn to the ridicule of Europe. The heroes of this war were Lee and Jackson, while MacClellan found no grace with the English until the day when his dismissal gave him a title to

their sympathy. What was Lincoln? A man of nothing, a sort of lawyer transformed into a republican President by one of those imbecile selections which betray the incurable vice of democracies. The true statesman of America was Jefferson Davis! And it seemed to be unknown that there was not an act in the life of Jefferson Davis for which he would not have to render an account before the judgment seat of liberty! As might therefore be expected, many prophets appeared who did not fail to predict the final triumph of the South, beginning with Mr. Gladstone, and ending with Mr. Beresford Hope. A few rare intellects, Mr. John Stuart Mill for example—a few popular speakers, such as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright—attempted to struggle against the current; but their voice was lost in the storm of contrary clamour.

However, there was a point which strangely embarrassed the partisans of the South, though strong in numbers and loud of speech. Since they sympathised with the South, of course they desired the maintenance of slavery. They desired, then, to consecrate what England had laboured to destroy at the cost of such great sacrifices, at the cost of fifty millions sterling. They did not shrink, then, from the scandal offered to the contemporary generation and to posterity by the spectacle of England adoring what she had burnt, and burning what she had adored!

The dilemma was a terrible one, and there was no sort of false assertion, no sophistry, to which recourse was not had to combat it.

It was first of all pretended that between the North and the South the question was not at all one of slavery, but one of tariff. And yet everyone knew that at the time of Mr. Lincoln's canvass for the Presidency, his party published a programme which rejected the extension of slavery to territories not already annexed; that Mr. Breckenridge was then put forward; that the planters threatened to break up the Union if the candidate of the opposite party gained the day; that the secession was the carrying into execution of this threat; that the first act of the Congress of the Slave States assembled at Montgomery, was the formal and absolute prohibition to lay a hand upon the institution of slavery; that slavery was defined by Mr. Stephens, at the time of his election as Vice-President of the Confederation, to be the

"corner-stone of the building—the handiwork of God—a miracle;" that this speech was enthusiastically applauded, and that the Confederates took up arms under the influence of these ideas.

Then the English made the most of the fact that the first war-cry uttered by the Federal Government was "Restoration of the Union," and not "Abolition of Slavery." But did it need such a profound sagacity to see that a war of this character, whatever might be the inscription placed on the Federal flag, could only terminate in the defeat of the Confederates by striking a decisive blow at slavery? And supposing the North had been wanting to its mission and its duty in seeming to regard as merely a national question what was really a question of humanity and justice, was that a reason for wishing for the South a victory calculated to prolong, if not to perpetuate, the right of ownership in one man towards another, the regular thinning out and cutting down of a section of the human race?

At all events, the reasons alleged by the partisans of the South could only have had any weight before Mr. Lincoln's last proclamation, which at length adopted in a solemn manner the principle of the emancipation of the blacks. But now? Now, what could the English ladies who signed the famous address of 1854 reply to Mrs. Stowe, should she ask them if their heart remained as it was? Now, with what pretext can Lady Palmerston, Lady Buxton, and Lady Shaftesbury cover their silence? Now, what can be imagined to make people believe that there is nothing in common between the cause of the Federals and the abolition of slavery?

Accordingly, the least scrupulous among the Southern partisans have now boldly cast aside the mask. The *Saturday Review*, the most important organ of the intellectual and literary portion of the aristocratic world, affirms that slavery is of divine institution; that it is not reproved by the Bible; that the Gospel nowhere calls upon slaves to revolt against their masters. The *Times* holds very nearly similar language, and ventures, in its attacks upon Mr. Lincoln's emancipating proclamation, to offer itself as a guarantee for the sentiments of the English people in favour of those whose tyrannical power this proclamation aims at destroying.

Fortunately for the honour of England, it happens that the

question put in this manner has touched the consciences of many. Such a one who was allowing himself to be swept away by the torrent, has started back with affright at the sight of the moral abyss towards which he was being impelled. Such another, who until that moment had only indolently resisted the movement in which he was as it were enveloped, has felt that the hour was come when honest convictions were bound to display energy. A reaction has begun to operate, of which the great meeting of yesterday is the first symptom. We state the fact joyfully; for England could not have descended to the bottom of the slippery slope on which she had ventured, without perishing morally; and, in the present state of the world, to wear mourning for England, would be to wear mourning for Liberty.

LETTER CXXII.

OPENING OF THE SESSION OF 1863.

February 7th, 1863.

THE opening of Parliament took place, the day before yesterday, by Commission. The Queen did not come this time to read the speech from the throne, with that clear, silvery voice, and that correct accentuation which, in this monarchical country, have furnished matter for so much panegyric. Absorbed by a grief, which seems likely to leave her only with life, the Queen did not quit the solitude of her palace, haunted by a shade she loves so well. But with the gloomy remembrances awakened by this absence, there mingled the cheerful ideas which take their birth in the prospect of a forthcoming marriage. For the first time, the Prince of Wales took his seat among the peers of the realm. And every one thought of the youthful, graceful princess, whose features photography has rendered familiar to every Englishman.

To say that the speech from the throne was of that vague character which gives no opening either for praise or criticism, would be a mere repetition of the eternal complaint which

speeches of this sort—not speeches, after all—have always had the privilege of calling forth ever since there have been constitutional governments in the world. I, therefore, pass over the absolute insignificance of the ministerial digest, the chronic malady of a system in which fictions and realities live contentedly together, and without further preamble I arrive at the parliamentary debates.

Judging from the opening scene, this session will not be a stormy one, and the thunder is not likely to rumble unless it rumble beneath a clear sky, which is sometimes the case, as the *Times* justly remarks. The Conservatists are not in a condition to reach out their hands to grasp the power: that is obvious enough. They are hunting after a subject for opposition. To give battle to Ministers, in view of a victory, would please them much; but still they must have a battle-field whereon to fight, and this is what puzzles the Conservative party: witness Lord Derby's speech in the House of Lords, and Mr. Disraeli's in the House of Commons.

In the first place, neither the one nor the other appears to consider the home policy of the Cabinet as affording a favourable ground of attack. The Government displays before the dazzled eyes of the taxpayers the gilded prospect of a system based upon economy; there is, consequently, no means of seeking a quarrel with it on the score of prodigality, unless it be retrospectively. The Government agitates no question of reform; it is consequently impossible to prove to it, either that it is too liberal, or that it is not sufficiently so. The Opposition has, therefore, been compelled, for want of something better, to fall back upon the foreign policy. But even there its embarrassment is manifest, both by the extent of its concessions and the narrow range of its assaults.

Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, have equally accorded a Bill of Indemnity to the Ministry for its conduct with respect to America. Lord Derby declared, in so many words, that the English Government could not have recognised the South without violating the law of nations, as established by long usage. In fact, if precedents are consulted, it will be seen that the recognition of the government of a State in revolt against another State of which it had hitherto formed part, never takes place until after the absolute cessation of hostilities, as

was the case with the colonies of South America that rose against Spain—unless, indeed, several Powers, united for the general interest, judge it necessary to put an end to the conflict, as when Belgium separated from Holland, and Greece from Turkey, in which case recognition is only a prelude to intervention. This doctrine Lord Derby enunciated without any circumlocution in the House of Lords; and, far from saying anything against it, Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, congratulated the Ministry on having thereto conformed its policy.

It is true that the two leaders of the Conservative party did not the less take advantage of this opportunity to pronounce in favour of the solution so dear to the Confederates—a separation; and if they are to be believed, we should have nothing more to do than chant a *De Profundis* over the United States. But in this, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli differ in no respect from Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, or Mr. Gladstone, who also believe, and like to believe, that it is all over with the Union.

It is so pleasant for the English, to whatever party they belong, to think that they will be, before long, disembarrassed from a powerful rivalry! America once cut in two, farewell to the cruel anxiety caused to England by the prodigious development of the great Republic founded by Washington! In reality, the only member of the present Cabinet who sympathises with the North in a decided manner, is the man who, with Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, continues to form the trinity of the Manchester school—Mr. Milner Gibson; and it is due to him to say that he does not conceal the fact. Mr. Disraeli accordingly availed himself of the want of homogeneity in the Cabinet on a question of such importance, to get up one of those parliamentary skirmishes in which he excels. With this exception, and that of some petty cavilling with the Ministry in regard to Montenegro and China, also of the advice tendered by Lord Russell to Denmark, who paid little attention to it, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli would have found nothing about which to break a lance with Government, if the Greek question had not luckily presented itself.

Invited to explain why Greece had been allowed to elect Prince Alfred, when it was decided all along that the crown, if offered, should be refused, Lord Russell, it must be con-

fessed, escaped at a tangent. Who compelled him to do so? It is more than I can say. Why make a mystery of what is evident, and is, after all, in no way blamable? The Greeks were allowed to go to the very end, in the effusion of their sympathies for Prince Alfred, for the simple reason, in the first place, that such persistent enthusiasm flattered the national pride of the English; and, secondly, because it raised an impassable barrier to the candidature of the Duke of Leuchtenberg.

This, however, was only a secondary point, for the main attack was directed against the cession of the Ionian Isles.

On this subject Lord Derby certainly said what was best to be said from the point of view of national egotism, namely:

That the possession of the Seven Islands was, for England, of great naval and military importance; that such had been the opinion of Lord Collingwood; that Corfu placed in the hands of England the key of the Adriatic, and that it was inexpedient to risk seeing this key fall into the hands of an unfriendly nation; that it was not a matter of indifference to have, or not to have, a port of such value on the road which leads to India across Egypt; that during the Crimean war the measure had been taken of the importance attached to the possession of Corfu; that the Ionian Islands had been, besides, confided to the custody of England in trust for Europe, in the interests of Europe, and that, consequently, England was not free to dispose of them according to her own caprice; that she alone was in a position efficiently to make head against the scourge of piracy, a scourge which the cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece would let loose without restraint; and that, lastly, Earl Russell in promising this cession though on certain conditions and with certain reservations, had given to his own avowed policy relative to the maintenance of the Turkish Empire the most striking and the most deplorable contradiction.

To this last reproach, if the truth must be told, the Minister for Foreign Affairs had not much to reply, and reply made none. Certain it is that Earl Russell has always considered and represented the augmentation of the strength of Greece as a danger for the Turk, and an advantage for Russia; certain it is that on every occasion Earl Russell has striven to discourage in the Greeks the desire of recovering

from Turkey their Hellenic provinces, which would deprive the latter of all power to rescue Constantinople from the effects of Muscovite rapacity; and it is not less certain that the restitution of the Ionian Isles to Greece cannot fail to render her both more impatient, and more capable of attaining her end, of realising the "great idea."

Lord Russell, therefore, as I said before, passed over the accusation of inconsistency, confining himself to insist upon the usefulness, in the large sense of the word, of a policy of justice, disinterestedness, and generosity.

In fact, seeing that the Ionians do not care for the protectorate of England, and burn to be reunited to their brethren, by what right could England palm herself upon them for an indefinite period? And how could she reproach Napoleon for keeping his soldiers at Rome, if she did the same thing at Corfu?

This consideration was put forward by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons in a covert but very expressive manner, in reply to the attacks of Mr. Disraeli, whose theory with regard to the Ionian Islands amounts to this: "What is good to take is good to keep." Yes, that is what one of the leaders of the Conservative party did not scruple to proclaim in nearly so many words. From the fact that England so far back as 1814 had coveted the Ionian Islands and had conquered six of them, without reckoning the blockade of the seventh, Mr. Disraeli concludes that, in spite of the formal terms of treaties since made, England has the right to regard the Ionian Islands as an integral portion of her territory. According to him, these islands, which constitute in the South of Europe a separate State, which have their own government, their own administration, their own laws, and in which the protectorate of Great Britain is represented by a High Commissioner, belong to England as much as Paris belongs to France! The understanding is confounded when one thinks of such a man as Mr. Disraeli venturing in such a place as the House of Commons to hazard such monstrosities. Lord Palmerston disposed of them, as might be expected, with his habitual tact and gaiety. A man certainly of rare talent is Mr. Disraeli. He handles sarcasm with formidable ability. He is acute and subtle, but Lord Palmerston has over him the advantage of an admirably good

sense, served by an admirable serenity. Mr. Disraeli's laugh is bitter, but Lord Palmerston's satirical and yet jovial smile iso verwhelming. Moreover, on this occasion, Lord Palmerston had over his opponent a kind of superiority which men happen sometimes to respect—he was right.

LETTER CXXIII.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY AND THE ENGLISH.

February 9th, 1863.

THE opening of Parliament and the debates on the Address have called forth from Lord Derby in the House of Lords, and from Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, a very important and very striking declaration.

Whether the policy of the Ministry with reference to China is more or less open to criticism; whether Lord Russell was right or wrong, in not refusing to the Pope, in the event of his wishing to avail himself of it, the benefit of a Protestant and English hospitality; whether the Cabinet did well, or otherwise, in allowing the Greeks to lose their time in electing Prince Alfred, although it had determined beforehand not to accept the offered crown; lastly, whether the English Government acted wisely, or unwisely, as regards the development of English influence throughout the world, in showing itself ready to abandon, under certain conditions, the protectorate of the Ionian Islands;—all these are questions of an essentially national character. But what interests entire Europe, what interests the inhabitants of the whole globe, what interests humanity at large, because liberty and justice are of a country without frontiers, is the attitude of England in presence of that portion of America which is armed in defence of slavery, combating that portion of America which is armed against slavery.

The friends of liberty in every country will bitterly regret that Earl Russell, a Minister of such liberal views and likewise so honest, should have thought it his duty to represent the triumph of the Federals over the Confederates as the

worst possible solution that could be given to the sanguinary problem which is being worked out on the other side of the Atlantic. But, on the other hand, they will learn with joy that the recognition of the South, prior to the absolute cessation of hostilities, is a measure which has been solemnly condemned both by Lord Derby and by Mr. Disraeli, that is to say, by the leaders of the Conservative party in England. However lively may have been, on other points, the attacks directed by those two orators against Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, on this, at least, they have done more and better than simply abstaining,—they have rendered homage to the dignified and circumspect policy of their rivals.

The sympathies of England at large for the South having hitherto taken little pains to disguise themselves, and those of the Conservative party especially having long since burst forth with a violence bordering upon the scandalous, it is remarkable that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli should not have made this the base of their operations to wrest office from their opponents. If Mr. Disraeli allowed without scruple the antipathy with which the North inspires him, to appear; if he ridiculed, with characteristic bitterness, the want of harmony which prevails in the Ministry on the American question; if he contrasted the tendencies of Mr. Milner Gibson pleading the cause of the North at Ashton-under-Lyne, with the tendencies of Mr. Gladstone predicting the victory of the South, at his visit to Newcastle, and with the still more marked tendencies of Sir Robert Peel, who offered to the "God of armies" the insult of supposing Him at the head of the slave-owners—at least, he did not seek in the refusal of the Ministry to recognise the government of Jefferson Davis as a theme for attack and a lever for opposition. Far from that, as I said before, he felt himself obliged on this point to bring his sword to the salute.

Either I am mistaken, or this is a fresh symptom of the reaction I mentioned in my last letter, and the causes of which I promised to point out in the present one.

This re-action, as I think, has been produced by Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and that in two ways: in the first place, by compelling the less scrupulous partisans of the South to throw aside the mask and show the full extent of their sympathies; and, secondly, by restoring to the partisans

of the North, the courage and speech which had well-nigh forsaken them.

You remember, no doubt, that in the address by which Mr. Lincoln inaugurated his accession to the presidentship, he almost took part with the slave-owners, against the abolitionists, so far as the too famous law on runaway slaves was concerned.

I am aware of all that can be possibly alleged in his defence. Nominated President of a Republic which he desired one and indivisible, he was naturally prompted to use language which might prevent a rupture; elected by the influence of the republicans, he had to humour the democrats; entrusted with the preservation of a Constitution which accepted slavery, it was difficult for him to preach anything else than the strict observance of the fundamental compact, and whatever might be his personal sentiments, his duty as an office-bearer interfered with his feelings as a man.

All that is true enough; but what is not less so is, that in the manifesto after his installation, Mr. Lincoln said in so many words: "The members of Congress are bound to the Constitution by an oath taken unanimously. Unanimously they have pledged themselves to observe the clause which enjoins that fugitive slaves should be delivered up to their masters. If they were quite decided about this, could they not also unanimously pass a law with a view to render their oath effective?"

It was on the 4th of March, 1861, that Mr. Lincoln spoke in this manner. And on the 9th, the Congress of the Confederated States voted the Act by which an army was raised and organised! And on the 12th, Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford demanded an audience of Mr. Seward to present their letters of credence as representatives of the new confederation!

Thus, at the very moment that the South was consummating its revolt, Mr. Lincoln was engaged in searching for means to impart greater efficiency to the fugitive slave bill! It is needless to dwell upon the persistency with which the President of the United States, as soon as war was declared, plainly avowed that on the part of the North it had only one aim: the re-establishment of the Union.

There was certainly no need of a prophet to predict that such a declaration would exercise in England a disastrous

influence on the movement of men's minds; and, if I rightly remember, I announced, many months ago, as absolutely certain and inevitable, the result which, in fact, soon afterwards manifested itself. The England of society, of the clubs, of the newspapers, had for pronouncing in favour of the South—even after the English Government had resolved on standing neuter—every possible and imaginable reason, with the exception of one—the fear of lowering herself in the eyes of the world by appearing to favour slavery, and by turning renegade, as it were, to a glorious past. This fear disappeared as soon as the partisans of the South could say, with Lincoln's proclamations in hand: "Slavery has absolutely nothing to do with the question at issue. It is simply a question of one people wishing to subdue another. The North combats for empire; the South, for independence. It is the flag of independence which we follow with our prayers in the bloody conflict, because we are a nation of free men." Fatal sophistry, which unhappily derived great force from the timid and hesitating policy of the North! Fatal sophistry, under the shadow of which the sympathies of many Englishmen for the South have had an opportunity of being given without scruple, developed without constraint, and enunciated without shame!

But the time was to come when the inevitable logic of things could not fail to push forward Mr. Lincoln into the path of emancipation; and no sooner had that moment come, than the weapon which the partisans of the South had wielded with so much address, broke in their hands. For it then happened—who would ever have thought it?—that, reduced to the unpleasant alternative either of surrendering at discretion, or of pronouncing boldly, no longer in favour of the idea of independence alone, but in favour of the very principle of slavery, the advocates of the movement did not blush to exclaim: "Well, why not slavery, after all?" One day, it was the *Saturday Review*, which affirmed in the name of the elegant and literary public it represents, that slavery is sanctioned by Christianity; that it is supported by the authority of St. Paul; and that no portion of the Holy Scriptures authorises slaves to take up arms against their masters. The day after, it was the *Times* which asserted that slavery was no more opposed to the spirit of the Gospel than "good living, purple, and fine linen."

Shall I mention here the extraordinary, I was going to say

the inconceivable, speech delivered recently at Maidstone by Mr. Beresford Hope? Mr. Beresford Hope is the fortunate proprietor of a very curious collection. He has collected at a great outlay an extraordinary assortment of magnificent and historical rings, rings that have sparkled on the finger of Murat, rings that have sparkled on the finger of Napoleon, and I know not how many more besides. Very good; and there is nothing in that to prevent Mr. Beresford Hope from defending the South with vehemence; but Mr. Hope is, besides, a man who plumes himself on his religious sentiments, and who has piously spent three millions of francs (£120,000) in constructing a Puseyite church in Margaret-street, Oxford-street. Well, not content with predicting that a grateful posterity will place Jefferson Davis on a level with Cavour, and Stonewall Jackson on a level with Garibaldi, the devout personage of whom I am speaking compares the passage of the Potomac by the Confederates to the passage of the Red Sea by the Hebrews, forgetting that Moses crossed the Red Sea with the precise object of drawing a people out of bondage, which is not, so far as I know, the exact aim of the Confederates—after which, pushing home his point, he explains, a second Daniel, the three mysterious words traced upon the wall, in the sense of the exemplary punishment and death of Belshazzar Lincoln! Another orator, very ardent in placing the Holy Scriptures on the side of the traffickers in men, is Mr. Spence, and in his last harangue at Liverpool, he expressed himself with so much unction that the devout ladies of Belgravia were still in tears from it, when suddenly despatches from the South, most inopportunely intercepted, arrived to reveal the disagreeable secret of his financial relations with the Government at Richmond, and so ruined, in suspicious minds, the effect of his theological appreciations.

It was time, you see, for a vigorous effort to be made to check England upon a descent which was leading not only to shame, but to scandal. To consecrate slavery, for the abolition of which fifty millions have been expended by England, was in itself going too far! But slander the Bible, make light of the Gospel, and calumniate Christ! All those who, among the English, love their country with a lofty attachment, were deeply moved by it. A great trouble fell upon souls truly devoted to religion. The Emancipation Society

made glowing appeals to the clergy. Meetings were got up in all directions; and, lastly, Mr. William Howitt, a most respectable and much-respected individual, was not afraid to write that there was only one way of cutting short slavery—by abstaining from cotton produced by slave labour.

According to Mr. William Howitt, to buy cotton for the purpose of enriching oneself, while branding the men who keep slaves to cultivate cotton, is to imitate a receiver of goods who should declaim against thieves. "I remember," he writes, "that when I was a child, the minister of my village happened one day, as he was returning home after service, to meet a working man who was carrying a bag upon his shoulders. It was a Sunday. 'What! William,' exclaimed the worthy parson, with a burst of virtuous indignation; 'you have not been to church to-day?' 'I forgot myself so far as to gather nuts.' 'What! gather nuts upon the Sabbath! Well, let us see if they are good.' And so saying, the pious personage plunged his hand into the bag."

This is what Mr. William Howitt reproaches the Society of Emancipation with doing, when it confines itself to thundering against the owners of slaves, instead of preaching against them the adoption of a heroic remedy, such as the one he proposes.

By this you may judge of the degree of warmth which has been communicated to the zeal of certain opponents of slavery by the sad exaggerations of the adverse party.

And now you have before your eyes, traced by a faithful crayon, the picture of the movements of opinion engendered in England by the policy of emancipation which Mr. Lincoln has, too late, alas! embraced. Had he proclaimed from the first as a leading principle what he has at last been brought to adopt as a necessary expedient, never, no, never, would England have dared to throw the weight of her moral authority into the Southern scale. And in that case what scandals would have been avoided? What floods of blood-shed spared, perchance! I do not insist upon the instruction to be derived from all this. There could not be any clearer lesson, and I do not believe that history has at any period given mankind one which is more worthy, after having exercised their reflective powers, to be engraved upon their memory.

LETTER CXXIV.

THE POOR AND THE POOR LAW.

February 13th, 1863.

"A HORSE well made will fetch in every market from twenty to two hundred golden Fredericks: it is what he is worth, in the eyes of the world. A man well made, what is he worth? There are cases where the world would willingly give him a good sum of money to go and hang himself elsewhere. And yet, of these two beings, a horse, a man, which is the best imagined, even as a machine? Just Heavens? A European, firm on his two legs, his five fingers on his hip, and carrying well upon his shoulders his miraculous head, is worth, in my opinion, from fifty to a hundred horses."

In such bitter terms does Thomas Carlyle protest against the inexorable application of this principle: "Let alone," resulting in this fact. "Let die!" Such is the painful cry extorted from him by the condition of the labouring man without work in societies such as modern civilisation has made them!

There are, however, in the life of these societies tragical moments when the grand law of human *solidarity* imposes itself upon them with the inflexibility of a decree of destiny.

This remark, to which I shall presently return, has been suggested to me by the debate which took place yesterday in the English House of Commons. The subject of it was this.

The disastrous effect produced by the war in America on the cotton districts of England is only too well known.

Since the month of July, 1862, it is officially stated that of 450,000 artisans employed in England in the manufacture of cotton, 370,000 have been working only every other day. To 80,000 the crisis had, as it were, absolutely broken both arms. Moreover, the number of those whose employment, depending on King Cotton, was bound up with the maintenance of his empire, and who ceased to earn their daily

bread on the day the looms ceased to ply, is estimated at 120,000.

It was impossible that the English nation could remain indifferent, *as a nation*, to the sufferings of so many thousands of its members. But what was to be done? The doctrine which prevails in England imposes on each locality, taken separately, the duty of sufficing for itself. Was it necessary to make a breach in this doctrine, by reason of the exceptional character and immensity of the evil? It was so, in the opinion of some individuals; and a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Potter, declared that there were grounds for the application of a *national* remedy.

What! sacrifice, even though it were on the altars of necessity, that principle of "every one for himself, every one his own master," so dear to England! Evoke that dreaded spectre, State Intervention! After all, had not Lancashire enjoyed its days of prosperity? And what prosperity! If ever the waters of the Pactolus flowed anywhere, it was there. But how did Lancashire act in its days of opulence? Were the Cotton Lords, were their workmen, at that time so handsomely paid, seen to offer the poor parishes of their common fatherland a part, either of their profits, or of their wages? No. Lancashire kept its prosperity to itself. It was therefore only just that, when bad times came, it should have to look to itself for the care of its destinies.

Thus spoke the bulk of the economists, the writers, the statesmen of England; and public opinion was their echo.

And yet there was there, wide open in the flanks of the nation, a frightful wound, a bleeding wound, which went on enlarging from day to day. Once more, what was to be done?

Men of understanding were engaged in seeking a reply to this poignant question when, at the end of July, 1862, a member of the Ministry, Mr. Villiers, introduced into the House of Commons a bill, which he carefully defined as an application of the Poor Law, and nothing more. So much did he fear lest he should be accused of innovation in these delicate matters! Starting from this point, that in England the poor are at the charge of the parish, and that, in the event of a parish being unable to maintain a workhouse, it is lawful for it to call to its aid those collectively which, for this

purpose, put together their resources, and are called Unions —Mr. Villiers proposed to authorise Lancashire and Cheshire, whenever the poor-tax weighed too heavily upon any one parish, to cast a portion of the burden upon the Union, and from the Union, if necessary, upon the other Unions in the same county. To this clause Mr. Cobden earnestly demanded that another should be added, conferring upon the parish accidentally overweighted, the power of borrowing money on the mortgage of future taxes. The bill, thus complemented, was adopted; and it was of this bill that Mr. Villiers yesterday asked the renewal for the space of one year.

The discussion was short. Some objections were urged, but feebly. There is no doubt as to the passing of the law. It is, therefore, expedient to examine it in its relations to the nature of the institutions which govern England, and of the ideas which constitute her moral life.

And, first of all, there is a thing which cannot fail to strike every attentive observer, and that is the contradiction which exists between a law of this kind, and the general principle upon which reposes the doctrine in vogue in this country. If it be good that each parish should suffice for itself, why the system of unions of parishes? And if, on the contrary, it be admitted that in certain cases it is good that several parishes should unite to prevent one of them from being crushed beneath its burden, why should that which is true when applied to a given number of parishes, not be true when applied to all parishes in the realm? Why should not a county, when overwhelmed by a calamity resulting from general causes, be allowed to invoke the aid of the nation, in like manner as each of the parishes of which it is composed, is allowed in certain critical circumstances to invoke the aid of the county? Why this injunction addressed to the principle of *solidarity* within the limits of the same country: "So far shalt thou go and no farther?"

Will it be said that the parishes formed into unions are supposed to have always identical, or nearly identical, interests, a circumstance which puts aside the fear of an injustice being committed in the distribution of the sufferings of a parish among the neighbouring parishes?

But, in the first place, it is false that it is always so, and it

is false in the very case which is before us; for the bill presented by Mr. Villiers, and adopted last year by the House of Commons, calls upon the agricultural districts of Lancashire and Cheshire to bear their part of the burden which weighs down the manufacturing districts, although the source whence the latter drew their riches previous to the war in America, has never been within the reach of the former, which warmed themselves in the sunshine at a distance while the sun was shining upon the kingdom of cotton.

And, then, can the interests of a numerous class of citizens in any country be seriously injured without, sooner or later, and more or less directly, the interests of the other classes suffering likewise? What injustice is there in imposing upon me the obligation of doing for you to-day what you will have to do for me to-morrow? Since when has the system of mutual insurance been regarded as an invention of the genius of iniquity?

The contradiction which I am bringing to your notice cannot be denied; it is obvious.

But in England contradictions of this nature are rampant. Is it not England who has raised a throne to egotism? Is it not England who has placed at the charge of the society the individual reduced to seek his bread without being able to find it? Is it not England who, after having proscribed under so many forms the principle of State intervention, had set this principle in motion in its most exaggerated, most ruinous, most absurd application—the Poor Law: that law whose strange reasoning is, that every member of the society has the right of demanding, not—mark it well—the means of existing by his labour, but the means of existing without it?

There might be written a heart-rending book on the sad and singular results to which England has been driven by the Poor Law. So great are the dangers presented by this inconsistent legislation that, in order to avoid them, it has been thought necessary to render the condition of the poor fed by the parish as repulsive as possible. Lest the working-man should be tempted to envy the table and bed of the pauper; lest the bestowal of the means of living without labouring should prevent anyone from seeking to live by labour; lest, in a word, the workhouse should be preferred to the workshop, it has been thought necessary to introduce into the workhouse a

ruthless discipline; it has been thought necessary to sever family affections, because they are fraught with too many consolations; it has been thought necessary to separate the husband from his wife, and the children from their mother, and to transform charity into chastisement, and to treat poverty as a crime!

Vain precautions! Still more vain than necessary! They might, indeed, keep away the working-man who had employment; but how could they keep away him who, with the best possible will to work, failed to find employment? Thence an impossibility of arresting the rising tide of pauperism. In the debate which arose out of the first reading of the Bill proposed by Mr. Villiers, a terrible word was uttered. As the *resumé* of his convictions respecting the definitive result of the Poor Law, a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Bouverie, exclaimed, with a voice full of emotion, "If you do not mind, pauperism will eat up property!"

Under such an aspect as this, does the really devouring action of the Poor Law present itself.

Shall we therefore conclude that, in presence of the wan multitude of famishing individuals, the duty of the State is to fold its arms, and say, "*Laissez passer la justice de la faim!*" Heaven forbid! The most noble thinker of contemporary England, Mr. John Stuart Mill, has written: "There are things with which the State ought not to interfere, and there are others with which it is essential that it should interfere." The question is, to know where the distinction lies.

THE END.

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